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OLD PLAYS

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III.

GEORGE A GREENE.
JERONYMO PT I.
SPANISH TRAGEDY.
HONEST WHORE.
PT. I. & PT. II.

LONDON.

1825.

DODSLEY.



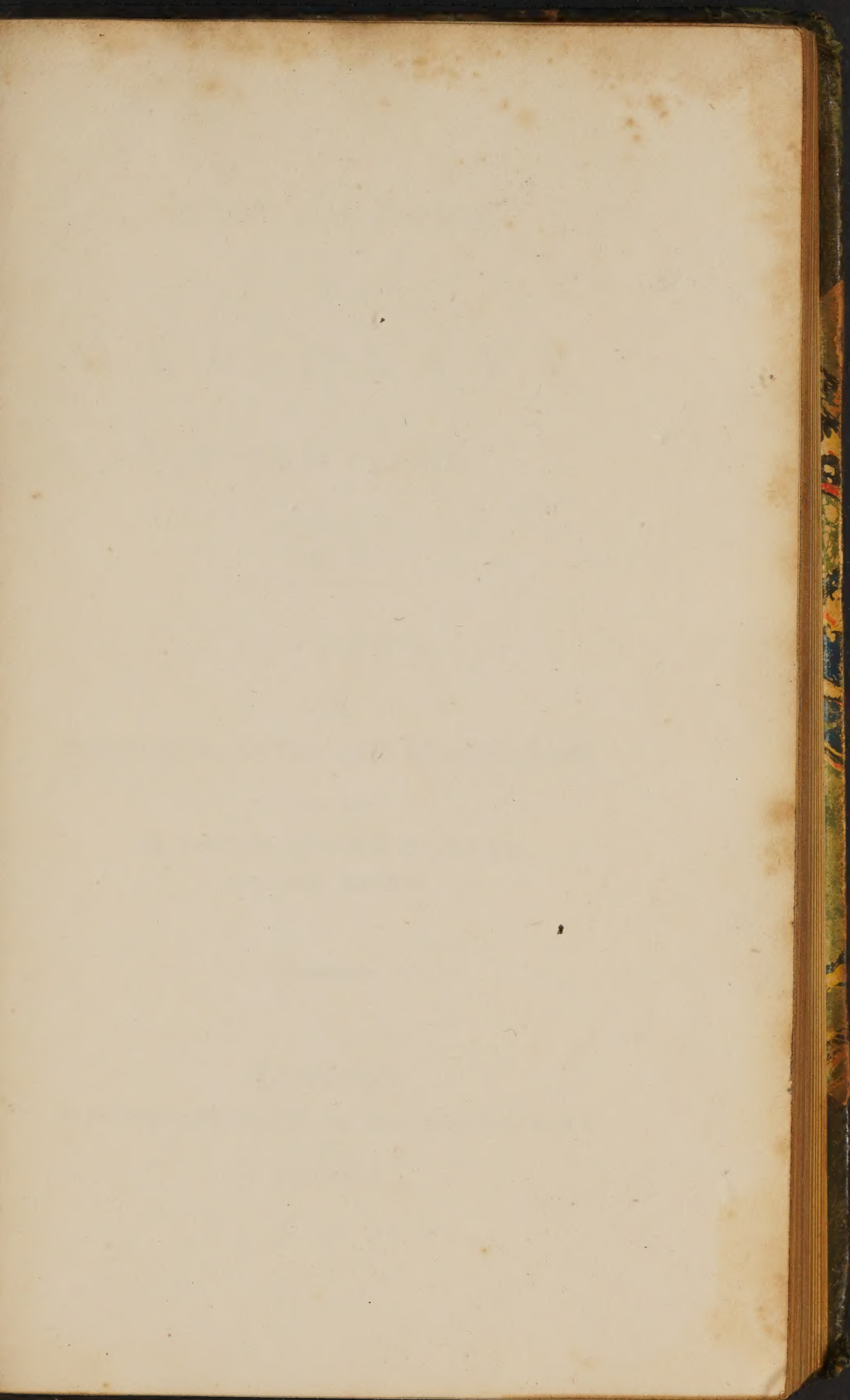


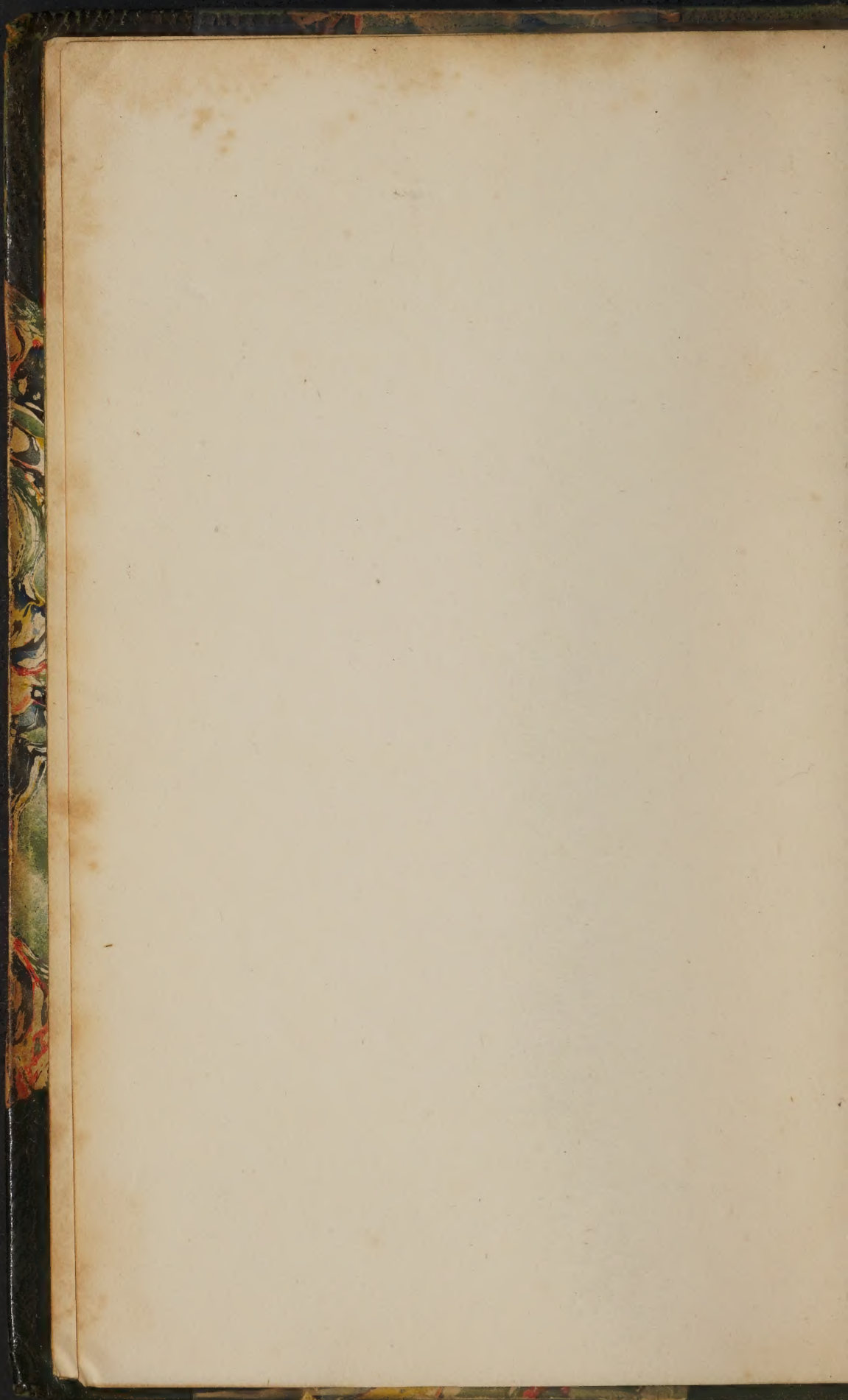


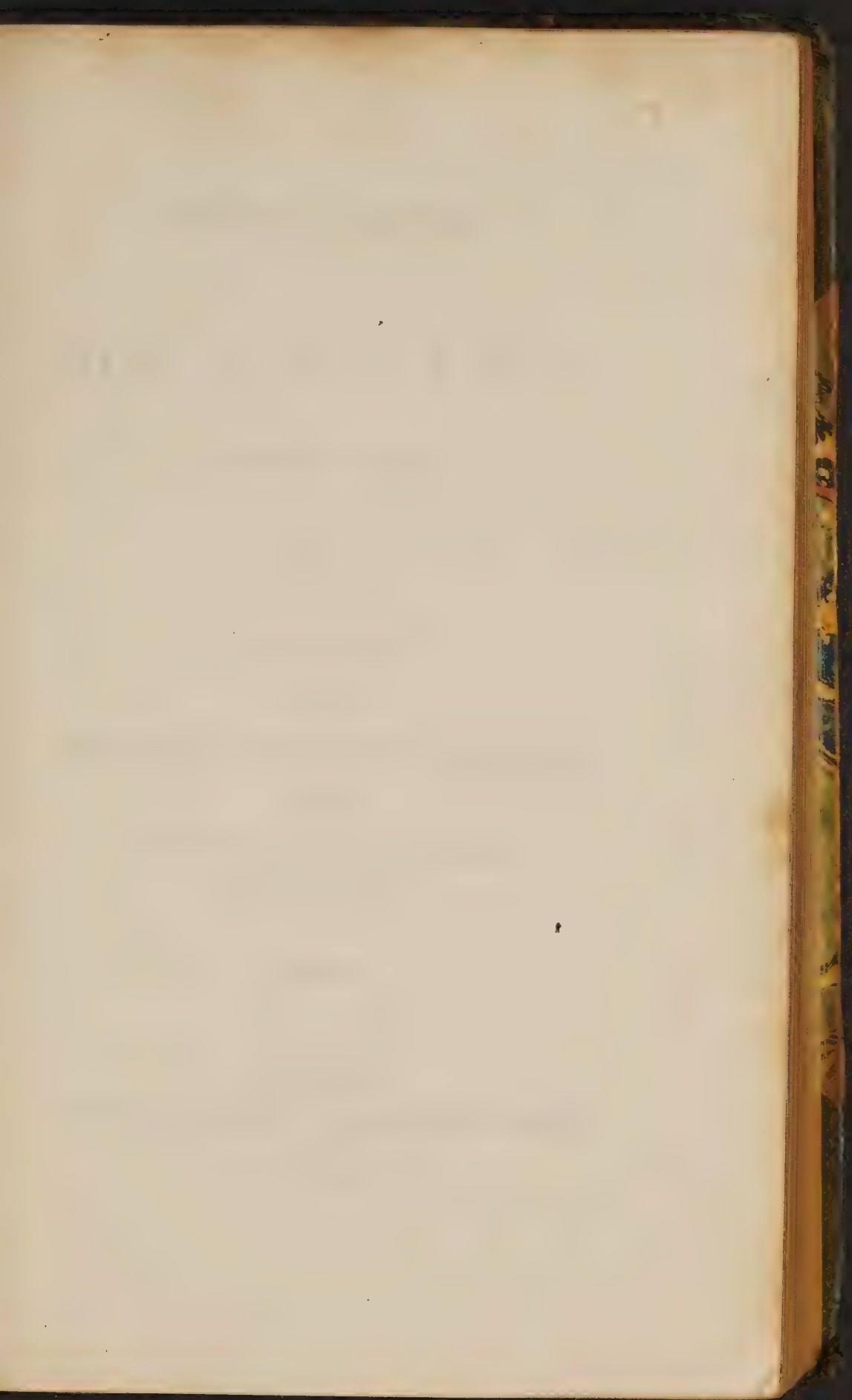




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A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
O L D P L A Y S.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

A NEW EDITION :

WITH
ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,

BY THE LATE
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AND THE EDITOR.

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M.DCCC.XXV.

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OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME III.

GEORGE A GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.

THE FIRST PART OF JERONYMO.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

THE HONEST WHORE, PART I.

THE HONEST WHORE, PART II.

M.DCCC.XXV.



GEORGE A GREENE,

THE

PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.



THE Author of this Play is unknown*. Philips and Winstanley ascribe it to John Heywood, author of the *Four P's*, and other pieces which bear not the least resemblance to the present performance. The story on which it is grounded seems to have its foundation in the particular traditions of the Town of Wakefield: that part which relates to Robin Hood is contained in one of the popular Ballads concerning that celebrated Outlaw, printed in the first volume of Evan's *Collection of old Ballads*, p. 99, and more accurately in Ritson's *Robin Hood*, II. 16. This Ballad is mentioned by Drayton, in his *Poly-olbion*, Song the Twentieth-eighth:

" It chanc'd she in her course on Kirkbey cast her eye,
" Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth
lie;
" Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield stood,
" She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,
" But of his merry man, the Pindar of the town
" Of Wakefield, George a Green, whose fames so far
are blown
" For their so valiant fight, that every free man's song
" Can tell you of the same, quoth she be talk'd on
long,

* A copy of this play was in Mr. Rhodes's collection with the following notes upon the title page, in a hand writing of about the time when it was printed (1599).

" Written by a minister who acted the pinner's part in it himself. Teste. W. Shakespeare.

" Ed. Juby saith it was made by Ro. Greene."

If Robert Greene were the author of it, the incident on p. 11, of making Sir N. Mannering eat the seals of the Earl of Kendall's commission, was taken from an event in his own life (*vide* note 4). Juby was an actor in the company of Prince Henry, in 1604, and had joined with Rowley in writing a play called *Sampson* in 1602.

“ For ye were merry lads, and those were merry days ; &c.”

And Richard Braithwaite, in the *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615, 8vo. p. 203, says :

“ At least such places labour to make known,
 “ As former times have honour'd with renown.
 “ So by thy true relation 't may appear
 “ They are no others now, than as they were
 “ Ever esteem'd by auntient times records,
 “ Which shall he shadow'd breefly in few words.
 “ The first whereof that I intend to show,
 “ Is merry Wakefield and her Pindar too:
 “ Which Fame hath blaz'd with all that did belong,
 “ Unto that Towne in many gladsome song:
 “ The Pindars valour, and how firm he stood,
 “ In th' Townes defence 'gainst th' rebel Robin Hood,
 “ How stoutly he behav'd himselfe, and would,
 “ In spite of Robin bring his horse to th' fold ;
 “ His many Maygames which were to be seene,
 “ Yeerely presented upon Wakefield greene,
 “ Where lovely *Jugge* and lustie *Tib* would go,
 “ To see *Tom lively* turne upon the toe ;
 “ *Hob, Lob*, and *Crowde* the fidler would be there,
 “ And many more I will not speake of here :
 “ Good god ! how glad hath been this hart of mine
 “ To see that Towne, which hath in former time
 “ So flourish'd and so gloried in her name,
 “ Famous by the Pindar who first rais'd the same ;
 “ Yea, I have paced ore that *greene* and ore,
 “ And th' more I saw't I tooke delight the more,
 “ For where we take contentment in a place,
 “ A whole daies walke seemes as a cinquepace.
 “ Unto thy taske, my muse, and now made knowne
 “ The jolly shoo-maker of *Bradford* towne,
 “ His gentle craft so rais'd in former time,
 “ By princely Journey-men his discipline,
 “ Where he was wont with passengers to quaffe,
 “ But suffer none to carry up their staffe

" Upon their shoulders, whilst they past through town,
 " For if they did, he soon should beat them downe.
 " (So valiant was the Souter) and from hence,
 " Twixt Robin Hood and him grew th' difference;
 " Which, cause it is by most stage poets writ,
 " For brevity, I thought good to omit."

George a Green was played on the 28th Dec. 1593, by the Lord Strange's company; and the " Piner of Wakefield," which seems to be a different play, on the 8th Jan. 1593 (*i. e.* 1593-4).—Shakespeare, III. 357. edit. 1803.

It seems referred to in the Apology for Herodotus, 256 fol. 1607 :

" More spruce, more nimble, and more gay to seene
 Than some attorney's clerk or George a Greene."

O. G.

An entertainment under the title of " George a Greene, the Pinder of Wakefield," was brought out at York theatre in 1775, but it was never printed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD, *King of England.*

JAMES, *King of Scotland.*

Earl of KENDALL.

Lord WARWICK.

Lord BONFIELD.

Lord HUMES.

Sir GILBERT ARMSTRONG.

Sir NICHOLAS MANNERING.

GEORGE A GREENE.

Old MUSGROVE.

Young CUDDY, *his Son.*

Mr. GRIME.

BETTRIS, *his Daughter.*

ROBIN HOOD.

JENKIN, *a Clown.*

WILY.

MUCH, *the Miller's Son.*

Maid MARION.

SCARLET.

A JUSTICE.

A TOWNSMAN.

JOHN.

JANE A BARLEY.

NED, *her Son.*

A Shoemaker, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

THE
PINNER¹ OF WAKEFIELD.

Enter the Earl of KENDALL; with him the Lord BONFIELD, Sir GILBERT ARMSTRONG, and JOHN.*

Earl of Kendall. WELCOME to Bradford, martial gentlemen,

Lord Bonfield, and sir Gilbert Armstrong both,
And all my troops, even to my basest groom,
Courage and welcome; for the day is ours.

Our cause is good, it is for the land's avail:
Then let us fight, and die for England's good
Omnes. We will my lord.

Kendall. As I am Henry Momford, Kendall's earl,
You honour me with this assent of yours;

² And here upon my sword I make protest,
For to relieve the poor, or die myself.

And know, my lords, that James, the king of Scots,
Wars hard upon the borders of this land:

¹ *Pinner*] Or *Pindar*; the keeper of the Pinfolds belonging to the common fields about Wakefield. Junius, in his *Etymologicon*, voce *Pende*, says: "*Pende* Includere, ch. ab A. S. pennan pyndan " idem significante. Hinc *pinder pinner*. Qui pecora ultra fines " vagantia septo includit." Mr. Steevens observes, that the figure of this rustic hero is still preserved on a sign at the bottom of Gray's-Inn-Lane.

* The name of Sir Nicholas Mannering is omitted here.

² *And here upon my sword I make protest,*] It was formerly common to swear upon the sword; that is, upon the cross which the old swords always had upon the hilt. Of this custom many instances are quoted by Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens in their Notes on *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 5.

Again, in *Your five Gallants*, by Middleton, A. 4: "Swear on " *this sword* then to set spurs to your horse, not to looke back, to " give no markes to any passenger."

Here is his post ; say, John Taylor,
What news with king James ?

John. War, my lord, I tell ; and good news I trow ;
For king James vows to meet you the twenty-sixth
Of this month, God willing ; marry doth he, sir.

Kendall. My friends, you see what we have to win.
Well, John, commend me to king James, and tell him,
I will meet him the twenty-sixth of this month, /
And all the rest ; and so farewell. [Exit John.
Bonfield, why stand'st thou as a man in dumps ?
Courage ; for if I win, I'll make thee duke.
I Henry Momford will be king myself,
A I will make thee duke of Lancaster,
And Gilbert Armstrong lord of Doncaster.

Bonfield. Nothing, my lord, makes me amaz'd at all,
But that our soldiers find our victuals scant.
We must make havock of those country swains ;
For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,
And humbly send provision to your camp.

Gilbert. My lord Bonfield gives good advice ;
They make a scorn and stand upon the king :
So what is brought is sent from them perforce ;
Ask Mannering else.

Kendall. What sayest thou, Mannering ?

Mannering. When as I shew'd your high commission,
They made this answer,
Only to send provision for your horses.

Kendall. Well, hie thee to Wakefield, bid the town
To send me all provision that I want ;
Lest I, like martial Tamberlaine, lay waste
Their bordering countries, leaving none
Alive that contradicts my commission.

Mannering. Let me alone, my lord, I'll make them
Vail their plumes ; for whosoever he be,
The proudest knight, or justice, or other, that gain-
sayeth

Your word, I clap him fast, to make the rest to fear.

Kendall. Do so, Nick ! hie thee thither presently,
And let us hear of thee to-morrow.

Mannering. Will you not remove, my lord ;

Kendall. No, I will lie at Bradford all this night,
And all the next. Come, Bonfield, let us go,
And listen out some bonny lasses here. [*Exeunt omnes.*
*Enter the JUSTICE, a TOWNSMAN**, GEORGE A
GREENE, and Sir NICHOLAS MANNERING with
his commission.

Justice. M. Mannering, stand aside, whilst we confer
What is best to do: townsmen of Wakefield,
The earl of Kendall here hath sent for victuals;
And in aiding him we shew ourselves
No less than traitors to the king;
Therefore let me hear, townsmen,
What is your consents.

Townsmen. Even as you please, we are all content.

Justice. Then M. Mannering we are resolv'd——

Mannering. As how?

Justice. Marry, sir, thus.

We will send the earl of Kendall no victuals,
Because he is a traitor to the king;
And in aiding him we shew ourselves no less.

Mannering. Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen
mad,

That present danger cannot whet your wits,
Wisely to make provision of yourselves?

The earl is thirty thousand men strong in power,
And what town soever him resist,
He lays it flat and level with the ground.

Ye silly men, you seek your own decay:
Therefore send my lord such provisions as he wants,
So he will spare your town, and come no nearer
Wakefield than he is.

Justice. Master Mannering, you have your answer,
You may be gone.

Mannering. Well, Woodroffe, for so I guess is thy
name,

I'll make thee curse thy³ overthwart denial;

* The Townsman here introduced seems to represent all the inhabitants of Wakefield, and is so addressed by the Justice. C.

³ — overthwart denial;] So, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. C 2: "—but when the Gods, are sette at bankette, he
"plaith the jester, now wyth hys lymphaultynge, now with his

And all that sit upon the bench this day
Shall rue the hour they have withstood my lord's
Commission.

Justice. Do thy worst, we fear thee not.

Mannering. See you these seals? before you pass
the town,

I will have all things my lord doth want,
In spite of you.

George. Proud dapper Jack, vail bonnet to the
bench

That represents the person of the king;
Or, sirrah, I'll lay thy head before thy feet.

Mannering. Why, who art thou?

George. Why, I am George a Greene,
True liegeman to my king,
Who scorns that men of such esteem as these,
Should brook the braves of any traiterous squire.
You of the bench, and you my fellow-friends,
Neighbours, we subjects all unto the king;
We are English born, and therefore Edward's friends,
Vow'd unto him even in our mothers' womb,
Our minds to God, our hearts unto our king;
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcasses,
Be all king Edward's. Then, sirrah, we have
Nothing left for traitors, but our swords,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,
And die against you, before we send you any victuals.

Justice. Well spoken, George a Greene!

Townsman. Pray let George a Greene speak for us.

George. Sirrah, you get no victuals here,
Not if a hoof of beef would save your lives.

Mannering. Fellow I stand amaz'd at thy presumption.

Why, what art thou that darrest gainsay my lord,
Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?
Why, my friend, I come not barely of myself;

"skoffing, and now with his *overthwarte* words to provoke them
all to laughter."

Euphues and his England, p. 57: "— as one too young to under-
stande, or obstinate to *overthwart*."

For see, I have a large commission.

George. Let me see it, sirrah. Whose seals be these?

Mannering. This is the earl of Kendall's seal at arms;
This lord Charnel Bonfield's;
And this sir Gilbert Armstrong's.

George. I tell thee, sirrah, did good king Edward's
son

Seal a commission against the king his father,
Thus would I tear it in despite of him,

[*He tears the commission.*]

Being traitor to my sovereign.

Mannering. What! hast thou torn my lord's commission?

Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

George. What, are you in choler? I will give you
pills

To cool your stomach. Seest thou these seals?

Now by my father's soul, which was a yeoman,

When he was alive, ⁴ eat them, or eat

My dagger's point, proud squire.

Mannering. But thou doest but jest, I hope.

George. Sure that you shall see before we two part.

Mannering. Well, and there be no remedy, so

George.—

One is gone; I pray the no more now.

George. O sir, if one be good, the other's cannot
hurt.—

So, sir, now you may go tell the earl of Kendall,

Although I have rent his large commission,

Yet of curtesy I have sent all his seals

⁴ — eat them, &c.] This incident bears so near a resemblance to a story related of Robert Greene, that it probably was taken from it. "Had hee liv'd, Gabriel, and thou shouldst so unartificially and odiously libel'd against him as thou hast done, he would have thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come and driven thee to eat thy owne booke buttered, as I sawe him make an appariter once in a Tavern eate his citation, waxe and all, very handsomely serv'd twixt two dishes."

Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Pennelesse*, 4to. 1593.

In the Play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, the Sumner is compelled to eat his citation in like manner.

Back again by you.

Mannering. Well, sir, I will do your errand. [*Exit.*]

George. Now let him tell his lord, that he hath
Spoke with George a Greene, right Pinner
Of merry Wakefield town, that hath physick for a fool,
Pills for a traitor that doth wrong his sovereign.
Are you content with this that I have done?

Justice. Aye, content, George;
For highly hast thou honour'd Wakefield town,
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.
Come, thou shalt be my welcome guest to-day;
For well thou hast deserv'd reward and favour.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter old MUSGROVE, and young CUDDIE his Son.

Cuddie. Now, gentle father, list unto thy son,
And for my mother's love, that erst was blythe
And bonny in thine eye, grant one petition
That I shall demand.

Old Musgrove. What is that, my Cuddie?

Cuddie. Father, you know
The ancient enmity of late between the Musgroves
And the wily Scots, whereof they have oath,
Not to leave on alive that ⁵ strides a lance.
O father, you are old, and waining age unto the grave:
Old William Musgrove, which whilom was thought
The bravest horseman in all Westmorland,
Is weak, and forc'd to stay his arm upon a staff,
That ⁶ erst could wield a lance.
Then, gentle father, resign the hold to me;
Give arms to youth, and honour unto age.

Musgrove. Avaunt, false hearted boy, my joints do
quake
Even with anguish of thy very words.
Hath William Musgrove seen an hundred years?
Have I been fear'd and dreaded of the Scots,
That, when they heard my name in any road,
They fled away, and posted thence amain?

⁵ *strides a lance.*] i. e. not to leave even a child of them alive,
one who *equitat in arundine longa.* S.

⁶ *erst*] i. e. once, in former times. S.

No, Cuddie, no : thus resolve I,
Here have I liv'd, and here will Musgrove die.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Lord BONFIELD Sir GILBERT ARMSTRONG,
M. GRIME, and BETTRIS his daughter.*

Bonfield. Now, gentle Grime, god a mercy for our
good cheer,

Our fare was royall, and our welcome great ;
And sith so kindly thou hast entertain'd us,
If we return with happy victory,
We will deal as friendly with thee in recompence.

Grime. Your welcome was but duty, gentle lord :
For wherefore have we given us our wealth,
But to make our betters welcome when they come ?—
O, this goes hard when traitors must be flatter'd ;
But life is sweet, and I cannot withstand it.
God I hope will revenge the quarrel of my king.

Gilbert. What said you, Grime ?

Grime. I say, sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,
I curse the hour that ere I got the girl :
For, sir, she may have many wealthy suitors,
And yet she disdains them all, to have
Poor George a Greene unto her husband.

Bonfield. On that, good Grime, I am talking with
thy daughter ;
But she, in quirks and quiddities of love,
Sets me to school, she is so overwise.
But, gentle girl, if thou wilt forsake
The Pinner, and be my love, I will advance thee high ;
To dignify those hairs of amber hue,
I'll grace them with a chaplet made of pearl,
Set with choice rubies, sparks, and diamonds,
Planted upon a velvet hood, to hide that head,
Wherein two sapphires burn like sparkling fire :
This will I do, fair Bettris, and far more,
If thou will love the lord of Doncaster.

Bettris. Heigh ho ! my heart is in a higher place,
Perhaps on the earl, if that be he.
See where he comes, or angry, or in love ;
For why ? his colour looketh discontent.

Enter the earl of KENDALL and Sir NICHOLAS MANNERING.

Kendall. Come, Nick, follow me.

Bonfield. How now, my lord? what news?

Kendall. Such news, Bonfield, as will make thee laugh,

And fret thy fill, to hear how Nick was us'd:

Why, the justices stand on their terms.

Nick, as you know, is haughty in his words;

He laid the law unto the justices

With threatening braves, that one look'd on another,

Ready to stoop; but that a churl came in,

One George a Greene, the Pinner of the town,

And with his dagger drawn laid hands on Nick,

And by no beggars swore that we were traitors;

Rent our commission, and upon a brave

Made Nick to eat the seals, or brook the stab:

Poor Mannering, afraid, came posting hither straight.

Bettris. Oh lovely George, fortune be still thy friend!

And as thy thoughts be high so be thy mind

In all accords even to thy heart's desire!

Bonfield. What says fair Bettris?

Grime. My lord, she is praying for George a Greene:

He is the man, and she will none but him.

Bonfield. But him! why, look on me, my girl:

Thou knowest, that yesternight I courted thee,

And swore at my return to wed with thee.

Then tell me, love, shall I⁷ have all thy fair?

Bettris. "I care not for earl, nor yet for knight,

"Nor baron that is so bold:

"For George a Greene, the merry Pinner,

"He hath my heart in hold."

Bonfield. Bootless my lord, are many vain replies.

⁷ — *have all thy fair?*] In the former Edition Mr. Dodsley had altered *fair* to *faith*. *Fair* was, however, frequently used by contemporary writers as a substantive; and several instances of it are produced by Mr. Steevens, in his Note on the words, "Demetrius loves your fair," A. 1. S. 1. of *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Let us hie us to Wakefield, and send her the Pinner's head.

Kendall. It shall be so. Grime, gramercie,
Shut up thy daughter, ^sbridle her affects,
Let me not miss her when I make return;
Therefore look to her, as to thy life, good Grime.

Grime. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exeunt Grime and Bettris.*]

Kendall. And, Bettris, leave a base Pinner,
For to love an earl. Fain would I see
This Pinner George a Greene. It shall be thus;
Nick Mannering shall lead on the battle,
And we three will go to Wakefield in some disguise:
But howsoever, I'll have his head to-day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter the King of SCOTS, lord HUMES, with Soldiers
and JOHNY.*

King. Why, Johny, then the earl of Kendall is
blithe,

And hath brave men that troop along with him?

Johny. Ay marry, my liege,

^s — *bridle her affects,*] *Affects* are *affections*, and in that sense the word is used in many contemporary authors. As Gascoigne's *Fable of Jeronimi*, p. 250:—"neyther seemeth it reasonable that "one should have the power to discover the thoughts, or at least "to *bridle the affects* of all the rest."

Euphues and his England, p. 7:—"saving that either carried "the motion of his minde in his manners, and that the *affects* of "the heart were bewrayed by the eyes."

Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 3. S. 3:

"—— the same *affects*

"That he doth bear to his sick patient

"Should a right mind carry to such as these."

Marston's *What you will*, A. 3, S. 1:

"Ist possible I should be dead so soon

"In her *affects*."

Dutch Courtezan, A. 2, S. 1:

"Give entertain to mutual *affects*."

Othello, A. 1, S. 3:

"—— (the young *affects*

"In me defunct.")

See also the several instances quoted by Mr. Steevens, in his Note on the last passage.

And hath good men that come along with him,
And vows to meet you at Scrasblesea, God willing.

King. If good S. Andrew lend king Jamie leave,
I will be with him at the appointed day.
But soft: Whose pretty boy art thou?

Enter JANE A BARLEY'S Son.

Ned. Sir, I am son unto sir John a Barley,
Eldest, and all that ere my mother had,
Edward my name.

James. And whither art thou going, pretty Ned?

Ned. To seek some birds, and kill them, if I can.
And now my school-master is also gone,
So have I liberty to ply my bow:
For when he comes, I stir not from my book.

James. Lord Humes, but mark the visage of this
child;

By him I guess the beauty of his mother:
None but Læda could breed Helena.

Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother?

Ned. None but herself and houshold servants, sir;
If you would speak with her, knock at this gate.

James. Johnny, knock at that gate.

Enter JANE A BARLEY upon the walls.

Jane. O, I am betray'd! What multitudes be these?

James. Fear not, fair Jane, for all these men are
mine,

And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me:
I am thy lover, James, the king of Scotts,
That oft have sued add wooed with many letters,
Painting my outward passions with my pen,
When as my inward soul did bleed for woe.
Little regard was given to my suit,
But haply thy husband's presence wrought it.
Therefore, sweet Jane, I fitted me to time,
And, hearing that thy husband was from home,
Am come to crave what long I have desir'd.

Ned. Nay, soft you, sir, you get no entrance here,
That seek to wrong sir John a Barley so,
And offer such dishonour to my mother.

James. Why, what dishonour Ned?

Ned. Though young,
Yet often have I heard my father say,
No greater wrong than to be made a cuckold.
Were I of age, or were my body strong,
Were he ten kings, I would shoot him to the heart,
That should attempt to give sir John the horn.
Mother, let him not come in, I will go lie
At Jockie Miller's house.

James. Stay him.

Jane. Ay, well said, Ned,
Thou hast given the king his answer;
For were the ghost of Cæsar on the earth,
Wrapped in the wonted glory of his honour,
He should not make me wrong my husband so.
But good king James is pleasant, as I guess,
And means to try what humour I am in;
Else would he never have brought an host of men,
To have them witness of his Scottish lust.

James. Jane, in faith, Jane—

Jane. Never reply,
For I protest by the highest holy God,
That doometh just revenge for things amiss,
King James, of all men, shall not have my love.

James. Then list to me, saint Andrew be my boot,
But I'll rase thy castle to the very ground,
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.

Jane. I fear thee not, king Jamie; do thy worst.
This castle is too strong for thee to scale;
Besides, to-morrow will sir John come home.

James. Well, Jane, since thou disdain'st king James's
love,

I'll draw thee on with sharp and deep extremes:
For by my father's soul, this brat of thine
Shall perish here before thine eyes,
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.

Jane. O deep extremes! my heart begins to break;
My little Ned looks pale for fear. Cheer thee.
My boy, I will do much for thee.

Ned. But not so much as to dishonour me.

Jane. And if thou diest, I cannot live, sweet Ned.

Ned. Then die with honour, mother, dying chaste.

Jane. I am armed.

My husband's love, his honour, and his fame,
Joins victory by virtue. Now, king James,
If mother's tears cannot allay thine ire,
Then butcher him, for I will never yield.
The son shall die, before I wrong the father.

James. Why then he dies.

Alarum within. Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. My lord, Musgrove is at hand.

James. Who, Musgrove? The devil he is! Come,
My horse. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter old MUSGROVE, with King JAMES prisoner.

Musgrove. Now, king James, thou art my prisoner.

James. Not thine, but fortune's prisoner.

Enter CUDDY.

Cuddy. Father, the field is ours;
Their colours we have seized, and Humes is slain;
I slew him hand to hand.

Musgrove. ⁹God and saint George!

Cuddy. O father, I am sore athirst.

Jane. Come in, young Cuddy, come and drink thy
fill:

Bring in king Jamie with you as a guest;
For all this broil was cause he could not enter.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter GEORGE A GREENE alone.

George. The sweet content of men that live in love,
Breeds fretting humours in a restless mind;
And fancy, being check'd by fortune's spite,
Grows too impatient in her sweet desires;
Sweet to those men whom love leads on to bliss,
But sour to me, whose hap is still amiss.

Enter the Clown.

Jenkin. Marry, amen, sir.

⁹ *God and Saint George!*] This exclamation is made by Richmond, in *Richard III.* immediately before his attacking his adversary. Mr. Warton observes, that St. George was the common cry of the English Soldiers when they charged the enemy.

George. Sir, what do you cry amen at?

Jenkin. Why, did not you talk of love?

George. How do you know that?

Jenkin. Well, though I say it that should not say it,
There are few fellows in our parish
So nettled with love, as I have been of late.

George. Sirrah, I thought no less, when the other
morning

You rose so early to go to your wenches.

Sir, I had thought you had gone about

My honest business.

Jenkin. Trow you have hit it;

For, master, be it known to you,

There is some good-will betwixt Madge the Sousewife

And I; marry, she hath another lover.

George. Canst thou brook any rivals in thy love?

Jenkin. A rider? no, he is a sow-gelder, and goes
afoot.

But Madge pointed to meet me in your wheat close.

George. Well, did she meet you there?

Jenkin. Never make question of that.

And first I saluted her with a green gown,

And after fell as hard a wooing, as if

The priest had been at our backs to have married us.

George. What, did she grant?

Jenkin. Did she grant? never make question of that.

And she gave me a shirt-collar, wrought over

With no counterfeit stuff

George. What, was it gold?

Jenkin. Nay, 'twas better than gold.

George. What was it?

Jenkin. ¹⁰Right Coventry blue,

¹⁰ Right Coventry blue,] Coventry blue is mentioned by several
writers of the times.

Laugh and lie downe, or the Worlde's Folly, 1605, Sign. E 2: "—it
" was a simple napkinne wrought with Coventry blew."

Stephens's Satyrical Essayes, 1615, p. 355: "He must savour of
" gallantry a little, though he perfume the Table with Rose cake;
" or appropriate Bone lace and Coventry blue."

Ben Johnson's Masque of Gypsies:

"The Coventry blue

" Hangs there upon Prue."

Who had no sooner come there, but wot you who came by?

George. No, who?

Jenkin. Clim the sow-gelder.

George. Came he by?

Jenkin. He spied Madge and I sit together,
He leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger,
And began to swear. Now I seeing
He had a dagger, and I nothing
But this twig in my hand, I gave him fair words
And said nothing. He comes to me,
And takes me by the bosom; you whoreson slave,
Said he, hold my horse, and look
He take no cold in his feet.
No marry shall he, sir, quoth I,
I'll lay my cloak underneath him:
I took my cloak, spread it all along,
And his horse on the midst of it.

George. Thou clown, didst thou set his horse pon thy cloak?

Jenkin. Ay, but mark how I served him.
Madge and he was no sooner gone down into the ditch,
But I plucked out my knife,
Cut four holes in my cloak,
And made his horse stand on the bare ground.

George. 'Twas well done;
Now, sir, go and survey my fields:
If you find any cattle in the corn,
To pound with them.

Jenkin. And if I find any in the pound,
I shall turn them out.

Exit Jenkin.

From the following passage in "A compendious and brief examination of certayne ordinary complaints of divers of our countrymen in these our dayes" 1581, by William Stafford, reprinted in 1751, with the name of Shakespeare as the author, I find Coventry was famous for blue thread.—"I have heard say that the chiefe trade of Coventry was heretofore in making *blew threde*, and then the towne was riche even upon that trade in maner only, and now our thredde comes all from beyonde sea. Wherefore that trade of Coventry is decayed, and thereby the towne likewise."

Enter the Earl of KENDALL, Lord BONFIELD, Sir GILBERT, all disguised, with a train of men.

Kendall. Now we have put the horses in the corn,
Let us stand in some corner for to hear
What braving terms the Pinner will breathe,
When he spies our horses in the corn.*

Enter JENKIN blowing of his horn.

Jenkin. O master, where are you? we have a prize.

George. A prize! what is it?

Jenkin. Three goodly horses in our wheat close.

George. Three horses in our wheat close! whose be they?

Jenkin. Marry that's a riddle to me; but they are there.

Velvet horses, and I never saw such horses before.
As my duty was, I put off my cap, and said as followeth:

My masters, what do you make in our close?

One of them hearing me ask what he made there, held up his head and neighed, and after his manner laugh'd as heartily as if a mare had been tied to his girdle. My masters, said I, it is no laughing matter; for, if my master take you here, you go as round as a top to the pound. Another untoward jade hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to tell you of them, cast up both his heels, and let a monstrous great fart; that was as much as in his language to say, A fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene. Now I hearing this, put on my cap, blew my horn, called them all jades, and came to tell you.

George. Now, sir, go and drive me those three horses To the pound.

Jenkin. Do you hear? I were best take a constable With me.

George. Why so?

Jenkin. Why, they being gentlemen's horses, may stand

On their reputation, and will not obey me.

George. Go, do as I bid you, sir.

Jenkin. Well, I may go.

* They stand out of view in order to listoen.

*The Earl of KENDALL, the Lord BONFIELD, and Sir
GILBERT ARMSTRONG, meet them.*

Kendall. Whither away, sir?

Jenkin. Whither away? I am going to put the horses
In the pound.

Kendall. Sirrah, those three horses belong to us,
And we put them in, and they must tarry therè,
And eat their fill.

Jenkin. Stay, I will go tell my master.
Hear you, master? we have another prize:
Those three horses be in your wheat close still,
And here be three geldings more.

George. What be these?

Jenkin. These are the masters of the horses.

George. Now, gentlemen, I know not your degrees,
But more you cannot be, unless you be kings,
Why wrong you us of Wakefield with your horses?
I am the Pinner, and before you pass,
You shall make good the trespass they have done.

Kendall. Peace, saucy mate, prate not to us.
I tell thee, Pinner, we are gentlemen.

George. Why, sir, so may I sir, although I give no
arms.

Kendall. Thou! how art thou a gentleman?

Jenkin. And such is my master, and he may give as
good

Arms as ever your great grandfather could give.

Kendall. Pray thee let me hear how?

Jenkin. Marry, my master may give for his arms
The picture of April in a green jerkin,
With a rook on one fist, and an horn on the other:
But my master gives his arms the wrong way,
For he gives the horn on his fist;
And your grandfather, because he would not lose
His arms, wears the horn on his own head.

Kendall. Well, Pinner, since our horses be in,
In spite of thee they now shall feed their fill,
And eat until our leisures serve to go.

George. Now by my father's soul,
Were good king Edward's horses in the corn,

They shall amend the scath*, or kiss the pound;
Much more yours, sir, whatsoe'er you be.

Kendall. Why man, thou knowest not us.
We do belong to Henry Momford, earl of Kendall,
Men that before a month be full expir'd,
Will be king Edward's betters in the land.

George. King Edward's betters! rebel, thou liest.
[*George strikes him.*]

Bonfield. Villain, what hast thou done?
Thou hast struck an earl.

George. Why, what care I? a poor man that is true,
Is better than an earl, if he be false.
Traitors reap no better favours at my hands.

Kendall. Ay, so me thinks, but thou shalt dear ¹¹aby
this blow.

Now or never lay hold on the Pinner.

Enter all the ambush.

George. Stay, my lords, let us parly on these broils;
Not Hercules against two, the proverb is,
Nor I against so great a multitude.
Had not your troops come marching as they did,
I would have stopt your passage unto London:
But now I'll fly to secret policy.

Kendall. What doest thou murmur, George?

George. Marry this, my lord;
I muse, if thou be Henry Momford, Kendall's earl,
That thou wilt do poor George a Greene this wrong,
Ever to match me with a troop of men.

Kendall. Why didst thou strike me then?

* See Note 20.

¹¹ —*aby this blow.*] To *aby*, is to pay dear for, to suffer. So, in
Tom Tyler and his Wife, p. 19:

“ My neighbour and I, might hap to *abie*,
“ If we should so do, as he suffereth you.”

Churchyard's Challenge, p. 273:

“ O God forbid for Mothers fault,
“ the Children should *abye*:
“ No graine of grudge, nor ground of guile,
“ in guiltlesse babes doe lye.”

Midsummer's Night's Dream, A. 3. S. 2:

“ Thou shalt *aby* it.”

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on the last passage.

George. Why, my lord, measure me but by yourself;
 Had you a man had serv'd you long,
 And heard your foe misuse you behind your back,
 And would not draw his sword in your defence,
 You would cashere him. Much more,
 King Edward is my king; and before I'll hear him
 So wrong'd, I'll die within this place,
 And maintain good whatsoever I have said.
 And, if I speak not reason in this case,
 What I have said I'll maintain in this place.

Bonfield. A pardon, my lord, for this Pinner;
 For trust me, he speaketh like a man of worth.

Kendall. Well, George,
 Wilt thou leave Wakefield, and ¹²wend with me;
 I'll freely put up all and pardon thee.

George. Ay, my lord, considering me one thing,
 You will leave these arms and follow your good king.

Kendall. Why, George, I rise not against king Edward,
 But for the poor that is opprest by wrong;
 And, if king Edward will redress the same,
 I will not offer him disparagement,
 But otherwise, and so let this suffice.
 Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in arms,
 Now wilt thou leave Wakefield, and wend with me,
 I'll make thee captain of a hardy band,
 And, when I have my will, dub thee a knight.

George. Why, my lord, have ye any hope to win?

Kendall. Why, there is a prophecy doth say,
 That king James and I shall meet at London,
¹³And make the king vail bonnet to us both.

¹² wend] See Note to *Tancred and Gismunda*, A. 1. S. 3. vol. II. p. 174.

¹³ And make the king vail bonnet to us both.] *To vail bonnet*, is a phrase which occurs in *Edward II.* vol. II. and also in *Edward III.* A. 4. S. 7. In all these places it means to stand uncovered as a mark of submission. Again, we find *to vail flag*, *to vail cap*, *to vail top*, in other writers of the time; and all these several modes of expression are intended to denote either inferiority or respect in the persons doing these several acts.

It also means merely to bow down. It is even applied to horses: thus in Heywood and Rowley's *Fortune by Land and Sea*, the Clown says, "Thy melancholy makes our teams to vaille their foretops, and all our jades crest faln."

George. If this were true, my lord, this were a mighty reason.

Kendall. Why, it is a miraculous prophecy, and cannot fail.

George. Well, my lord, you have almost turned me. Jenkin, come hither.

Jenkin. Sir.

George. Go your ways home, sir,
And drive me those three horses home unto my house,
And pour them down a bushel of good oats.

Jenkin. Well, I will.—Must I give these scurvy horses oats? *[Exit Jenkin.]*

George. Will it please you to command your train aside?

Kendall. Stand aside. *[Exeunt the train.]*

George. Now list to me:

Here in a wood, not far from hence,
There dwells an old man in a cave alone,
That can foretel what fortunes shall befall you;
For he is greatly skilful in magic art.
Go you there to him ear'y in the morning,
And question him; if he says good,
Why then, my lord, I am the foremost man,
We will march up with your camp to London.

Kendall. George, thou honourest me in this:
But where shall we find him out?

George. My man shall conduct you to the place;
But good my lords, tell me true what the old man saith.

Kendall. That will I, as I am earl of Kendall.

George. Why then, to honour George a Greene the more,

Vouchsafe a piece of beef at my poor house;
You shall have wafer cakes your fill,
A piece of beef hung up since Martilmas;
If that like you not, take what you bring for me.

Kendall. ¹⁴ Gramercies, George. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

¹⁴ Gramercies, George.] Gramercy, that is, says Mr. Hawkins, *Origin of Drama*, vol. III. 269, *grand merci*; or, I thank ye. *Je vous remercie*. In this sense it was constantly used by our first writers.

Enter George a Greene's boy WILY disguised like a woman.

Wily. O what is love! it is some mighty power,
Else could it never conquer George a Greene.
Here dwells a churl that keeps away his love.
I know the worst, and if I be espied,
'Tis but a beating; and if I by this means
Can get fair Bettris forth her father's door,
It is enough. Venus, be for me, and she alone,
Be aiding to my wily enterprize.

[He knocks at the door.]

Enter GRIME.

Grime. How now! who knocks there? what would you have?

From whence came you? where do you dwell?

Wily. I am, forsooth, a sempster's maid hard-by,
That hath brought work home to your daughter.

Grime. Nay, are ye not some crafty quean,
That comes from George a Greene, that rascal,
With some letters to my daughter?
I will have you search'd.

Wily. Alas! sir, it is Hebrew unto me,
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other.
Search me, good sir, and if you find a letter
About me, let me have the punishment that is due.

Grime. Why are you muffled? I like you the worse
for that.

Wily. I am not, sir, asham'd to shew my face;
Yet loth I am my cheeks should take the air:
Nor am I ¹⁵chary of my beauty's hue,
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach sore.

Grime. A pretty wench, of smiling countenance!
Old men can like, although they cannot love;
Ay, and love, though not so brief as young men can.
Well, go in, my wench, and speak with my daughter.

[Exit Wily.]

¹⁵ *chary*] Careful. So, in *Euphues*, p. 22. "You have made so large profer of your service, and so fayre promises of fidelitie, that were I not over *charie* of mine honesty, you would inveigle me to shake hands with chastitie."

I wonder much at the earl of Kendall,
Being a mighty man, as still he is,
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,
Is more than God or man will well allow.
But what a fool am I to talk of him?
My mind is more here of the pretty lass:
Had she brought some forty pounds to town,
I could be content to make her my wife:
Yet I have heard it in a proverb said,
He that is old, and marries with a lass,
Lies but at home, and proves himself an ass.

Enter BETTRIS in Wily's apparel to Grime.

How now, my wench, how is it? what, not a word?
Alas, poor soul! the tooth-ach plagues her sore.
Well, my wench, here is an angel for to buy
Thee pins, and I pray thee use mine house;
The oftener, the more welcome: farewell. *[Exit.]*

Bettris. O blessed love, and blessed fortune both!
But, *Bettris*, stand not here to talk of love,
But hie thee straight unto thy George a Greene.
Never went roe-buck swifter on the downs,
Than I will trip it till I see my George. *[Exit.]*

*Enter the Earl of KENDALL, Lord BONFIELD, Sir
GILBERT, and JENKIN the Clown.*

Kendall. Come, away, Jenkin.

Jenkin. Come, here's his house. Where be you, ho?

George. Who knocks there?

Kendall. Here are two or three poor men, father,
Would speak with you.

George. Pray, give your man leave to lead me forth.

Kendall. Go, Jenkin, fetch him forth.

Jenkin. Come, old man.

Enter GEORGE A GREENE disguised.

Kendall. Father, here is three poor men come to
question

Thee a word in secret, that concerns their lives.

George. Say on, my sons.

Kendall. Father, I am sure you hear the news,
How that the earl of Kendal wars against the king.
Now, father, we three are gentlemen by birth,

But younger brethren that want revenues,
 And for the hope we have to be prefer'd,
 If that we knew that we shall win,
 We will march with him :
 If not, we will not march a foot to London more.
 Therefore, good father, tell us what shall happen,
 Whether the king or the earl of Kendall shall win.

George. The king, my son.

Kendall. Art thou sure of that?

George. Ay, as sure as thou art Henry Momford,
 The one lord Bonfield, the other sir Gilbert.

Kendall. Why, this is wondrous, being blind of sight,
 His deep perceivance should be such to know us.

Gilbert. Magick is mighty, and fortelleth great
 matters.

Indeed, father, here is the earl come to see thee,
¹⁶ And therefore, good father, fable not with him.

George. Welcome is the earl to my poor cell,
 And so are you, my lords; but let me counsel you
 To leave these wars against your king,
 And live in quiet.

Kendall. Father, we come not for advice in war,
 But to know whether we shall win or ¹⁷ leese.

George. Lose, gentle lords, but not by good king
 Edward :

A baser man shall give you all the foil.

Kendall. I marry, father, what man is that?

George. Poor George a Greene, the Pinner.

Kendall. What shall he?

George. Pull all your plumes, and sore dishonour
 you.

Kendall. He! as how?

George. Nay, the end tries all; but so it will fall
 out.

¹⁶ *And therefore, &c.*] The same expression is in Shakspeare
 and Milton.

The First Part of *Henry VI.* A. 4. S. 2 :

"He *fables* not, I hear the enemy."

Comus, l. 800.

"She *fables* not, I feel that I do fear."

¹⁷ *leese.*] i. e. *lose.* Anciently spelt in this manner.

Kendall. But so it shall not, by my honour Christ.
I'll raise my camp, and fire Wakefield town,
And take that servile Pinner George a Greene,
And butcher him before king Edward's face.

George. Good my lord, be not offended,
For I speak no more than art reveals to me :
And for greater proof,
Give your man leave to fetch me my staff.

Kendall. Jenkin, fetch him his walking-staff.

Jenkin. Here is your walking-staff.

George. I'll prove it good upon your carcasses :
A wiser wizard never met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoom your fall :
Now I have singled you here alone,
I care not though you be three to one.

Kendall. Villain, hast thou betray'd us?

George. Momford, thou liest, never was I
A traitor yet; only devis'd this guile
To draw you on, for to be combatants.
Now conquer me, and then march on to London.
But it shall go hard, but I will hold you task.

Gilbert. Come, my lord, cheerly, I'll kill him hand
to hand.

Kendall. A thousand pound to him that strikes that
stroke.

George. Then give it me, for I will have the first.

[*Here they fight, George kills Gilbert, and takes
the other two prisoners.*]

Bonfield. Stay, George, we do appeal.

George. To whom?

Bonfield. Why, to the king:

For rather had we bide what he appoints,
Than here be murdered by a servile groom.

Kendall. What wilt thou do with us?

George. Even as lord Bonfield ¹⁸ wist:
You shall unto the king, and for that purpose,
See where the justice is placed.

¹⁸ wist] Thought. So, in *Laugh and lie down at the World's Folly*,
1605, Sign. E 4: "— with a deepe sigh, saying, Had I wist this
"would have false out."

Enter JUSTICE.

Justice. Now, my lord of Kendall, where be all your threats?

Even as the cause, so is the combat fallen,
Else one could never have conquer'd three.

Kendall. I pray thee, Woodroffe, do not twit me;
If I have faulted, I must make amends.

George. Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many words.

I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his soldiers,
That every man may go home unto his own house.

Justice. It shall be so; what wilt thou do, George?

George. Master Woodroffe, look to your charge,
Leave me to myself.

Justice. Come, my lords. [*Exeunt all but George.*]

George. Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,

As one despairing of thy beauteous love.

Fie, George! no more;

Pine not away for that which cannot be.

I cannot joy in any any earthly bliss,

So long as I do want my Bettris.

Enter JENKIN.

Jenkin. Who see a master of mine?

George. How now, sirrah, whither away?

Jenkin. Whither away? why who do you take me to be?

George. Why Jenkin, my man.

Jenkin. I was so once indeed, but now the case is altered.

George. I pray thee, as how?

Jenkin. Were not you a fortune-teller to-day?

George. Well, what of that?

Jenkins. So sure am I become a juggler.

What will you say if I juggle your sweet-heart?

George. Peace, prating ¹⁹ loseil; her jealous father
Doth wait over her with such suspicious eyes,
That, if a man but dally by her feet,
He thinks it straight a witch to charm his daughter.

¹⁹ *losell*] See Note 66 on *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. p. 49.

Jenkin. Well, what will you give me, if I bring her hither?

George. A suit of green, and twenty crowns besides.

Jenkins. Well, by your leave, give me room;

You must give me something that you have lately worn.

George. Here is a gown, will that serve you?

Jenkin. Ay, this will serve me: keep out of my circle,

Lest ye be torn in pieces with she-devils:

Mistress Bettris, once, twice, thrice.

[*He throws the ground* in, and she comes out.*

Oh, is this no cunning!

George. Is this my love? or is it but her shadow?

Jenkin. Ay, this is the shadow, but here is the substance.

George. Tell me, sweet love, what good fortune brought thee hither?

For one it was that favoured George a Greene.

Bettris. Both love and fortune brought me to my George,

In whose sweet sight is all my heart's content.

George. Tell me, sweet love, how cam'st thou from thy father's?

Bettris. A willing mind hath many slips in love.

It was not I, but Wily thy sweet boy.

George. And where is Wily now?

Bettris. In my apparel in my chamber still.

George. Jenkin, come hither: go to Bradford, And listen out your fellow Wily.

Come, Bettris, let us in,

And in my cottage we will sit and talk. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter King EDWARD, the King of SCOTS, Lord WARWICK, young CUDDY, and their train.

Edward. Brother of Scotland, I do hold it hard, Seeing a league of truce was late confirm'd

'Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered,

You should make such invasion in my land.

The vows of kings should be as oracles,

Not blemish'd with the stain of any breach;

* Probably misprinted for "gown." C.

Chiefly where fealty and homage willeth it.

James. Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh,
My conscience-grieves me for my deep misdeed.
I have the worst: of thirty thousand men,
There 'scapt not full five thousand from the field.

Edward. Gramercy, Musgrove, else it had gone hard.
Cuddy, I'll quite thee well ere we two part.

James. But had not his old father, William Musgrove,

Plaid twice the man, I had not now been here.

A stronger man I seldom felt before;

But one of more resolute valiance

Treads not, I think, upon the English ground.

Edward. I wot well, Musgrove shall not lose his hire.

Cuddy. And it please your grace, my father was
Five score and three at Midsummer last past:

Yet had king James been as good as George a Greene,
Yet Billy Musgrove would have fought with him.

Edward. As George a Greene?

I pray thee, Cuddy, let me question thee.

Much have I heard, since I came to my crown,

Many in manner of a proverb say,

Were he as good as George a Greene, I would strike him sure.

I pray thee tell me, Cuddy, can'st thou inform me,
What is that George a Greene?

Cuddy. Know, my lord, I never saw the man,
But mickle talk is of him in the country:
They say he is Pinner of Wakefield town:
But for his other qualities, I let alone.

Warwick. May it please your grace, I know the man too well.

Edward. Too well? why so, Warwick?

Warwick. For once he swing'd me; till my bones did ake.

Edward. Why, dares he strike an earl?

Warwick. An earl, my lord! nay he will strike a king,

Be it not king Edward. For stature he is fram'd

Like to the picture of stout Hercules,
 And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.
 The boldest earl or baron of our land,
 That offereth ²⁰ scath unto the town of Wakefield.
 George will arrest his pledge unto the pound;
 And who so resisteth bears away the blows,
 For he himself is good enough for three.

Edward. Why, this is wondrous;—My lord of Warwick,

Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.
 But leaving him, what shall we do, my lord,
 For to subdue the rebels in the north?
 They are now marching up to Doncaster.

Enter one with the Earl of KENDALL prisoner.
 Soft, who have we there?

Cuddy. Here is a traitor, the earl of Kendall.

Edward. Aspiring traitor! how dar'st thou once
 Cast thine eyes upon thy sovereign,
 That honour'd thee with kindness and with favour?
 But I will make thee buy this treason dear.

Kendall. Good, my lord.

Edward. Reply not, traitor.
 Tell me, Cuddy, whose deed of honour
 Won the victory against this rebel?

Cuddy. George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.

Edward. George a Greene! now shall I hear news
 Certain, what this Pinner is:
 Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befel.

Cuddy. Kendall and Bonfield, with sir Gilbert Armstrong,
 Came to Wakefield town disguis'd,
 And there spoke ill of your grace;
 Which George but hearing, fell'd them at his feet;
 And, had not rescue come unto the place,
 George had slain him in his close of wheat.

Edward. But, Cuddy, canst thou not tell

²⁰ *scath*] *Scath* is harm, mischief. As in *Richard III.* A. 1. S. 3.

"To pray for them that have done *scathe* to us."

The Second Part of *Henry VI.* A. 2. S. 4:

"All these could not procure me any *scathe*."

Where I might give and grant some thing,
That might please, and highly gratify the Pinner's
thoughts?

Cuddy. This at their parting George did say to me :
If the king vouchsafe of this my service,
Then, gentle Cuddy, kneel upon thy knee,
And humbly crave a boon of him for me.

Edward. Cuddy, what is it?

Cuddy. It is his will your grace would pardon them,
And let them live, although they have offended.

Edward. I think the man striveth to be glorious.
Well, George hath crav'd it, and it shall be granted,
Which none but he in England should have gotten.
Live, Kendall, but as prisoner,
So shalt thou end thy days within the Tower.

Kendall. Gracious is Edward to offending subjects.

James. My Lord of Kendall, your welcome to the
court.

Edward. Nay, but ill come as it falls out now ;
Ay, ill come indeed, were it not for George a Greene.
But, gentle king, for so you would aver,
And Edward's betters, I salute you both,
And here I vow by good Saint George,
You will gain but little when your sums are counted.
I sore do long to see this George a Greene :
And for because I never saw the North,
I will forthwith go see it :
And for that to none I will be known,
We will disguise ourselves and steal down secretly,
Thou and I, king James, Cuddy, and two or three
And make a merry journey for a month.
Away then, conduct him to the Tower.
Come on, king James, my heart must needs be merry,
If fortune makes such havock of our foes. [*Ex. omnes.*
Enter ROBIN HOOD, *Maid* MARIAN, SCARLET, and
MUCH the Miller's Son.

Robin. Why is not lovely Marian blithe of cheer ?
What ails my lemman, that she 'gins to lowr ?
Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad ?

Marian. Nothing, my Robin, grieves me to the heart,

But whensoever I do walk abroad,
I hear no songs but all of George a Greene,
Bettris his fair lemman passeth me.
And this, my Robin, galls my very soul.

Robin. Content, what wrecks it us, though George
a Greene

Be stout, so long as he doth proffer us no scath?
Envy doth seldom hurt but to itself,
And therefore, Marian, smile upon thy Robin.

Marian. Never will Marian smile upon her Robin,
Nor lie with him under the green-wood shade,
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a green,
And beat the Pinner for the love of me.

Robin. Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grief,
My merry men and I will thither stray;
And here I vow, that for the love of thee
I will beat George a Greene, or he shall beat me.

Scarlet. As I am Scarlet, next to little John,
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,
So will I ²¹wend with Robin all along,
And try this Pinner what he dares to do.

²²*Much.* As I am Much, the miller's son,
That left my mill to go with thee,
And nil repent that I have done,
This pleasant life contenteth me;
In aught I may, to doe thee good,
I'll live and die with Robin Hood.

Marian. And, Robin, Marian she will go with thee,
To see fair Bettris how bright she is of blee.

Robin. Marian, thou shalt go with thy Robin.
Bend up your bows, and see your strings be tight,
The arrows keen, and every thing be ready,
And each of you ²³a good bat on his neck,

²¹ wend] See vol. II. p. 179.

²² Much.] In the ballads he is called Midge.

²³ — a good bat on his neck,] A bat is a club. So, in *King Lear*,
A. 4. S. 6: "—ise try whether your costard or my bat be the
"harder."

See Mr. Steevens's Note on this passage.

The mode of expression here used is very frequent in ancient
writers. So, in Munday's Translation of *Palmerin D'Oliua*, 1588,
p. 35. "—so ascended he the hyll, by a little trackt foote path,

Able to lay a good man on the ground.

Scarlet. I will have frier Tucke's.

Much. I will have little John's.

Robin. I will have one made of an ashen plunk,*

Able to bear a bout or two.

Then come on, Marian, let us go;

For before the sun doth shew the morning day,

I will be at Wakefield to see this Pinner, George a
Greene. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter a SHOEMAKER sitting upon the stage at work;

JENKIN to him.

Jenkin. My masters, he that hath neither meat nor
money,

And hath lost his credit with the alewife,

For anything I know, may go supperless to bed.

But soft, who is here? here is a Shoemaker;

He knows where is the best ale.

Shoemaker, I pray thee tell me,

Where is the best ale in the town?

Shoemaker. Afore, afore, follow thy nose,
At the sign of the egg-shell.

Jenkin. Come, Shoemaker, if thou wilt,
And take thy part of a pot.

Shoemaker. Sirrah, down with your staff,
Down with your staff.

Jenkin. Why, how now, is the fellow mad?

I pray thee tell me, why should I hold down my staff?

Shoemaker. You will down with him, sir, will you
not, sir?

Jenkin. Why, tell me wherefore?

"with hys yron mace on his necke, and the glasse for the water
fastened at his gyrdle."

Dekkar's *Belman of London*, Sign. E 2: "—but when I ap-
proached neere unto him, and beheld a man with a lanthorne
and candle in his hand, a long staffe on his necke, and a dogge at
his tayle, &c."

Dekkar's *Belman's Night walkes*, Sign. I 2: "—he tooke him for
some churleshe Hobgoblin, seeing a long staffe on his necke, and
therefore to be one of his owne fellowes."

See also Dr. Farmer's and Mr. Steevens's Notes on *As you like it*,
A. 1. S. 2.

* Probably "plant."

Shoemaker. My friend, this is the town of merry Wakefield,

And here is a custom held, that none shall pass
With his staff on his shoulders, but he must have
A bout with me; and so shall you, sir.

Jenkin. And so will not I, sir.

Shoemaker. That will I try. ²⁴Barking dogs bite
not the forest.

Jenkin. I would to God, I were once well rid of him.

Shoemaker. Now, what, will you down with your
staff? [*Aside.*]

Jenkin. Why, you are not in earnest, are you?

Shoemaker. If I am not, take that.

Jenkin. You whoresen cowardly scab,
It is but the part of a ²⁵clapperdudgeon,
To strike a man in the street.
But darest thou walk to the town's end with me?

Shoemaker. Ay, that I dare do :
But stay till I lay in my tools, and I will go
With thee to the town's end presently.

Jenkin. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.

Shoemaker. Come, sir, will you come to the town's
end now, sir? [*Aside.*]

Jenkin. Ay, sir, come.

Now we are at the town's end, what say you now?

Shoemaker. Marry come, let us even have a bout.

Jenkin. Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.

Shoemaker. Why, what's the matter?

Jenkin. Faith, I am Under-pinner of a town,

²⁴ Barking dogs, &c.] This was proverbial. See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 76.

²⁵ clapperdudgeon] A cant term for a beggar born. Dekkar's *Villainies discovered*, &c. 1620, Sign. N 3. So, in Ben Johnson's *Staple of News*, A. 2. S. 4 :

"— what! a clapper dudgeon!

"That's a good sign to have a beggar follow him

"So near, at his first entry into fortune."

A beggar's dish was called a *clap-dish*: so in Heywood's *Edward IV.* part II. "Enter M. Blague, very poorly, a begging, with
"her basket and *clap-dish*." Perhaps they clapped the dish with
a knife or dudgeon, and hence *clapper-dudgeon*. C.

And there is an order, which if I do not keep,
I shall be turned out of my office.

Shoemaker. What is that, sir?

Jenkin. Whensoever I go to fight with any body,
I use to flourish my staff thrice about my head
Before I strike, and then shew no favour.

Shoemaker. Well, sir, and till then I will not strike thee.

Jenkin. Well, sir, here is once, twice—here is my hand,
I will never do it the third time.

Shoemaker. Why then, I see, we shall not fight.

Jenkin. Faith, no: come, I will give thee two pots
Of the best ale, and be friends.

Shoemaker. Faith, I see,
It is as hard to get water out of a flint,
As to get him to have a bout with me:
Therefore I will enter into him for some good cheer.
My friend, I see thou art a faint-hearted fellow,
Thou hast no stomach to fight,
Therefore let us go to the ale-house and drink.

Jenkin. Well, content, go thy ways and say thy
prayers.
Thou 'scap'st my hands to-day. [Exeunt omnes.

Enter GEORGE A GREENE *and* BETTRIS.

George. Tell me, sweet love, how is thy mind content,
What, canst thou brook to live with George a Greene?

Bettris. Oh, George, how little pleasing are these
words?

Came I from Bradford for the love of thee?
And left my father for so sweet a friend?
Here will I live until my life do end.

Enter ROBIN HOOD, *and* MARIAN, *and* his train.

George. Happy am I to have so sweet a love.
But what are these come ²⁶trasing here along?

²⁶ —trasing) Following. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 180:

"All hand in hand they traced on

"A tricksie ancient round,

"And soone as shadowes were they gone,

"And might no more be found."

Macbeth, A. 4. S. 1:

"—give to the edge o' the sword

"His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

"That trace him in his line."

Bettris. Three men come striking through the corn,
my love.

George. Back again you foolish travellers,
For you are wrong, and may not ²⁷wend this way.

Robin Hood. That were great shame. Now by my
soul, proud sir,

We be three ²⁸tall yeomen, and thou but one.
Come, we will forward in despite of him.

George. Leap the ditch, or I will make you skip.
What, cannot the highway serve your turn,
But you must make a path over the corn?

Robin Hood. Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou in-
counter three?

We are no babes, man, look upon our limbs.

George. Sirrah, the biggest limbs have not the stout-
est hearts.

Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three merry
men,

I'll drive you back the same way that ye came.
Be ye men, ye scorn to incounter me all at once,
But be ye cowards, set upon me all three,
And try the Pinner what he dares perform.

Scarlet. Were thou as high in deeds
As thou art haughty in words,
Thou well mightest be a champion for a king:
But empty vessels have the loudest sounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

²⁷ —wend] See p. 35.

²⁸ —tall yeomen,) The word *tall* in this place, and in most of our ancient writers, is not designed to give us an idea of height or bulk, but signifies *stout, bold, or courageous*. Thus, in *Pierce Penilesse's Supplication to the Divell*, p. 9. "Ulysses was a *tall man* under Ajax shield: but by himselfe hee would never adventure "but in the night."

Hall's *Chronicle*, *Henry IV.* p. 14: "And with that worde Sir "Piers entered into the chamber wel armed with eight *tall men* in "harneis."

Ibid. p. 17: "—dyd gather a houghe armye of twentie thousande "talle menne and more."

So Bobadil addresses Downright by the title of *Tall man*. See *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 4. S. 7. and Mr. Whalley's Note thereon.

George. Sirrah, darest thou try me?

Scarlet. Ay, sirrah, that I dare.

[*They fight and George a Greene beats him.*]

Much. How now? what art thou down?

Come, sir, I am next.

[*They fight and George a Greene beats him.*]

Robin Hood. Come, sirrah, now to me; spare me not,
For I'll not spare thee.

George. Make no doubt, I will be as liberal to thee.

[*They fight Robin Hood stays.*]

Robin Hood. Stay, George, for here I do protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I
Laid hands upon.

George. Soft, you sir, by your leave, you lye,
You never yet laid hands on me.

Robin Hood. ²⁹George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,
Aud go with me?

Two liveries will I give thee every year,
And forty crowns shall be thy fee.

George. Why, who art thou?

Robin Hood. Why, Robin Hood:
I am come hither with my Marian,
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.

George. Robin Hood!
Next to king Edward art thou leefe ³⁰ to me.
Welcome, sweet Robin Hood; welcome, maid Marian;
And welcome, you my friends. Will you to my poor
house?

You shall have wafer-cakes your fill,
A piece of beef hung up since ³¹Martlemas,
Mutton and veal; if this like you not,
Take that you find, or that you bring for me.

Robin Hood. Godamercies, good George,
I'll be thy guest to-day.

²⁹ *George, wilt thou, &c.*) See the Ballad in Evans's Collection, vol. I. p. 109. and in Ritson's Robin Hood, II. 16.

³⁰ — *leefe*) See Note to Gammer Gurton's Needle, vol. II. p. 40.

³¹ *Martlemas*,) *Martlemas* is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of St. Martin, the eleventh of November. The corruption, as Mr. Steevens remarks (Note to the Second Part of Henry IV. A. 2. S. 2.), is general in all the old Plays.

George. Robin, therein thou honourest me.
I'll lead the way. [Exeunt omnes.]

Enter King EDWARD and King JAMES disguised, with
two staves.

Edward. Come on, king James, now we are thus
disguised,
There is none (I know) will take us to be kings :
I think we are now in Bradford,
Where all the merry shoemakers dwell.

Enter a SHOEMAKER.

Shoemaker. Down with your staves, my friends,
Down with them.

Edward. Down with our staves ! I pray thee, why so ?

Shoemaker. My friend, I see thou art a stranger here,
Else would'st thou not have question'd of the thing.
This is the town of merry Bradford,
And here hath been a custom kept of old,
That none may bear his staff upon his neck
But trail it all along throughout the town,
Unless they mean to have a bout with me.

Edward. But hear you, sir, hath the king
Granted you this custom ?

³² Shoemaker. King or Kaisar, none shall pass this
way,
Except king or Edward ;
No, not the stoutest groom that haunts his court :
Therefore down with your staves.

³² *King of Kaisar,*] The expression of *King* and *Kaiser* is frequently used by Spenser. See Mr. Warton's *Observations*, vol. 2, p. 212. where several instances are produced.

Again, in *Nobody and Somebody*, N. D. Sign. H 3 : " My harts in
" my hose, but my face was never ashamed to shew itselfe yet
" before *King* or *Keysar*."

Skelton's *Works*, p. 196 :

" Ye boste, ye face, ye crake

" And upon you take

" To rule *King* and *Kayser*."

Eupheus, p. 65 : — " no *King*, nor *Keyser* be he never so roiall in
" birth, &c."

The Return from Parnassus, A. 5. S. 1 :

" Fair fell good Orpheus, that would rather be

" *King* of a molehill, than a *Keysar*'s slave."

Edward. What were we best to do?

James. Faith, my lord, they are stout fellows;
And, because we will see some sport,
We will trail our staves.

Edward. Hear'st thou, my friend?
Because we are men of peace and travellers,
We are content to trail our staves.

Shoemaker. The way lies before you, go along.

Enter ROBIN HOOD and GEORGE A GREENE, disguised.

Robin Hood. See, George, two men are passing
through the town,
Two lusty men, and yet they trail their staves.

George. Robin, they are some peasants trickt in
yeoman's weeds.

Hollo, you two travellers!

Edward. Call you us, sir?

George. Ay, you. Are ye not big enough to bear
Your bats upon your necks, but you must trail them
Along the streets?

Edward. Yes, sir, we are big enough;
But here is a custom kept, that none may pass
His staff upon his neck, unless he trail it at the wea-
pon's point.

Sir, we are men of peace, and love to sleep
In our whole skins, and therefore quietness is best.

George. Base minded peasants, worthless to be
men;

What, have you bones and limbs to strike a blow,
And be your hearts so faint, you cannot fight?

Wer't not for shame, I would ³³drub your shoulders
well,

And teach you manhood against another time.

Shoemaker. Well preach, sir Jack, down with your
staff.

Edward. Do you hear, my friends? and you be wise,
Keep down your staves, for all the town
Will rise upon you.

George. Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow.

³³ drub] The first edition reads *shrub*.

But hear you me; in spite of all the swains
Of Bradford town, bear me your staves upon your
necks,

Or, to begin withall, I'll baste you both so well,
You were never better basted in your lives.

Edward. We will hold up our staves.

[*George a Greene fights with the shoemakers, and
beats them all down.*]

George. What, have you any more?
Call all your town forth, Cut, and Longtail.

The SHOEMAKERS spy GEORGE A GREENE.

Shoemaker. What George a Greene, it is you? ³⁴ A
plague found you!

I think you long'd to swinge me well.

Come, George, we will ³⁵ crush a pot before we part.

George. A pot! you slave, we will have an hundred.
Here, Will Perkins, take my purse,
Fetch me a stand of ale, and set in the market-place,
That all may drink that are athirst
For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood
To Bradford town.

[*They bring out the stand of ale, and fall a drinking.*]

Here, Robin, sit thou here;

For thou art the best man at the board this day.

You that are strangers, place yourselves where you
will.

Robin, here's a ³⁶ carouse to good king Edward's self,
And they that love him not, I would we had
The basting of them a little.

³⁴ — *a plague found you,*] i. e. confound you.

³⁵ *crush a pot*] This cant expression, Mr. Steevens observes, seems to have been once common among low people. It is often to be met with in ancient Plays. See some instances in note to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 2.

³⁶ *carouse*] A *carouse* seems to be a more than ordinary quantity of liquor, probably as we now say a *bumper*.

Marston's First Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 3:

“ — O gallant youth,

“ I'll drink *carouse* unto your countrie's health.”

Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, 51: “ Supper-time being come
“ they fell to their victuals, and Lioncle was *carroust* unto by
“ Mutio.”

Enter the Earl of WARWICK with other Noblemen, bringing out the King's garments; then GEORGE A GREENE and the rest kneel down to the King.

Edward. Come, masters, all fellows. Nay, Robin, You are the best man at the board to-day.
Rise up George.

George. Nay, good my liege, ill nurtur'd we were then :

Though we Yorkshire men be blunt of speech,
And little skill'd in court, or such quaint fashions,
Yet nature teacheth us duty to our king,
Therefore I humbly beseech you pardon George a Greene.

Robin. And good my lord, a pardon for poor Robin.
And for us all a pardon, good king Edward.

Shoemaker. I pray you, a pardon for the shoemakers.

Edward. I frankly grant a pardon to you all.
And George a Greene, give me thy hand ;
There is none in England that shall do thee wrong,
Even from my court I came to see thyself ;
And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.

George. I humbly thank your royall majesty.
That which I did against the earl of Kendall,
It was but a subject's duty to his sovereign,
And therefore little merits such good words.

Edward. But ere I go, I'll grace thee with good deeds.

Say what king Edward may perform,
And thou shalt have it, being in England's bounds.

George. I have a lovely lemman,
³⁷ As bright of blee as is the silver moon,
And old Grime her father will not let her match
With me, because I am a Pinner,
Although I love her and she me, dearly.

³⁷ *As bright of blee*] So p. 35.

"To see fair Beatrice how bright she is of blee."
Again, Chaucer's *Lamentation of Mary Magdalen*, l. 391:

"Onely for him, which is so bright of ble

"As I trowe I shall him nevir se.

Edward. Where is she ?

George. At home at my poor house,
And vows never to marry unless her father
Give consent, which is my greatest grief, my lord.

Edward. If this be all, I will dispatch it straight ;
I'll send for Grime and force him give his grant !
He will not deny king Edward such a suit.

Enter JENKIN and speaks.

Ho, who saw a master of mine ?
Oh, he is gotten into company, and a body
Should rake hell for company.

George. Peace, ye slave, see where king Edward is.

Edward. George, what is he ?

George. I beseech your grace pardon him, he is my
man.

Shoemaker. Sirrah, the king hath been drinking with
us,

And did pledge us too.

Jenkin. Hath he so ? kneel, I dub you gentlemen.

Shoemaker. Beg it of the king, Jenkin.

Jenkin. I will. I beseech your worship grant me one
thing.

Edward. What is that ?

Jenkin. Hark in your ear.

[He whispers the King in the ear.]

Edward. Go your ways, and do it.

Jenkin. Come down on your knees, I have got it.

Shoemaker. Let us hear what it is first.

Jenkin. Marry, because you have drunk with the king,
And the king hath so graciously pledg'd you,
You shall no more be called Shoemakers ;
But you and yours to the worlds end,
Shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft.

Shoemaker. I beseech your majesty reform this
Which he hath spoken.

Jenkin. I beseech your worship consume this
Which he hath spoken.

Edward. Confirm it you would say.
Well he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.
Come George we will go to Grime,

And have thy love.

Jenkin. I am sure

Your worship will abide ; for yonder is coming
Old Musgrove, and mad Cuddy his son.

Master, my fellow Wily, comes drest like a woman,
And master Grime will marry Wily. Here they come.

Enter MUSGROVE and CUDDY, and Master GRIME,

WILY, maid MARIAN and BETTRIS.

Edward. Which is thy old father, Cuddy ?

Cuddy. This, if it please your majesty.

Edward. Ah old Musgrove, stand up ;
It fits not such grey hairs to kneel.

Musgrove. Long live

My sovereign ! long and happy be his days !
Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift,
At Billy Musgrove's hand.

King James at Meddellom-castle gave me this,
This won the honour, and this give I thee.

Edward. Godamercy, Musgrove, for this friendly gift ;
And for thou feld'st a king with this same weapon
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgrove knight.

Musgrove. Alas, what hath your highness done ? I
am poor.

Edward. ³⁹ To mend thy living take thou Meddellom-
castle,

³⁹ *To mend thy living take thou Meddellom-castle]* Mr. Grose, who has given two Views of this Castle, and a very accurate History of the several changes of its owners, in his *Antiquities of England and Wales*, vol. IV. supposes, that this Play hath little or no foundation in History. "The King says he, here is simply named Edward, without any other distinction ; but as the Scots King is called James, and mention is made of Edward's Son, it can only be Edward the Fourth, he being the first of that name contemporary with a James, and the last that had issue.

"Having thus ascertained the King, the next step is to see, whether the other circumstances accord with the events of that reign ; but in these there is very little similarity for although there was a war with the Scots, no decisive battle was fought near Middleham, neither was the King of Scotland taken prisoner. It is true, there was an insurrection in Yorkshire towards the latter end of this reign, on account of a contribution demanded for the maintenance of an hospital at York ; but this was terminated by the defeat of the rebels at Banbury. I will

The hold of both; and if thou want living, complain,
Thou shalt have more to maintain thine estate.
George, which is thy love *?

George. This, if please your majesty.

Edward. Art thou her aged father?

Grime. I am, and it like your majesty.

Edward. And wilt not give thy daughter unto
George?

Grime. Yes, my lord, if he will let me marry
With this lovely lass.

Edward. What say'st thou, George?

George. With all my heart, my lord, I give consent.

Grime. Then do I give my daughter unto George.

Wily. Then shall the marriage soon be at an end.

Witness, my lord, if that I be a woman.

For I am Wily, boy to George a Greene,

Who for my master wrought this subtle shift.

Edward. What! is it a boy? what say'st thou to
this, Grime?

Grime. Marry, my lord, I think this boy hath
More knavery than all the world besides.
Yet am I content that George shall both have
My daughter and my lands.

Edward. Now, George, it rests I gratify thy worth:
And therefore, here I do bequeath to thee,
In full possession, half that Kendal hath;
And what as Bradford holds of me in chief,
I give it frankly unto thee for ever.
Kneel down, George.

George. What will your majesty do?

"not object to the anachronism of introducing here Robin Hood,
"who lived in the reign of Richard the First. The introduction
"of imaginary characters was a liberty then frequently taken in old
"historical Plays, in order to divert the audience, and enliven the
"representation—a compliment to the upper galleries of those times.
"It may also be objected, that the Castle of Middleham was,
"about that period, the property of Richard, Duke of Gloucester.
"To this it may be answered, that a man of the age old Musgrove
"is here described to be, would not in all probability hold it above
"a year or two, after which it might be granted to Richard."

* We must conclude that George has gone out during the pre-
ceding dialogue, and here returns with Bettris. Grime also enters
at the same time. C.

Edward. Dub thee a knight, George.

George. I beseech your grace, grant me one thing.

Edward. What is that?

George. Then let me live and die a yeoman still :
So was my father, so must live his son.

For 'tis more credit to men of base degree,
To do great deeds, than men of dignity.

Edward. Well, be it so George.

James. I beseech your grace dispatch with me,
And set down my ransom.

Edward. George a Greene, set down the king of
Scots

His ransom.

George. I beseech your grace pardon me,
It passeth my skill.

Edward. Then let king James make good
Those towns which he hath burnt upon the borders ;
Give a small pension to the fatherless,
Whose fathers he caus'd murdered in those wars ;
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,
And so return. King James, are you content.

James. I am content, and like your majesty,
And will leave good castles in security.

Edward. I crave no more. Now George a Greene,
I'll to thy house ; and when I have supt,
I'll go to Ask ; and see if Jane a Barley be so fair,
As good king James, reports her for to be.
And for the ancient custom of *Vail staff*,
Keep it still, claim privilege from me.
If any ask a reason, why ? or how ?
Say, English Edward vail'd his staff to you. [*Exeunt.*]

EDITION.

A PLEASANT conceyted Comedie of George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield. As it was sundry times acted by the Servants of the Right Honourable the Earl of Sussex. Imprinted at London, by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby; and are to be sold at his Shop neare the Royall Exchange, 1599, 4to.

JERONIMO.

PART THE FIRST.

FROM Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, it appears that *Thomas Kyd* was the author of the *Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronimo is mad again*.*—But whether he likewise wrote this first part of *Jeronimo* does not appear.

This first part of Jeronimo is so scarce that many have doubted whether it ever existed; and Mr. Coxeter and the author of the *Playhouse Dictionary* were of opinion, that what is called "The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is mad again," was only the old play altered and new named.—Ben Jonson has a passage in the Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, that seems to favour that opinion. "Another swears down all that sit about him, that the *old Hieronimo* (as it was *first* acted) was the only best and judiciously pen'd play of Europe."

They were however, two distinct plays, as appears from this copy of the *first part*, which is printed from one in the valuable collection of David Garrick, Esq.

From another passage in the Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, acted in 1600, it may be conjectured that *Jeronimo* first appeared on the stage about the year 1588.† "They say (says one of the children of the Queen's Chapel) the ghosts of some three or four plays, departed a dozen years since, have been seen walking on your stage here."

* Heywood's words are these. "Therefore Mr. Kyd in the *Spanish Tragedy*, upon occasion presenting itself, thus writes:

"Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And Kings and Emperours have tane delight

To make experience of their wits in playes."

These three lines are to be found towards the commencement of act V. of the *Spanish Tragedy*. C.

† It appears from Philip Henslowe's Papers, lately discovered in the rubbish of Dulwich College, that "the Comedy of *Jeronimo*," was played by "the Lord Stranges men the 10th April, 1591."

O. G.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of SPAIN.

King of PORTUGAL.

BALTHEZAR, his Son.

JERONIMO.

HORATIO, his Son.

Duke of MEDINA.

Duke of CASTILLE.

ROGERO.

ANDREA.

ALEXANDRO, } Portuguese Nobles..

VOLLUPO, }

PEDRO, }

LORENZO.

ALCARIO.

LAZAROTTO.

PEDRINGANO.

CASSIMERO.

REVENGE.

CHARON.

Spanish and Portuguese Generals.

ISABELLA, wife to Jeronimo.

BELLIMPERIA, sister to Lorenzo.

The Scene, Spain and Portugal.

THE FIRST PART OF
J E R O N I M O.

Sound a signet¹, and pass over the stage. Enter at one door the King of SPAIN, Duke of CASTILE, Duke MEDINA, LORENZO, and ROGERO; at another door, ANDREA, HORATIO, and JERONIMO. JERONIMO kneels down, and the King creates him Marshall of Spain: LORENZO puts on his spurs², and ANDREA his sword. The King goes along with JERONIMO to his house; after a long signet is sounded, enter all the Nobles, with covered dishes to the banquet.

Exeunt omnes. That done enter all again as before.

Spain. FROLICK Jeronimo, thou art now confirm'd
Marshal of Spain, by all the dues
And customary rights unto thy office.

Jeronimo. My knee sings thanks unto your highness
bounty:

Come hither, boy Horatio; fold thy joints;
Kneel by thy father's loins, and thank my leege;
By honouring me, thy mother, and thyself,
With this high staff of office.

Horatio. O my leege,
I have a heart thrice stronger than my years,
And that shall answer gratefully for me;

¹ *Sound a signet,*] This word which is variously spelt, as *senet*, *cynet*, *sennet*, *sinet*, *signate*, *synnet*, *signet*, &c. I believe to be no more than a corruption of *sonata*, Ital. See a note on *Julius Cæsar*, vol. VIII. p. 9. and another on *King Henry VIII.* vol. VII. p. 236. S.

² *Lorenzo puts on his spurs,*] This ceremony is still retained in the creation of a Knight of the Bath, and is generally performed by some person of eminence. See Anstis, *Historical Essay upon the Knighthood of the Bath*, 4to. 1725. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *Life*, p. 54.

Let not my youthful blush impare my valour.
 If ever you have foes, or red field scars,
 I'll empty all my veins to serve your wars :
 I'll bleed for you ; and more, what speech affords,
 I'll speak in drops when I do fail in words.

Jeronimo. Well spoke, my boy, and on thy father's
 side ;

My leege, how like you Don Horatio's spirit?
 What ! doth it promise fair ?

Spain. Ay, and no doubt his merit will purchase
 more.

Knight Marshal rise, and still rise
 Higher and greater in thy sovereign's eyes.

Jeronimo. O fortunate hour, blessed minute, happy
 day,

Able to ravish even my sense away !
 Now I remember too : O sweet remembrance !
 This day my years strike fifty, and in Rome
 They call the fifty year the year of Jubily,
 The merry year, the peaceful year, jocond year,
 A year of joy, of pleasure and delight :
 This shall be my year of Jubily, for 'tis my fifty.
 Age ushers honour : 'tis no shame ; confess,
 Beard thou art fifty full, not a hair less.

Enter an EMBASSADOR.

Spain. How now ? what news from Spain ? * tribute
 return'd ?

Embassador. Tribute in words, my leege, but not in
 coin.

Spain. Ha ! dare he still procrastinate with Spain ?
 Not tribute paid ! not three years paid !
 'Tis not at his coin,

But his slack homage, that we most repine.

Jeronimo. My leege, if my opinion might stand firm
 Within your highness' thoughts——

Spain. Marshal, our kingdom calls thee father ;
 Therefore speak free.

* This passage ought either to be " What news for Spain, or we
 must suppose *Spain* misprinted for *Portugal*. The substitution
 would destroy the measure. C.

Thy counsel I'll embrace, as I do thee.

Jeronimo. I thank your highness: then my gracious
leege,

I hold it meet, by way of embassy,
To demand his mind, and the neglect of tribute:
But, my leege,
Here must be kind words, which doth oft besiege
The ears of rough-hewn tyrants, more than blows;
Oh, a politick speech beguiles the ears of foes.
Marry, my leege, mistake me not I pray:
If friendly phrases, honied speech, bewitching accent,
Well-tuned melody, and all sweet gifts
Of nature, cannot avail or win him to it,
Then let him raise his gall up to his tongue,
And be as bitter as physicians' drugs,
Stretch his mouth wider with big swoln phrases:
Oh, here's a lad of mettle, stout Don Andrea,
Mettle to the crown,
Would shake the king's high court three handfuls
down.

Spain. And well pick'd out Knight Marshal, speech
well strung,

I'd rather chuse Horatio, where he not so young.

Horatio. I humbly thank your highness,

On placing me next unto his royal bosom.

Spain. How stand ye, lords, to this election?

Omnes. Right pleasing our dread sovereign.

Medina. Only with pardon, mighty sovereign.

Castile. I should have chose Don Lorenzo.

Medina. I, Don Rogero.

Rogero. Oh no, not me, my lords,

I am war's champion, and my fees are swords.

Pray king, pray peers, let it be Don Andrea,

He's a worthy limb,

Loves wars and soldiers, therefore I love him.

Jeronimo. And I love him and thee, valiant Rogero,

Noble spirits, gallant bloods:

You are no wise insinuating lords,

You ha no tricks, you ha none of all their sleights.

Lorenzo. So, so, Andrea must be sent ambassador;

Lorenzo is not thought upon : good :
I'll wake the court, or startle out some blood *.

Spain. How stand you, lords, to this election ?

Omnes. Right pleasing our dread sovereign.

Spain. Then Don Andrea.

Andrea. My approved leege.

Spain. We make thee our Lord high ambassador.

Andrea. Your highness circles me with honour's
bounds :

I still discharge the weight of your command
With best respect : if friendly tempered phrase
Cannot affect the virtue of your charge,
I will be hard like thunder, and as rough
As Northern tempests, or the vexed bowels
Of too insulting waves, who at one blow
Five merchants' wealths into the deep doth throw :
I'll threaten crimson wars.

Rogero. Aye, aye, that's good ;
Let them keep coin, pay tribute with their blood.

Spain. Farewel then, Don Andrea : to thy charge.
Lords, let us in : joy shall be now our guest ;
Let's in to celebrate our second feast.

[*Exeunt omnes, præter Lorenzo.*]

Lorenzo. Andrea's gone ambassador ;
Lorenzo is not dreamt on in this age :
Hard fate,
When villains sit not in the highest state !
Ambition's plumes, that flourish'd in our court,
Severe authority has dash'd with justice ;
And policy, and pride, walk like to exiles
Giving attendance, that were once attended ;
And we rejected that were once high honoured.
I hate Andrea, 'cause he aims at honour, when
My purest thoughts work in a pitchy vale,
Which are as different as heaven and hell.
One peers for day, the other gapes for night.
That yawning Beldam with her jetty skin,
'Tis she I hug as mine effeminate bride,

* Spoken aside.

For such complexions best appease my pride.
I have a lad in pickle of this stamp,
A melancholy discontented courtier,
Whose famish'd jaws look like the chap of death :
Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation ;
Whose hands are wash'd in rape, and murders bold :
Him with a golden bait will I allure,
(For courtiers will do any thing for gold)
To be Andrea's death at his return.
He loves my sister ; that shall cost his life :
So she a husband, he shall lose a wife.
O sweet, sweet policy, I hug thee ! good :
Andrea's Himen's draught shall be in blood. [Exit.

Enter HORATIO at one door, ANDREA at another.

Horatio. Whither in such haste, my second self ?

Andrea. I'faith my dear bosom, to take solemn leave
Of a most weeping creature.

Horatio. That's a woman.

Enter BELLIMPERIA.

Andrea. That's Bellimperia.

Horatio. See, see, she meets you here :
And what is it to love, and be lov'd dear !

Bellimperia. I have heard of your honour, gentle
breast,

I do not like it now so well methinks.

Andrea. What ! not to have honour bestowed on
me ?

Bellimperia. O yes : but not a wandering honour,
dear ;

I could afford well didst thou stay here.
Could honour melt itself into thy veins,
And thou the fountain, I could wish it so,
If thou would'st remain here with me, and not go.

Andrea. 'Tis but to Portugal.

Horatio. But to demand the tribute, lady.

Bellimperia. Tribute ! alas ! that Spain cannot of
peace

Forbear a little coin, the Indies being so near !
And yet this is not all : I know you are too hot,
Too full of spleen for an ambassador.

And will lean much to honour.

Andrea. Push!

Bellimperia. Nay, hear me, dear: I know you will be rough

And violent; and Portingal hath a tempestuous son,
Stampt with the mark of fury, and you too.

Andrea. Sweet Bellimperia!

Bellimperia. We'll meet like thunder*, each imperious

Over other's spleen; you have both proud spirits,
And both will strive to aspire;
When two vex'd clouds juggle, they strike out fire:
And you, I fear me, war, which peace²forefend!
O dear Andrea, pray, let us have no wars!
First let them pay the soldiers that were maim'd
In the last battle, ere more wretches fall,
Or walk on stilts to timeless funeral.

Andrea. Respective dear, O my live's happiness,
The joy of all my being, do not shape
Frightful conceit beyond the intent of act!
I know, thy love is vigilant o'er my blood,
And fears ill fate which heaven hath yet withstood.
But be of comfort; sweet *Horatio* knows
I go to knit friends, not to kindle foes.

Horatio. True, madam Bellimperia, that's his task:
The phrase he useth must be gently styl'd;
The king hath warned him to be smooth and mild.

Bellimperia. But will you indeed, Andrea?

Andrea. By this.

Bellimperia. By this lip-blushing kiss.

Horatio. O you swear sweetly.

Bellimperia. I'll keep your oath for you till you return.

Then I'll be sure you shall not be forsworn.

Enter PEDRINGANO.

Andrea. Ho, Pedringano!

Pedringano. Signioro.

* We ought to read, "Ye'll meet like thunder." C.

²—forefend.] See Note 4 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II. p. 167.

Andrea. Are all things aboard?

Pedringano. They are, my good lord.

Andrea. Then, Bellimperia, I take leave: Horatio
Be in my absence my dear self, chaste self:
What! playing the woman, Bellimperia?
Nay then you love me not, or at the least
You drown my honours in those flowing waters.
Believe it, Bellimperia, 'tis as common
To weep at parting as to be a woman.
Love me more valiant; play not this moist prize;
Be woman in all parts save in thy eyes:
And so I leave thee.

Bellimperia. Farewel, my lord:
Be mindful of my love, and of your word.

Andrea. 'Tis fixed upon my heart, adieu, soul's friend!

Horatio. All honour on *Andrea's* steps attend.

Bellimperia. Yet he is in sight, and yet but now he's
vanish'd. [Exit *Andrea*.

Horatio. Nay, lady, if you stoop so much to passion,
I'll call him back again.

Bellimperia. O, good Horatio, no: it is for honour.
Pr'ythee let him go.

Horatio. Then, madam, be compos'd, as you were
wont,

To musick and delight; the time being comick, will
Seem short and pleasant, till his return
From Portingal:

And, madam, in this circle let your heart move;
Honour'd promotion is the sap of love. [Exeunt omnes.

Enter LORENZO and LAZAROTTO, a discontented
courtier.

Lorenzo. Come my soul's spaniel, my life's jetty sub-
stance,
What's thy name?

Lazarotto. My name's an honest name, a courtier's
name:

'Tis Lazarotto.

Lorenzo. What, Lazarotto.

Lazarotto. Or rather rotting in this lazy age
That yields me no employment: I have mischief

Within my breast, more than my 'bulk can hold:
I want a midwife to deliver it.

Lorenzo. I'll be the he-one then, and rid thee soon
Of this dull, leaden, and tormenting elf.
Thou know'st the love betwixt Bellimperia and
Andrea's bosom?

Lazarotto. Aye, I do.

Lorenzo. How might I cross it, my sweet mischief?
Honey damnation! how?

Lazarotto. Well:

As many ways as there are paths to hell,
And that's enow ifaith. From usurers' door,
There goes one path: from friers that nurse whores,
There goes another path: from brokers' stalls,
From rich that die and build no hospitals,
Two other paths: from farmers that crack barns
With stuffing corn, yet starve the needy swarms,
Another path: from drinking schools one,
From dicing houses—but from the court, none, none.

Lorenzo. Here is a slave just of the stamp I wish;
Whose ink soul's blacker than his name,
Though it stand printed with a raven's quill.
But, Lazarotto cross my sister's love,
And I'll rain showers of duckets in thy palm.

Lazarotto. Oh duckets, dainty ducks; forgive me
duckets,
I'll fetch you duck enough for gold; and chink
Makes the punk wanton, and the bawd to wink.

Lorenzo. Discharge, discharge, good Lazarotto, how
We may cross my sister's loving hopes.

Lazarotto. Nay, now I'll tell you.

Lorenzo. Thou knowest Andrea's gone ambassador.

Lazarotto. The better; there's opportunity: now
list to me.

* *bulk*] One of the significations affixed to this word by Skinner, in his *Etymologicon*, is "*Venter*, hinc *Hisp. Buche*, *Ventriculus animalis*, Belg. *Bulcke*. Thorax.

So, in *The Nice Valour*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. X. p. 355. edition 1778:

"My maintenance, rascals! *my bulk*, my exhibition!"

Enter JERONIMO and HORATIO, and overhear their talk.

Alcario, the duke Medina's son,
Dotes on your sister Bellimperia:
Him in her private gallery you shall place
To court her; let his protestations be
Fashioned with rich jewels, ⁵for in love
Great gifts and gold have the best tongue to move.
Let him not spare an oath without a jewel
To bind it fast: oh I know women's hearts
What stuff they are made of, my lord: gifts and giving
Will melt the chastest seeming female living.

Lorenzo. Indeed Andrea is but poor, though honourable;

His bounty among soldiers sokes him dry,
And therefore great gifts may bewitch her eye.

Jeronimo. ⁶Here's no fine villainy, no damned brother!*

Lorenzo. But say she should deny his gifts, be all
Compos'd of hate, as my mind gives me that
She will: what then?

Lazarotto. Then thus: at his return
To Spain, I'll murder Don Andrea.

Lorenzo. Dar'st thou, spirit?

Lazarotto. What dares not he do that ne'er hopes to
inherit?

Horatio. He dares be damn'd like thee.

⁵ —for in love, &c.] The same sentiment is in both Shakspeare
and Beaumont and Fletcher.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 3. S. 2:

"Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;

"Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,

"More than quick words, do move a woman's mind."

The Woman Hater, A. 4. S. 2:

"———your offers must

"Be full of bounty; velvets to furnish a gown, silks

"For petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining;

"Forget not some pretty jewel to fasten after

"Some little complement! If she deny this courtesy,

"Double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance:

"Fulness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue,

"Will win an anchorite."

⁶ Here's no fine villainy] See Note to *The Mayor of Quinborough*.

* This line and the next words of Horatio are spoken aside.

Lazarotto. Dare I? Ha, ha!
 I have no hope of everlasting height,
 My soul's a Moor you know, salvation's white.
 What dare I not enact then? Tush, he dies;
 I will make way to Bellimperia's eyes.

Lorenzo. To weep I fear, but not to tender love.

Lazarotto. Why, is she not a woman? she must weep

Awhile, as widows use till their first sleep;
 Who in the morrow following will be sold
 To new, before the first are thoroughly cold.
 So Bellimperia: for this is common;
 The more she weeps, the more she plays the woman.

Lorenzo. Come then, howe'er it hap, Andrea shall be crost.

Lazarotto. Let me alone, I'll turn him to a ghost.

[*Exeunt Lorenzo, and Lazarotto and Horatio.**

Manet JERONIMO.

Jeronimo. Farewel, true brace of villains;
 Come hither, boy Horatio, didst thou hear them?

Horatio. O my true breasted father, my ears
 Have suck'd in poison, deadly poison:
 Murder Andrea! O inhuman practice!
 Had not your reverend years been present here,
 I should have ponyarded the villain's bowels,
 And shoved his soul out to damnation.
 Murder Andrea! honest lord! impious villains!

Jeronimo. I like thy true heart, boy; thou lov'st thy friend,

It is the greatest argument and sign,
 That I begot thee, for it shews thou art mine.

Horatio. O father, 'tis a charitable deed
 To prevent those that would make virtue bleed!
 I'll dispatch letters to Don Andrea;
 Unfold their hellish practice, damn'd intent,
 Against the virtuous rivers of his life.
 Murder Andrea!

* * The stage direction ought to run thus, "*Exeunt Lorenzo and Lazarotto,*" and "*Manent Jeronimo and Horatio.*"

Enter ISABELLA.

Jeronimo. Peace: who comes here? news, news,
Isabella.

Isabella. What news, Jeronimo?

Jeronimo. Strange news:

Lorenzo is become an honest man.

Isabella. Is this your wondrous news?

Jeronimo. Is it not wondrous

To have honesty in hell? go tell it abroad now;

But see you put no new additions to it,

As thus—shall I tell you, gossip; Lorenzo is

Become an honest man:—beware, beware; for honesty

Spoken in derision points out knavery.

O then take heed; that jest would not be trim,

He's a great man, therefore we must not knave him.

In, gentle soul; I'll not be long away,

As, short my body, short shall be my stay.*

[Exit Isabella.]

Horatio. Murder Andrea! what blood-sucking slave
Could choke bright honour in a scabbard grave?

Jeronimo. What harping still upon Andrea's death?
Have courage, boy: I shall prevent their plots,
And make them both stand like two politick sots.

Horatio. Lorenzo has a reach as far as hell,
To hook the devil from his flaming cell:

Oh, sprightly father, he'll out-reach you then;

Knaves longer reaches have than honest men.

Jeronimo. But, boy, fear not, I'll out-stretch them all,
My mind's a giant, though my bulk be small⁷.

[Exeunt omnes.]

*Enter the King of PORTINGAL, BALTHEZAR, ALEX-
ANDRO, Don VOLLUPO, and others: a peal of ord-
nance; within, a great shout of people.*

King. What is the meaning of this loud report?

* It seems probable from this and several other passages in the play, that the part of Jeronimo was performed by an actor of low stature. Dekkar in two distinct scenes of his *Satiromastix* says, that Ben Jonson had supported the character of Jeronimo, but this assertion most likely applies to the *Spanish Tragedy*, or what was meant for the second part of Jeronimo, from which he introduces a quotation. C.

⁷ *Small*] The first edition reads *full*.

Alexandro. An embassy, my lord, is new arrived from Spain.

King. Son Balthezar, we pray do you go meet him, And do him all the honour that belongs him.

Balthezar. Father, my best endeavour shall obey you : Welcome, worthy lord, Spain's choice ambassador, Brave, stout Andrea ; for so I guess thee.

Enter ANDREA.

Andrea. Portugal's, ere I thank thee, Thou seems no less than what thou art, a prince, And an heroick spirit : Portingal's king, I kiss my hand, and tender on thy throne My master's love, peace, and affection.

King. And we receive them, and thee, worthy Andrea :

Thy master's high-prized love unto our heart, Is welcome to his friend ; thou to our court.

Andrea. Thanks Portingal. My lords I had in charge

At my depart from Spain, this embassy, To put your breast in mind of tribute due Unto our master's kingdom, these three years Detained and kept back : and I am sent to know, Whether neglect, or will, detains it so.

King. Thus much return unto thy king, Andrea ; We have with best advice thought of our state, And find it much dishonour'd by base homage : I not deny, but tribute hath been due To Spain by our forefathers' base captivity, Yet cannot rase out their successors' merit. 'Tis said, we shall not answer at next birth Our fathers' faults in heaven ; why then on earth ? Which proves and shews, that which they lost By base captivity,

We may redeem with honoured valiancy : We borrow nought : our kingdom is our own : He is a base king that pays rent for his throne.

Andrea. Is this thy answer, Portingal ?

Balthezar. Ay, Spain ; A royal answer too, which I'll maintain.

Omnes. And all the peers of Portugal the like.

Andrea. Then thus all Spain, which but three minutes ago

Was thy full friend, is now returned thy foe.

Balthazar. An excellent foe; we shall have scuffling good.

Andrea. Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.

Balthazar. Tribute for tribute then; and foes for foes.

Andrea. I bid you sudden wars.

Balthazar. I sudden blows, and that's as good as wars.

Don, I'll not bate

An inch of courage, not a hair of fate:

Pay tribute I with strokes.

Andrea. Aye, with strokes you shall;

Alas, that Spain should correct Portugal!

Balthazar. Correct!

O, in that one word such torments do I feel,

That I could lash thy ribs with valiant steel.

Andrea. Prince Balthazar, shall's meet?

Balthazar. Meet, Don Andrea? yes in the battle's bowels;

Here is my gage, a never-failing pawn;

'Twill keep his day, his hour, nay minute: 'twill.

Andrea. Then thine, and this, possess one quality.

Balthazar. O let them kiss:

Did I not understand thee noble, valiant,

And worthy my sword's society with thee,

For all Spain's wealth, I'd not grasp hands,

Meet Don Andrea. I tell thee, noble spirit,

I'd wade up to the knees in blood, I'd make

A bridge of Spanish carcases, to single thee

Out of the gasping army.

Andrea. Woot thou, prince?

Why even for that, I love.

Balthazar. Tut, love me, man, when we have drunk

Hot blood together: wounds will tie

An everlasting settled amity,

And so shall thine.

Andrea. And thine.

Balthazar. What! give no place?

Andrea. To whom?

Balthazar. To me.

Andrea. To thee?

Why should my face that's placed above my mind,
Fall under it?

Balthazar. I'll make thee yield.

Andrea. Aye, when you get me down;

But I stand even yet, jump crown to crown.

Balthazar. Dar'st thou?

Andrea. I dare.

Balthazar. I am all vext.

Andrea. I care not.

Balthazar. I shall forget the law.

Andrea. Do, do.

Balthazar. Shall I?

Andrea. Spare not.

Balthazar. But thou wilt yield first.

Andrea. No.

Balthazar. O, I hug thee for't,
The valiant'st spirit e'er trod the Spanish court:
Here let the rising of our hot blood set.

Alexandro. My leege, two nobler spirits never met.

Balthazar. Until we meet in purple, when our swords
Shall——

Andrea. Agreed, right valliant prince:—
Then Portugal, this is thy resolute answer.

King. So return: it's so: we have bethought us
What tribute is; how poor that monarch shews,
Who for his throne a yearly pension owes:
And what our predecessors lost to Spain,
We have fresh spirits that can renew it again.

Andrea. Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war:
Many a new wound must gasp through an old scar.
So Portugal, I leave thee.

King. Ourselves in person
Will see thee safe aboard: come son, come lords,
Instead of tribute we must pay our swords.

Balthazar. Remember, Don Andrea, that we meet.

Andrea. Up hither sailing in a crimson fleet.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter LORENZO and ALCARIO.

Lorenzo. Do you affect my sister?

Alcario. Affect! above affection, for
Her breast is my lives' treasure; O entire
Is the condition of my hot desire!

Lorenzo. Then this must be your plot.
You know Andrea's gone ambassador,
On whom my sister Bellimperia
Casts her affection:
You are in stature like him, speech alike,
And had you but his vestment on your back,
There's no one living but would swear 'twere he
Therefore sly policy must be your guide.
I have a suit just of Andrea's colours,
Proportion'd in all parts:—nay, 'twas his own:
This suit within my closet shall you wear,
And so disguised woe, sue, and then at last—

Alcario. What?

Lorenzo. Obtain thy love.

Alcario. This falls out rare;
In this disguise I may both wed, bed, and board her.

Lorenzo. You may, you may:
Besides, within these few days he'll return.

Alcario. Till this be acted, I in passion burn.

Lorenzo. All falls out for the purpose: ^sall hits
jump;

The date of his embassy nigh expired
Gives strength unto our plot.

^s — all hits jump] i. e. exactly. So, in *Hamlet*: "—jump at this
"dead hour." S.

Again, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, A. 1. S. 2:

"—— where ev'ry seeming good's

"A certain evil; where not to be ev'n jump

"As they are, here were to be strangers, and

"Such things to be mere monsters."

Othello, A. 2. S. 3:

"Myself the while will draw the Moor apart,

"And bring him jump where he may Cassio find."

Alcario. True, true; all to the purpose.

Lorenzo. Moreover, I will buz Andrea's landing;
Which, once but crept into the vulgar mouths,
Is hurried here and there, and sworn for troth:
Think, 'tis your love makes me create this guise,
And willing hope to see your virtue rise.

Alcario. Lorenzo's bounty I do more enfold
Than the greatest mine of Indian's brightest gold.

Lorenzo. Come, let us in: the next time you shall
show

All Don Andrea, not Alcario. [*Exeunt omnes.*
*Enter JERONIMO trussing of his points; HORATIO with
pen and ink.*

Jeronimo. Come pull the table this way: so; 'tis
well:

Come write, Horatio, write;

This speedy letter must away to-night.

[*Horatio folds the paper the contrary way.*

What! fold paper that way to a nobleman?

To Don Andrea, Spain's ambassador!

Fie! I am ashamed to see it: hast thou worn

Gowns in the university, ⁹ tost logick,

Suckt philosophy, eat cues, drunk cees ¹⁰, and cannot
give

A letter the right courtier's crest?

O theres a kind of state,

In every thing, save in a cuckold's pàte!

Fie, fie, Horatio! what is your pen foul?

Horatio. No, father, cleaner then Lorenzo's soul;

That's dipt in ink made of an envious gall,

Else had my pen no cause to write at all.

Jeronimo. Signior Andrea, say.

Horatio. Signior Andrea—

Jeronimo. 'Tis a villainous age this.

⁹ The quarto reads *lost*.

¹⁰ *Eat cues, drunk cees,*] Terms current in the universities for different portions of bread and beer. S.

In the character of an old college-butler by Dr. Earle, *Micro-cosmographie* 1628, it is said: "He domineers over freshmen when they first come to the hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of *cues* and *cees*, and some broken Latin, which he has learnt at his bin."

Horatio. 'Tis a villainous age this—

Jeronimo. That a nobleman should be a knave as
Well as an ostler.

Horatio. That a nobleman should be a knave as
Well as an ostler—

Jeronimo. Or a serjeant.

Horatio. Or a serjeant—

Jeronimo. Or a broker.

Horatio. Or a broker—

Jeronimo. Yet I speak not this of Lorenzo,
For he's an honest lord.

Horatio. 'S foot, father, I'll not write him honest
lord.

Jeronimo. Take up thy pen, or I'll take up thee.

Horatio. What! right him honest lord? I'll not
agree.

Jeronimo. You'll take it up, sir?

Horatio. Well, well.

Jeronimo. What went before? thou hast put me out:
beshrew

Thy impudence or insolence.

Horatio. Lorenzo's an honest lord—

Jeronimo. Well, sir—and has hired one to murder
you.

Horatio. O, I cry you mercy, father, meant you so?

Jeronimo. Art thou a scholar, Don Horatio,
And canst not aim at figurative speech?

Horatio. I pray you, pardon me; twas but youth's
Hasty error.

Jeronimo. Come, read then.

Horatio. And has hired one to murder you—

Jeronimo. He means to send you to heaven, when
You return from Portugal.

Horatio. From Portugal—

Jeronimo. Yet he's an honest duke's son.

Horatio. Yet he's an—

Jeronimo. But not the honest son of a duke.

Horatio. But not the honest—

Jeronimo. O that villainy should be found in the
great chamber!

Horatio. O that villainy—

Jeronimo. And honesty in the bottom of a cellar.

Horatio. And honesty—

Jeronimo. If you'll be murdered, you may.

Horatio. If you'll be—

Jeronimo. If you be not, thank God and Jeronimo.

Horatio. If you be not—

Jeronimo. If you be, thank the devil and Lorenzo.

Horatio. If you be, thank—

Jeronimo. Thus hoping you will not be murdered,
and you can choose.

Horatio. Thus hoping you will—

Jeronimo. Especially being warned before hand.

Horatio. Especially—

Jeronimo. I take my leave, boy; Horatio, write leave
Bending in the hams like an old courtier:—
Thy assured friend, say, 'gainst Lorenzo and
The devil,—little Jeronimo marshal.

Horatio. Jeronimo marshal.

Jeronimo. So, now read it o'er.

Horatio. Signior Andrea, 'tis a villainous age this,
That a noblemen should be a knave as well
As an ostler, or a serjeant, or a broker; yet
I speak not this of Lorenzo: he's an
Honest lord, and has hired one to murder you,
When you return from Portugal: yet
He's an honest duke's son, but not the
Honest son of a duke. O that villainy
Should be found in the great chamber, and honesty
In the bottom of a cellar!

Jeronimo. True, boy: there's a moral in that; as
much
To say, knavery in the court, and honesty in a
Cheese-house.

Horatio. If you'll be murder'd you may: if you be
Not, thank God and Jeronimo: if you be,
Thank the devil and Lorenzo. Thus hoping
You will not be murder'd, and you can choose;
Especially being warn'd before-hand, I take my leave.

Jeronimo. Horatio, hast thou written, leave bending
in the
Hams, enough, like a gentleman usher? 'Sfoote,

No Horatio; thou hast made him straddle too much
Like a Frenchman; for shame, put his legs closer,
Though it be painful.

Horatio. So, 'tis done, 'tis done.—
Thy assured friend 'gainst Lorenzo and the devil;
Little Jeronimo Marshal.

Enter LORENZO and ISABELLA.

Isabella. Yonder he is, my lord; pray you speak to him.

Jeronimo. Wax, wax, Horatio: I had need wax too,
Our foes will stride else over me and you.

Isabella. He's writing a love-letter to some Spanish lady,
And now he calls for wax to seal it.

Lorenzo. God save you, good knight Marshal.

Jeronimo. Who's this? my lord Lorenzo? welcome,
welcome;

¹¹ You're the last man I thought on, save the devil:
Much doth your presence grace our homely roof.

Lorenzo. O Jeronimo,
Your wife condemns you of an uncourtesy,
And over-passing wrong; and, more, she names
Love-letters which you send to Spanish dames.

Jeronimo. Do you accuse me so, kind Isabella?

Isabella. Unkind Jeronimo.

Lorenzo. And for my instance, this in your hand is
one.

Jeronimo. In sooth, my lord, there is no written
name

Of any lady, then no Spanish dame.

Lorenzo. If it were not so, you would not be afraid
To read, or show, the waxed letter:
Pray you, let me behold it.

¹¹ You're the last man, &c.] Mr. Steevens observes (Note to *Merry Wives*, &c. A. 5. S. 2.), that "in the ancient interludes and " moralities the beings of supreme power, excellence or depravity, " are occasionally styled *Men*. So, in *Much ado about nothing*, " Dogberry says, God's a good man. Again, in an Epitaph, part " of which has been borrowed as an absurd one by Mr. Pope and " his associates, who were not very well acquainted with ancient " Phraseology. See *Memoirs of P. P.*"

Jeronimo. I pray you pardon me.
I must confess, my lord, it treats of love,
Love to Andrea, ay even to his very bosom.

Lorenzo. What news, my lord, hear you from Portugal?

Jeronimo. Who I? before your grace it must not be;
The badger feeds not till the lyon's served;
Nor¹² fits it news so soon kiss subjects' ears,
As the fair cheek of high authority.
Jeronimo lives much absent from the court,
And, being absent, there lives from report.

Lorenzo. Farewel, *Jeronimo*.

Isabella. Welcome, my lord *Lorenzo*.

[*Exeunt Lorenzo and Isabella.*]

Jeronimo. Boy,
Thy mother's jealous of my love to her.

Horatio. O, she play'd us a wise part; now ten to one

He had not heard the letter read
Just as he enter'd.

Jeronimo. Though it had happen'd evil,
He should have heard his name yoked with the devil.
Here, seal the letter with a loving knot;
Send it with speed: *Horatio* linger not;
That *Don Andrea* may prevent his death,
And know his enemy by his envious breath. [*Exeunt.*
Enter LORENZO and ALCARIO, disguis'd like ANDREA.]

Lorenzo. Now, by the honour of Castile's true house,
You are as like *Andrea*, part for part,
As he is like himself: did I not know you
By¹³ my cross I swear, I could not think you but
Andrea's self, so legg'd, so fac'd, so speech'd,
So all in all, methinks I should salute
Your quick return, and speedy haste from Portugal:
Welcome, fair lord, worthy ambassador,

¹² Nor fits it news so soon kiss subjects' ears,] In the quarto, the word *ears* is omitted. As the sense of this passage is imperfect without some addition, I have adopted the above emendation, which was proposed by Mr. Steevens.

¹³ By my cross I swear,] See Note 67, on the *Pinner of Wakefield*.

Brave Don Andrea. O I laugh to see
How we shall jest at her mistaking thee.

Alcario. What have you given it out Andrea is re-
turn'd?

Lorenzo. 'Tis all about the court in every ear,
And my invention, brought to me for news
Last night at supper; and which the more to cover,
I took a bowl and quaft a health to him,
When it would scarce go down for extream laughter,
To think how soon report had scatter'd it.

Alcario. But is the villain Lazarotto
Acquainted with our drift?

Lorenzo. Not for Spain's wealth;
Though he be secret, yet suspects the worst,
For confidence confounds the stratagem.
The fewer in a plot of jealousy
Built a foundation surest, when multitudes
Make it confused ere it come to head.
Be secret then; trust not the open air,
For air is breath, and breath-blown words raise care.
This is the gallery where she most frequents.

Alcario. Within this walk have I beheld her dally
With my shape's substance. O immortal powers!
Lend your assistance; clap a silver tongue
Within this palate, that, when I approach
Within the presence of this demy goddess
I may possess an adamantick power,
And so bewitch her with my honied speech,
Have every syllable a music stop;
That, when I pause, the melody may move,
And hem persuasion 'tween her snowy paps,
That her heart hearing may relent and yield!

Lorenzo. Break off, my lord: see where she makes
approach.

Enter BELLIMPERIA.

Alcario. Then fall into your former veins of terms.

Lorenzo. Welcome, my lord, welcome, brave Don
Andrea,

Spain's best of spirit, what news
From Portugal? tribute or war?

But see, my sister Bellimperia comes:

I will defer it to some other time,

For company hinders love's conference. [*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Bellimperia. Welcome, my life's self-form, dear Don Andrea.

Alcario. My words iterated gives thee as much:
Welcome, myself of self.

Bellimperia. What news, Andrea? treats it peace or war?

Alcario. At first they cried all war, as men resolv'd
To lose both life and honour at one cast:
At which I thunder'd words all clad in proof,
Which strook amazement to their palled speech,
And tribute presently was yielded up.
But, madam Bellimperia, leave we this,
And talk of former suits and quests of love.

They whisper. Enter LAZAROTTO.

Lazarotto. 'Tis all about the court Andrea's come:
Would I might greet him! and I wonder much,
My lord Lorenzo is so slack in murder,
Not to afford me notice all this while.
Gold, I am true,
I had my hire; and thou shalt have thy due:
Was't possible to miss him so? soft! soft!
This gallery leads to Bellimperia's lodging:
There he is sure, or will be sure. I'll stay:
The evening too begins¹⁴ to slubber day:
Sweet, opportune season; here I'll lean,
Like a court-hound that licks fat trenchers clean.

Bellimperia. But has the king partook your embassy?

Alcario. That till to-morrow shall be now deferr'd.

Bellimperia. Nay, then you love me not:

¹⁴ *to slubber day:]* To obscure day. So in *Othello*, A. 1. S. 3:
"you must therefore be content to *slubber* the gloss of your new
"fortunes."

Howard's *Defensive against the poyson of supposed prophecies*, fol.
1620. p. 117. "Surely, for the most part so they are, as may be
"gathered either by the colours or the garments, or the *slubbing*
"of set purpose to bestow some greater grace and colour of anti-
"quity.

Let that be first dispatch'd; till when receive this token.

[*She kisses him. Exit Bellimperia.*]

Alcario. I to the king with this unfaithful heart!
It must not be: I play too false a part.

Lazarotto. Up, Lazarotto; yonder comes thy prize!
Now lives Andrea, now Andrea dies.

[*Lazarotto kills him.*]

Alcario. That villain Lazarotto has kill'd me,
Instead of Andrea.

Enter ANDREA, and ROGERO, and others.

Rogero. Welcome home, lord ambassador.

Alcaria. Oh, oh, oh.

Andrea. Whose groan was that? what frightful villain's this,
His sword unsheathed? whom hast thou murdered, slave?

Lazarotto. Why Don, Don Andrea.

Andreo. No counterfeiting villain.
He says, my lord, that he hath murdered me.

Lazarotto. Aye, Don Andrea, or else Don the devil.

Andrea. Lay hands on him: some rear up
The bleeding body to the light.

Rogero. My lord, I think 'tis you: were you not here,
A man might swear 'twere you.

Andrea. His garments—ha! like mine, his face made like:

An ominous horror all my veins doth strike.
Sure this portends my death; this misery
Aims at some fatal pointed tragedy.

Enter JERONIMO and HORATIO.

Jeronimo. Son Horatio, see Andrea slain!

Horatio. Andrea slain! then weapon¹⁵ cling my breast.

Andrea. Live, truest friend, for ever loved and blest.

¹⁵ *cling my breast.*] The word *cling* is so variously used in different authors, that it is difficult to affix any precise meaning to it. Several instances are quoted by Mr. Steevens, in his Note on *Macbeth*, A. 5. S. 5. I imagine Horatio means that his weapon shall *cling to him, or not leave him*, until he had gratified his revenge for his friend's murder.

Horatio. Lives Don Andrea?

Andrea. Aye, but slain in thought,
To see so strange a likeness forged and wrought,
Lords, cannot you yet descry
Who is the owner of this red melting body?

Rogero. My lord, it is Alcario, duke Medina's son,
I know him by this mole upon his breast.

Lazarotto. Alcario slain! hast thou beguil'd me,
sword?

Arm hast thou slain thy bountiful kind love?
Why then rot off and drop upon the ground,
Strow all the galleries with goblets round.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. Who names Alcario slain? it is Alcario:
O cursed deed!
Could'st thou not see, but make the wrong man bleed?

Lazarotto. 'Sfoot, 'twas your fault, my lord; you
brought no word.

Lorenzo. Peace; no words: I'll get thy pardon:
Why mum then.

Enter BELLIMPERIA.

Bellimperia. Who names Andrea slain? O'tis Andrea:
O, I swoon, I die.

Lorenzo. Look to my sister Bellimperia!

Andrea. Raise up, my dear love, Bellimperia!
O be of comfort, sweet: call in thy spirits;
Andrea lives: O let not death beguile thee!

Bellimperia. Are you Andrea?

Andrea. Do not forget,
That was Alcario, my shape's counterfeit.

Lorenzo. Why speaks not this accursed damned
villain?

Lazarotto. O, good words, my lords; for those are
courtier's vails:

The king must hear; why should I make two tales?
For to be found in two, before the king
I will resolve you all this strange strange thing:
I hit, yet mist; 'twas I mistook my part.

Horatio. Aye, villain; for thou aim'st at this true
heart.

Jeronimo. Horatio, 'twas well, as fortune stands,
This letter came not to Andrea's hands.

Horatio. 'Twas happiness indeed.

Bellimperia. Was it not you, Andrea, questioned me
'Bout love?

Andrea. No, Bellimperia,
Belike 'twas false Andrea; for the first
Object mine eyes met, was that most accurst
Which, I much fear me, by all signs portends
Most doubtful wars, and dangerous pointed ends
To light upon my blood.

Bellimperia. Angels of heaven forefend it!

Andrea. Some take up the body; others take charge
Of that accursed villain.

Lorenzo. My lord, leave that to me; I'll look to him.

Jeronimo. Mark, mark, Horatio: a villian guard a
villian.

Andrea. The king may think my news is a bad
guest,
When the first object is a bleeding breast.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter King of SPAIN, CASTILE, MEDINA, ROGERO,
and others; a dead march within.*

King. My lords,
What heavy sounds are these?—nearer and nearer!
ha!

Andrea the forerunner of these news?
Nay, then I fear Spain's inevitable ill.
Ha! Andrea, speak! what news from Portugal?
What, is tribute paid? peace or wars?

Andrea. Wars, my dread leege.

King. Why then
That bleeding object doth presage what shall
Hereafter follow. What's he that lies there slain,
Or hurt, or both? Speak.

Andrea. My leege, *Alcario*, duke Medina's son;
And by that slave this purple act was done.

Medina. Who names Alcario slain? ah me, 'tis he:
Art thou that villain?

Lazarotto. How didst thou know my name?

I see an excellent villain hath his fame,
As well as a great courtier.

Medina. Speak, villain: wherefore didst thou this
accursed deed?

Lazarotto. Because I was an ass, a villainous ass;
For had I hit it right, Andrea had lain there;
He walk'd upright: this ominous mistake,
This damned error breedeth in my soul
An everlasting terror.

King. Say slave, how came this accursed evil?

Lazarotto. Faith, by myself, my short sword, and
the devil.

To tell you all, without a tedious tongue,
I'll cut them down, my words shall not hang ¹⁶ long.
That hapless bleeding lord Alcario,
Which this hand slew, pox on't, was a huge doter
On Bellimperia's beauty, who reply'd
In scorn, and his hot suit deny'd;
For her affections were all firmly planted
In Don Andrea's bosom; yet unwise,
He still pursued it with blind lover's eyes.
Then hired he me with gold—O fate thou elf!
To kill Andrea, which here kill'd himself:
For not content to stay the time of murder,
He took Andrea's shape unknown to me,
And in all parts disguis'd as there you see,
Intending, as it seemed by that sly shift,
To steal away her troth: short tale to tell,
I took him for Andrea; down he fell.

King. O impious deed,
To make the heir of honour melt and bleed!
Bear him away to execution.

Lorenzo. Peace, Lazarotto, I'll get it of the king.

Lazarotto. Do it quickly then, or I'll spread villainy.

Lorenzo. My lord, he is the most notorious rogue
That ever breath'd. [In his ear.]

King. Away with him.

Lorenzo. Your highness may do well to bar his
speech,

¹⁶ long.] This word is not in the quarto.

'Tis able to infect a virtuous ear.

King. Away with him, I will not hear him speak.

Lazarotto. My lord Lorenzo is a ——

[*They stop his mouth, and bear him in.*]

Jeronimo. Is not this a monstrous courtier?

Horatio. He is the court-toad, father.

King. Tribute deny'd us? ha!

Andrea. It is, my leege, and that with no mean words:

He will redeem his honour lost with swords.

King. So daring! ha! so peremptory!

Can you remember the words he spake?

Andrea. Word for word, my gracious sovereign,
And these they were.—Thus much return to Spain:
Say—That our settled judgment hath advised us
What tribute is, how poor that monarch shews
Who for his throne yearly pension owes;
And what our predecessors lost to Spain,
We have fresh spirits that can renew it again.

King. Ha! so peremptory, daring, stout!

Andrea. Then, my leege,
According to your gracious dread command,
I bad defiance with a vengeful hand.

Spain. He entertained it?

Andrea. Aye, and returned it with menacing brows:
Prince Balthezar his son
Grew violent and wished the fight begun.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. So, so, I have sent my slave to hell;
Tho' he blab there, the devils will not tell.

¹⁷ *A Tucket within.*

Spain. How now! what means this trumpet's sound?

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My leege, the Portugals
Are up in arms, glittering in steel.

¹⁷ *A tucket within.*] In *All's well that ends well*, A. 3. S. 5. One
of the stage-directions is *a Tucket afar off*; and, in *Henry V.* A. 4.
S. 2. the Constable says:

“—— Then let the trumpets sound

“*The Tucket sonuance, and the note to mount.*”

A Tucket is, therefore, probably *a trumpet*.

Spain. Where's our lord general, Lorenzo, stout
Andrea,

With whom I rank sprightly Horatio?
What! for shame, shall the Portugals
Trample the fields before you?

General. No, my leege, there's time enough
To let out blood enough: tribute shall flow,
Out of their bowels, and be tendered so.

Spain. Farewel, brave lords; my wishes are be-
queath'd,
A nobler rank of spirits never breath'd.

[*Exeunt King and Nobles.*]

Jeronimo. O my sweet boy, heaven shield thee still
from care!

O be as fortunate as thou art fair!

Horatio. And heaven bless you my father, in this
fight,

That I may see your gray head crown'd in white!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter ANDREA, and BELLIMPERIA.

Bellimperia. You came but now, must you part
again?

You told me that your spirit
Should put on peace; but see war follows war.

Andrea. Nay, sweet love, cease;
To be deny'd our honour, why 'twere base
To breathe and live; and ¹⁸ war in such a case
Is even as necessary as our blood.

Swords are in season then when right's withstood:

Deny us tribute, that so many years

We have in peace told out! why it would raise

Spleen in the host of angels: 'twere enough

To make out tranquil saints, of angry stuff.

Bellimperia. You have o'erwrought the chiding of
my breast;

And by that argument you firmly prove

Honour to soar above the pitch of love.

Lend me thy loving and thy warlike arm,

¹⁸ war] The first edition reads wars.

On which I knit this soft and silken charm,
Tied with an amorous knot: O may it prove
Inchanted armour, being charmed by love;
That when it mounts up to thy warlike crest,
It may put by the sword and so be blest.

Andrea. O what divinity proceeds from love!
What, happier fortune than myself can move!
Hark! the drum beckons me: sweet dear, farewell,
This scarf shall be my charm 'gainst foes and hell.

Bellimperia. O let me kiss thee first.

Andrea. The drum again.

Bellimperia. Hath that more power than I?

Andrea. Do't quickly then: farewell. [*Exit Andrea.*]

Bellimperia. Farewel: O cruel part!

Andrea's bosom bears away my heart.

[*Exit Bellimperia.*]

Enter BALTHEZAR, ALEXANDRO, VOLLUPO, *Don*
PEDRO, *with Soldiers, drum and colours.*

Balthazar. Come, valiant spirits; you peers of Portugal,

That owe your lives, your faiths, and services,
To set you free from base captivity:
O let our fathers' scandal ne'er be seen
As a base blush upon our free-born cheeks:
Let all the tribute that proud Spain receiv'd
Of those all captive Portugales deceased,
Turn into chafe, and choak their insolence.
Methinks no moiety, not one little thought
Of them whose servile acts live in their graves,
But should raise spleens big as a cannon-bullet
Within your bosoms: O for honour,
Your country's reputation, your live's freedom,
Indeed your all that may be termed revenge,
Now let your bloods be liberal as the sea;
And all those wounds that you receive of Spain,
Let theirs be equal to quit yours again.
Speak Portugales: are you resolved as I,
To live like captives, or as free-born die.

Vollupo. Prince Balthazar, as you say, so say we;
To die with honour, scorn captivity.

Alexandro. Why, spoke like true Portugales indeed :
 I am assured of your forwardness.
 Now, Spain, sit firm, I'll make thy towers shake,
 And all that gold thou hadst from Portugal,
 Which makes thy court melt in luxuriousness,
 I vow to have it treble at thy hands.
 Hark, Portugales ! I hear their Spanish drum :
 March on and meet them : this must be the day,
 That all they have received they back must pay.

[The Portugales march about.]

*Enter JERONIMO, ANDREA, HORATIO, LORENZO,
 LORD GENERAL, ROGERO, and Attendants with drum
 and colours.*

Jeronimo. What are you braving us before we
 come !

We'll be as shrill as you : strike alarum, drum.

[They sound a flourish on both sides.]

Balthazar. Thou inch of Spain,
 Thou man, from thy hose downward scarce so much,
 Thou very little longer than thy beard,
 Speak not such big words ; they'll throw thee down,
 Little Jeronimo : words greater than thyself !
 It must be.

Jeronimo. And thou long thing of Portugal, why
 not ?

Thou that art full as tall
 As an English gallows, upper beam and all,
 Devourer of apparel, thou huge swallower,
 My hose will scarce make thee a standing collar :
 What ! have I almost quited you ?

Andrea. Have done,
 Impatient marshal.

Balthazar. Spanish combatants,
 What ! do you set a little pigmy marshal
 To question with a prince ?

Andrea. No, prince Balthazar,
 I have desired him peace, that we might war :
 What ! is the tribute-money tendered yet ?

Balthazar. Tribute ? ha ! ha !
 What else, wherefore meet our drums,

But to tender and receive the sums
Of many a bleeding heart, which ere sun fall
Shall pay dear tribute, even their lives and all?

Andrea. Prince *Balthazar*, I know your valiant
spirit;

I know your courage to be tried and good,
And yet, O prince, be not confirmed in blood :
Not that I taste of fear or cowardice,
But of religion, piety, and love
To many bosoms that yet firmly move
Without disturbed spleens : O in thy heart
Weigh the dear drops of many a purple part
That must be acted on the field's green stage
Before the evening dews quench the sun's rage.
Let tribute be appeased and so stayed,
And let not wonted fealty be ¹⁹denayed
To our desartful kingdom : Portugales,
Keep your forefathers' oaths ; that virtue craves ;
Let them not lie foresworn now in their graves,
To make their ashes perjur'd and unjust,
For heaven can be revenged on their dust.
They swore to Spain both for themselves and you :
And will posterity prove their sires untrue ?
This should not be 'mong men of virtuous spirit ;
Pay tribute then, and receive peace and writ.

Balthazar. O virtuous coward !

Horatio. O ignoble spirit !

To term him coward for his virtuous merit !

Andrea. Coward ! nay then, relentless rib of steel,
What virtue cannot, thou shalt make him feel.

Lorenzo. Proud *Alexandro*, thou art mine ?

Alexandro. Agreed.

Rogero. And thou, *Vollupo*, mine.

Vollupo. I'll make thee bleed.

Horatio. And thou, *Don Pedro*, mine.

Don Pedro. I care not whose ; or thine, or thine, or
all at once.

Balthazar. I bind thee *Don Andrea*, by thy honour,

¹⁹ denayed] See Note to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II. p. 194.

Thy valiancy, and all that thou hold'st great,
 To meet me single in the battle's heat;
 Where I'll set down, in characters on thy flesh,
 Four precious lines, spoke by our fathers' mouth,
 When first thou cam'st ambassador: these they are:
 'Tis said we shall not answer at next birth
 Our fathers' faults in heaven, why then on earth?
 Which proves and shews,
 That what they lost by base captivity,
 We may redeem with wonted valiancy:
 And to this crimson end our colours spread:
 Our courages are new born, our valours bred:
 Therefore Andrea, as thou tenderest fame,
 Wars, reputation, and a soldier's name,
 Meet me.

Andrea. I will.

Balthazar. Single me out.

Andrea. I shall.

Alexandro. Do you the like.

Lorenzo. And you all, and we.

Andreu. Can we be foes, and all so well agree

Balthazar. Why, man, in war there's bleeding
 amity:

And he this day gives me the deepest wound,
 I'll call him brother.

Andrea. Then prince, call me so;

To gain that name, I'll give the deepest blow.

Jeronimo. Nay, then, if brotherhood by strokes come
 due,

I hope, boy, thou wilt gain a brother too.

Horatio. Father, doubt it not.

Andrea. Lord General,

Breathe, like your name, a general defiance
 'Gainst Portugal.

General. Defiance to the Portugales.

Balthazar. The like

Breathe our Lord General against the Spaniards.

General. Defiance to the Spaniards.

Andrea. Now cease words,

I long to hear the musick of clashed swords.

Balthazar. Why, thou shalt hear it presently.

[*They offer to fight.*]

Andrea. Quickly then.

Balthazar. Why now?

General. O stay, my lords,
This will but breed a mutiny in the camp.

Balthazar. I am all fire, Andrea.

Andrea. Art thou? good:

Why then I'll quench thee, prince, with thine own
blood.

Balthazar. Adieu.

Andrea. Adieu.

Balthazar. Let's meet.

Andrea. 'Tis meet we did.

[*Exeunt Portugales.*]

Lorenzo. Alexandro.

Alexandro. Lorenzo.

Rogero. Vollupo.

Vollupo. Rogero.

Horatio. Don Pedro.

Don Pedro. Horatio.

Jeronimo. Aye, aye, Don Pedro, my boy shall meet
thee.

Come valiant spirits of Spain;

Valiant Andrea, fortunate Lorenzo;

Worthy Rogero, sprightly Horatio;

O let me dwell a little on that name!

Be all as fortunate as heaven's blest host,

But, blame me not, I'd have Horatio most;

Ride all conquerors when the fight is done,

Especially ride thee home so, my son.

So now kiss and embrace: come, come,

I am war's tutor:—strike alarum, drum.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

[*After a long alarum, the Portugales and
Spaniards meet. The Portugales are
put to the worst.*]

Enter JERONIMO solus.

Jeronimo. O valiant boy! struck with a giant's
arm:

His sword so falls upon the Portugales,

As if he would slice them out like oranges,
And squeeze their bloods out : O abundant joy !
Never had father a more happier boy. [*Exit Jeronimo.*

Enter BALTHEZAR, and a Soldier.

Balthazar. Can you not find Don *Andrea* forth ?
O for a voice shriller than all the trumpets
To prince *Andrea's* ears through the hot army !
Go search again : bring him, or ne'er return.

[*Exit Soldier.*

Valiant *Andrea*, by thy worthy blood,
Thy honour'd faith which thou pawn'st to mine ;
By all that thou hold'st dear upon this earth,
Sweat now to find me in the height of blood :
Now death doth heap his goods up all at once,
And crams his store-house to the top with blood,
Might I now and *Andrea*, in one fight,
Make up thy wardroope richer by a knight !

Enter Rogero.

Rogero. Ha ! Vollupo !

Balthazar. No ; but a better.

Rogero. Pox on't.

Balthazar. Pies on't,

What luck is this ? but, sir, you part not so,
Whate'er you be, I'll have a bout with you.

Rogero. Content : this is joy mixed with spight,
To miss a lord, and meet a prince in fight.

Balthazar. Come, meet me, sir.

Rogero. Just half way ; I'll meet it with my sword.

[*They fight. Balthazar beats in Rogero.*

Enter ANDREA with a Captain.

Andrea. Where might I find this valorous *Balthazar*,
This fierce, courageous prince ; a noble worthy,
Made of the ribs of Mars and fortitude ?
He promised to meet fair, and single me
Out o' the misty battle : did you search
The left wing for him ? speak.

Captain. We did, my lord.

Andrea. And could he not be found ?

Captain. Not in that wing, my lord.

Andrea. Why, this would vex the resolution

Of a suffering spleen.—Prince Balthezar!
 Portugal's valiant heir!
 The glory of our foe, the heart of courage,
 The very soul of true nobility,
 I call thee by thy right name; answer me.
 Go, Captain, pass the left wing squadron; hie,
 Mingle yourself again amidst the army;
 Pray sweat to find him out. [Exit Captain.
 This place I'll keep:
 Now wounds are wide, and blood is very deep.
 'Tis now about the heavy dread of battle,
 Soldiers drop down as thick as if death mowed them
 As sith men* trim the long-haird ruffian fields,
 So fast they fall, so fast to fate life yields.

Enter BALTHEZAR.

Balthezar. I have sweat much, and cannot find
 him—Andrea!

Andrea. Prince Balthezar: o lucky minute!

Balthezar. O long-wished-for hour!

Are you remember'd, Don,
 Of a daring message and a proud attempt
 You braved me, Don, within my father's court?

Andrea. I think I did.

Balthezar. This sword shall lash you for it.

Andrea. Alas!

War knows I am too proud a scholar grown
 Now to be lashed with steel: had I not known
 My strength and courage, it had been easy then
 To have born me on the backs of men:
 But now I am sorry, prince, you come too late,
 That wear proud steel; yfaith that should do that.

Balthezar. I can hold no longer:
 Come, lets see which of our strengths is stronger.

Andrea. Mine for a wager.

Balthezar. Thine! what wager? say.

Andrea. I hold three wounds to one.

Balthezar. Content a lay: but you shall keep stakes
 then.

Andrea. Nay, I'll trust you.

* Scythe-men or mowers.

For you're a prince, I know you'll pay your due.

Balthazar. I'll pay you soundly.

Andrea. Prince, you might have paid
Tribute as well, then battles had been staid.

Balthazar. Here's tribute for you.

Andrea. I'll receive it of you,
And give you acquittance with a wound or two.

[*They fight. Balthazar hath Andrea down.*]

Enter JERONIMO and HORATIO. HORATIO beats
away BALTHEZAR.

Andrea. Thou art a wondrous friend, a happy spirit;
I owe thee now my life; Couldst thou inherit
Within my bosom, all I have is thine,
For by this act I hold thy arm divine.

Horatio. Are you not wounded? let me search and
see.

Andrea. No, my dear self, for I was blest by thee.
Else his unpitying sword had cleft my heart,
Had not *Horatio* play'd some angel's part.
Come, happy mortal, let me rank by thee,
Then am I sure no star will threaten me.

Horatio. Let's to the battle once more: we may
meet

This haughty prince, and wound him at our feet.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter ROGERO and ALEXANDRO in their shirts, with
²⁰ *Pollaxes.*

Rogero. Art thou true valiant? hast thou no coat of
proof

Girt to thy loins? art thou true loyal?

Alexandro. Why look;
Witness the naked truth upon my breast.

Come, lets meet, lets meet,
And break our haughty sculs down to our feet.

[*They fight. Alexandro beats in Rogero.*]

²⁰ *Pollaxes.*] Poles headed by axes. *Contus securi munitus.*
Skinner.

Enter LORENZO and DON PEDRO at one door, and ALEXANDER and ROGERO at another door. LORENZO kills DON PEDRO, and ALEXANDRO kills ROGERO. Enter at one door ANDREA, at another door BALTHEZAR.

Andrea. O me ! ill stead ! valiant Rogero slain !

Balthazar. O my sad fates ! Don Pedro weltering in his gore !

O could I meet Andrea now my blood's a tiptoe,

This hand and sword should melt him :

Valiant Don Pedro !

Andrea. Worthy Rogero, sure 'twas multitudes That made thee stoop to death : one Portugal Could ne'er overwhelm thee in such crimson streams, And no mean blood shall quit it. Balthazar, Prince Balthazar.

Balthazar. Andrea, we meet in blood now.

Andrea. Aye, in valiant blood of Don Rogero's shedding,

And each drop is worth a thousand Portugales.

Balthazar. I'll top thy head for that ambitious word.

Andrea. You cannot, prince : see a revengeful sword

Waves o'er my head.

Balthazar. Another over mine,

Let them both meet, in crimson tinctures shine.

[They fight ; and Andrea hath Balthazar down.]

Enter PORTUGALES, and relieve BALTHEZAR, and kill ANDREA.

Andrea. O I am slain ! help me, Horatio !

My foes are base, and slay me cowardly.

Farewel dear, dearest Bellimperia !

Yet herein joy is mingled with sad breath :

I keep her favour longer than my breath. *[He dies.]*

[Sound alarum. Andrea slain, and Prince

Balthazar vaunting on him.]

Enter JERONIMO, HORATIO, and LORD GENERAL.

Horatio. My other soul, my bosom, my heart's friend,
O, my Andrea slain ; I have the price of him
In princely blood.

Prince Balthezar, my sword shall strike true strains,
And fetch Andrea's ransom forth thy veins.

Lord General, drive them hence; while I make war.

Balthezar. Hath war made thee so impudent and young?

My sword shall give correction to thy tongue.

Jeronimo. Correct thy rascals, prince; thou correct him!

Lug with him boy: honours in blood best swim.

[They fight and breathe afresh.]

Balthezar. So young and valourous this arm ne'er met,

So strong a courage in so green a set.

Horatio. If thou be'st valiant, cease these idle words,
And let revenge hang on our glittering swords,
With this proud prince the haughty Balthezar.

[Horatio has Prince Balthezar down: then enter Lorenzo and seizes his weapon.]

Horatio. Hand off, Lorenzo; touch not my prisoner.

Lorenzo. He's my prisoner,
I seiz'd his weapons first.

Horatio. O base renown! 'tis easy to seize those,
Were forc'd laid down.

Lorenzo. My lance first threw him from his warlike steed.

Jeronimo. Thy lance, Lorenzo! now by my beard you lye.

Horatio. Well, my lord,
To you a while I tender my whole prisoner.

Lorenzo. Horatio,
You tender me part of mine own, you know.

Horatio. Well, peace; with my blood dispense,
Until my liege shall end the difference.

Jeronimo. Lorenzo, thou dost boast of base renown;
Why I could whip all these, were their hose down.

Horatio. Speak, prince, to whether dost thou yield?

Balthezar. The vanquish'd yields to both, to you first.

Horatio. O abject prince! what, dost thou yield to two?

Jeronimo. Content thee, boy; thou shalt sustain no wrong.

I'll to the king before, and let him know
The sum of victory, and his overthrow. [*Exit Jeronimo.*]

Lorenzo. Andrea slain! thanks to the stars above.
I'll choose my sister out her second love.

[*Exeunt Lorenzo and Balthazar.*]

Horatio. Come, noble rib of honour, valiant carcass,
I loved thee so entirely when thou breathest,
That I could die wert but to bleed with thee,
And wish me wounds, even for society.
Heaven and this arm once saved thee from thy foe,
When his all-wrathful sword did basely point
At the rich circle of thy labouring heart,
Thou groveling under indignation
Of sword and ruth: O then stept heaven and I
Between the stroke, but now alack must die.
Since so the powers above have writ it down,
In marble leaves, that death is mortal crown;
Come then, my friend, in purple I will bear
Thee to my private tent, and then prepare
For honour'd funeral for thy melting corse.

[*He takes his scarf and ties it about his arm.*]

This scarf I'll wear in memory of our souls
And of our mutual loves; here, here, I'll wind it;
And full as often as I think on thee
I'll kiss this little ensign, this soft banner,
Smear'd with foes' blood, all for the master's honour.
Alas! I pity Bellimperia's eyes,
Just at this instant, her heart sinks and dies.

[*Exit Horatio carrying Andrea on his back.*]

Enter JERONIMO solus.

Jeronimo. My boy adds treble comfort to my age;
His share is greatest in the victory.
The Portugales are slain, and put to flight
By Spaniards force, most by Horatio's might.
I'll to the Spanish tents to see my son,
Give him my blessing, and then all is done.

Enter two dragging of ensigns ; then the funeral of ANDREA : next HORATIO and LORENZO leading Prince BALTHEZAR captive : then the LORD GENERAL with others, mourning : a great cry within, CHARON, a boat, a boat : then enter CHARON and the ghost of ANDREA.

Horatio. O, my lords,
See Don Andrea's ghost salutes me, see embraces me!
Lorenzo. It is your love that shapes this apparition²¹.

Horatio. Do you not see him plainly, lords?
Now he would kiss my cheek :—O, my pale friend.
Wert thou any thing but a ghost, I could love thee.
See, he points at his own hearse ; mark all,
As if he did rejoice at funeral.

Andrea. Revenge, give my tongue freedom to paint
her part,
To thank Horatio, and commend his heart.

Revenge. No, you'll blab secrets then ?

Andrea. By Charon's boat, I will not.

Revenge. Nay, you shall not : therefore pass ;
Secrets in hell are lock'd with doors of brass :
Use action if you will, but not in voice,
Your friend conceives in signs how you rejoice.

Horatio. See, see, he points to have ²²us go forward
on ;
I pr'ythee rest ; it shall be done, sweet Don :
O, now he's vanish'd.

[Sound trumpets, and a peal of ordnance.]

Andrea. I am a happy ghost ;
Revenge, my passage now cannot be crost :
Come, Charon ; come, hell's sculler, waft me o'er
Your sable streams which look like moulten pitch,
My funeral rites are made, my hearse hung rich.

[Exeunt Ghost and Revenge : a great noise within.]

Within. Charon ; a boat, Charon ! Charon !

Charon. Who calls so loud on Charon ?
Indeed 'tis such a time, the truth to tell,
I never want a fare, to pass to hell. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

²¹ apparition] The quarto reads apprehension.

²² us] The quarto reads his.

Sound a flourish. Enter, marching, HORATIO and LORENZO leading Prince BALTHEZAR, LORD GENERAL, PHILIPPO, and CASSIMERO with followers.

Horatio. These honoured rites and worthy duties spent

Upon the funeral of Andrea's dust;
Those once his valiant ashes, march we now
Homeward with victory to crown Spain's brow.

General. The day is ours, and joy yields happy treasure:

Set on to Spain, in most triumphant measure.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter JERONIMO solus.

Jeronimo. Foregod! I have just mist them: ha!

Soft, Jeronimo: thou hast more friends

To take thy leave of: look well about thee;

Embrace them, and take friendly leave.

My arms are of the shortest;

Let your loves piece them out.

You're welcome all, as I am a gentleman:

For my son's sake, grant me a man at least,

At least I am: so good-night, ²³kind gentles,

For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all;

And so I leave you.

[*Exit.*]

²³ ——— kind gentles,

For I hope there's never a Jew among you all;] A Play upon words was the failing of almost every writer of the times. The quibble here upon *gentles* and *Jew* is also in Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, A. 2. S. 7. See the Notes on that passage by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Steevens, and Dr. Farmer, vol. III. edit. 1778, p. 173. To the instances there quoted, may be added the following from *Euphues*, 1581, p. 65: "Consider with thy selfe that thou art a gentleman, "yea and a *Gentile*, and if thou neglect thy calling, thou art worse "than a *Jewe*."

FINIS.

EDITION.

THE First Part of Jeronimo. With the Warres of Portugall and the Life and Death of Don Andræa. Printed at London for Thomas Pavyer, and are to be solde at his shop, at the entrance into the Exchange. 1605. 4to.

THE
SPANISH TRAGEDY,
OR
HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN.

THIS Play was the object of ridicule to almost every writer of the times*. Phillips and Winstanly ascribe it, but erroneously, to Thomas Smith. We learn from Heywood, that it was the production of Thomas Kyd: to whom, therefore, all the absurdities contained in it are to be charged. The former edition was printed from a very incorrect copy. It is here given from that published by Mr. Hawkins, who appears to have accurately collated all the several editions, and the variations in each are put at the bottom of the page. We find, from Dekkar's *Satiromastrix*, that Ben Jonson originally performed the part of Jeronimo†.

* Its great popularity no doubt was one cause. Prynne, in his *Histriomastix* fol. 556, has a curious passage which, in all probability, refers to the Spanish Tragedy: he is quoting the authority of the "English Gentlewoman," by R. Braithwaite, who, it is stated in the margin, was present at the occurrence. "To these two former precedents (says Prynne) I shall annex the parallel example of a late English Gentlewoman of good ranke; who daily bestowing the expence of her best houres upon the stage, and at last falling into a dangerous sicknesse of which she died, her friends in her extremity sent for a minister to comfort, counsell, and prepare her for her end, who coming to instruct her, and advising her to repent, and call upon God for mercy, she made him no reply at all; but cried out *Hieronimo, Hieronimo*: O let mee see Hieronimo acted, (calling out for a play, in stead of crying unto God for mercy,) and so closed her dying eyes." C.

† See Hawkins' *Origin of the English Drama*, III. 117. This fact depends merely upon the evidence of Dekkar, which is denied by Mr. Gifford: at the same time it is a point of little importance, for were it true it could form no imputation against Ben Jonson. Mr. Gifford also (*Jonson's Works*, I. xvii.) notices the *adycions* made by Jonson to Jeronimo. This fact rests upon the following quotations from the lately discovered MSS. of Henslowe.

"Lent unto Mr. Alleyn the 25 September 1601, to lend unto Bengemen Johnson, upon his writing of his *adycions* to Jeronimo, xxxs."

"Lent unto Bengemy Johnsons at the apoyntment of E. Alleyn and William Birde, the 22 of June 1602, in earnest of a booke called Richard Crook-back, and for new *adycions* for Jeronimo, the some of xlb."

Unquestionably these additions, which will be found distinguished by italics, bear marks of a hand greatly superior to that of Kyd, though Mr. Hawkins says, "they were foisted in by the players." They are mentioned on the title page of the edition of 1602 of the *Spanish Tragedy*. Henslowe confounds *Jeronimo* and the *Spanish Tragedy*, and it does not appear that any *additions* were made to the former.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The GHOST of ANDREA.

REVENGE.

King of SPAIN.

Viceroy of PORTINGALE.

DON CYPRIAN, Duke of Castile.

HIERONIMO, Marshal of Spain.

BALTHAZAR, the Viceroy's Son, in Love with Belimperia.

LORENZO, Duke of Castile's Son.

HORATIO, Hieronimo's Son.

ALEXANDRO.

VILLUPPO.

PEDRINGANO.

CERBERINE.

CHRISTOPHEL.

OLD MAN.

PAINTER.

PAGE.

HANGMAN.

CITIZENS, SOLDIERS, ATTENDANTS.

ISABELLA, Hieronimo's Wife.

BELIMPERIA, Lorenzo's Sister.

The Scene, Spain and Portugal.

THE
SPANISH TRAGEDY:
OR
HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN.

ACT. I.

Enter the Ghost of ANDREA, and with him REVENGE.

Ghost. WHEN this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprison'd in my 'wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court:
My name was don Andrea; my descent,
Tho' not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
²For there, in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service, and deserving love,
In secret I possest a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Belimperia by name.
But, in the harvest of my ³summer joys,
Death's winter nipt the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me:
For in the late conflict with Portingale,
My valour drew me into danger's mouth,
Till life to death made passage thro' my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended strait
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there,

¹ wanted, 1618. 23. 33.
1618. 23. 33.

² There in the pride and prime,

³ summer's, 1623. 33.

Said, that, my rites of burial not perform'd,
 I might not sit among his passengers.
 Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,
 And ⁴slak'd his smoaking chariot in her flood,
 By don Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
 My funerals and obsequies were done.
 Then was the ferryman of hell content
 To pass me over to the slimy strand,
 That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves;
 There, pleasing Cerberus with honied speech,
 I pass'd the perils of the foremost porch.
 Nor far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
 Sat Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamant;
 To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
 To crave a passport for my wandering ghost,
 But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
 Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
 This knight (quoth he) both liv'd and died in love;
 And, for his love, try'd fortune of the wars,
 And by war's fortune lost both love and life.
 Why then, said Æacus, convey him hence,
 To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
 And spend the course of everlasting time
 Under green myrtle-trees, and cypress-shades.
 No, no, said Rhadamant, it were not well,
 With loving souls to place a martialist:
 He died in war, and must to martial fields,
 Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
 And Achilles' myrmidons do scour the plain.
 Then Minos, mildest ⁵censor of the three,
 Made this device, to end the difference:
 Send him, quoth he, to our infernal king,
 To doom him as best seems his majesty.
 To this effect my passport strait was drawn.
 In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
 Thro' dreadful shades of ever ⁶glooming night,
 I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,

⁴ slackt, 1618. ⁵ censurer, 1618. 23 33. ⁶ shapes of
 ever blooming night, 1618. shades of ever blooming night,
 1623. 33.

Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
 Three ways there were; that on the right hand side
 Was ready way unto the ⁷foresaid ⁷fields,
 Where lovers live, and bloody martialists;
 But either sort contain'd within his bounds.
 The left hand path, declining fearfully,
 Was a ready ⁸downfal to the deepest hell;
 Where bloody furies shake their whips of steel,
 And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
 Where usurers are choak'd with melting gold,
 And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes;
 And murderers ⁹grone with ever-killing wounds;
 And perjur'd wights, scalded in boiling lead,
 And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd.
 'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
 Which brought me to the fair Elysian green;
 In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
 The walls of brass, the gates of adamant:
 Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
 I shew'd my passport, humbled on my knee;
 Whereat fair Proserpine began to ¹⁰smile,
¹¹And begg'd that only she might give my doom.
 Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kiss.
 Forthwith, Revenge, she ¹²rounded thee in th' ear,
 And bade thee lead me thro' the ¹³gates of horn,
 Where dreams have passage in the silent night.

⁷ field, 1618. 23. 33.

⁸ fall down, 1618. 23. 33.

⁹ murderers greeve, 1618. murderers green, 1623. 33.

¹⁰ —smile.

¹¹ I begg'd, 1618. 23. 33.

¹² —rounded thee in th' ear,] i. e. whispered. So, in Gascoigne's *Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi*, p. 202: "After his due reverence, he layd his hande on her temples, and privilie rounding her in her eare, desired her to commaunde, &c."

Euphues, p. 21: "—Ferando entered, whome they all dutifully welcomed home, who rounding *Philautus* in the eare, desired him to accompanie him immediatlye."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *King John*, A. 2. S. 2.

¹³ —gates of horn,] of *Hor.* second edition of *Horror*, 1618, 23. 33. For—the Gates of horn. See Virgil, b. VI. *Sunt geminae somni portæ*. Note on Hawkins's Edition.

No sooner had she spoke, but we were here,

¹⁴I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.

Revenge. Then know, Andrea, that thou art arriv'd
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingale,
Depriv'd of life by Belimperia.

Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for *Chorus* in this tragedy.

Enter SPANISH KING, GENERAL, CASTILE, and
HIERONIMO.

King. Now say, lord General, how fares our camp?

General. All well, my sovereign liege, except some few
That are deceas'd by fortune of the war.

King. But what ¹⁵portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man; hath fortune given us victory?

General. Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.

King. Our Portingals will pay us tribute, then?

General. Tribute, and wonted homage therewithal.

King. Then blest be heaven, and guider of the
heavens,

From whose fair influence such justice flows!

Castile. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,
Et conjuratæ curvato poplite gentes
Succumbant: recti soror est victoria juris.*

King. Thanks to my loving brother of Castile,
But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle, and your war's success;
That adding all the pleasure of thy news
Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage, and greater dignity,
We ¹⁶may reward thy blissful chivalry.

General. Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each other's ¹⁷bound,
There met our armies in their proud array;

¹⁴ *I wot not how,*] See Note to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.
p. 66.

¹⁵ pretends, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁶ will, 1633.

¹⁷ bounds, 1623. 1633.

Both furnish'd well, both full of hope and fear,
 Both menacing alike, with daring shows,
 Both vaunting sundry colours of device,
 Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
 Both raising dreadful clamours to the ¹⁸sky,
 That vallies, hills, and rivers, made rebound,
 And heaven itself was frighted with the sound.
 Our battles both were pitch'd in squadron-form,
 Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of shot;
 But ere we join'd and came to push of pike,
 I brought a squadron of our readiest shot,
 From out our rearward, to begin the fight:
 They brought another wing t' encounter us:
 Mean while our ordnance play'd on either side,
 And captains strove to have their ¹⁹valours try'd.
 Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel,
 Did, with his ²⁰cornet, bravely make attempt
 To break the order of our battle ranks:
 But don Rogero, worthy man of war,
 March'd forth against him with our musketeers,
 And stopt the malice of his fell approach.
 While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
²¹Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows:
 Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
 When roaring loud and with a swelling tide,
 It beats upon the rampires of huge rocks,
 And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding lands.
 Now ²²while Bellona rageth here and there,
 Thick storms of bullets rain like winter's hail,
 And shiver'd launces ²³dark the troubled air.

¹⁸ skies, 1633.

¹⁹ valour, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁰ coronet, 1618. 23. 33.

²¹ *Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows:]* This Play, though not mentioned in the Key to *The Rehearsal*, seems to have been one of those ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham in that witty performance. See A. 5:

“The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,

“First fell to words, and then to *handy-blows*.”

²² when, 1618. 23. 33.

²³ dark'd, 1618. 23. 33.

Pede pes, et cuspidē cuspis,

Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.

On every side ²⁴drop captains to the ground,
²⁵And soldiers some ill maim'd, some slain out-right:
 Here falls a body, sunder'd from his head,
 There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
 Mingled with weapons, and ²⁶unbowel'd steeds,
 That scattering overspread the purple plain.
 In all this turmoil three long hours and more,
 The victory to neither part inclin'd;
 Till don Andrea, with his brave launciers,
 In ²⁷their main battle made so great a breach,
 That, half dismay'd, the multitude retir'd:
 But Balthazar, the Portingale's young prince,
 Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay.
 Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,
 And in that conflict was Andrea slain;
 Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar:
 Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
 Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
 Friendship and hardy valour join'd in one,
²⁸Prick'd forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
 To challenge forth that prince to single fight:
 Not long between these twain the fight endur'd,
 But strait the prince was beaten from his horse,
 And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe.
 When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
 And our carbines pursued them to the death;
 Till, Phœbus waving to the western deep,
 Our trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat.

King. Thanks, good lord General, for these good
 news;

And for some argument of more to come,
 Take this, and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.

[*Gives him a chain.*]

But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?

²⁴ dropt, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁵ And soldiers lie maim'd, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁶ unbowed, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁷ his, 1618.

²⁸ pickt, 1618.

General. No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,
That if, with homage, tribute be ²⁹well paid,
The fury of ³⁰your forces will be staid;
And to ³¹this peace their viceroy hath subscrib'd,

[*Gives the King a paper.*]

And made a solemn vow, that during life
³²His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain

King. These words, these deeds, become thy person
well.—

But now, knight-marshal, frolick with ³³thy king,
For 'tis thy son that wins ³⁴this battle's prize.

Hieronimo. Long may he live to serve my sovereign
liege,

And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.

King. Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.

[*A ³⁵tucket afar off.*]

What means this warning of the trumpet's sound?

General. This tells me, that your grace's men of war,
Such as war's fortune hath reserv'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To shew themselves before your majesty;
For so I gave ³⁶in charge at my depart;
Whereby, by demonstration, shall appear
That all, except three hundred, or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enrich'd.

*The army enters*³⁷. *BALTHAZAR, between LORENZO
and HORATIO, captive.*

King. A gladsome sight, I long to see them here.

[*They enter, and pass by.*]

Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

General. It was, my liege, the prince of Portingale.

King. But what was he, that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?

Hieronimo. That was my son (my gracious sovereign),

²⁹ tribute may be paid, 1618. 23. 33. ³⁰ our, 1618. 23. 33.

³¹ that, 1618. 23. 33.

³² This, 1618. 23. 33.

³³ the,

1618. 23. 33.

³⁴ that, 1618. 23.

³⁵ trumpet, 1618. 23. 33.

³⁶ tucket] See Note 17, to the First Part of *Jeronimo*.

³⁷ gave

them charge, 1618. 23. 33.

³⁷ meets, 1618. 23. 33.

Of whom, tho' from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleas'd his father's eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying joys.

King. Go, let them march once more about these walls,

That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

Enter again.

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale
The rest march on ; but, ere they be dismiss'd,
We will bestow on every soldier two ducats,
And on every leader ten, that they may know
Our largess welcomes them—

Exeunt all but Bal. Lor. and Hor.

Welcome, don Balthazar, welcome, nephew ;
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
Young prince, altho' thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable.

Balthazar. The trespass that my father made in peace
Is now control'd by fortune of the wars ;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so :
His men are slain, a weakening to ³⁸his realm ;
His colours seiz'd, a blot upon his name ;
His son distrest, a cor'sive to his heart :
These punishments may clear his late offence.

King. Aye, Balthazar, if he ³⁹observe this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars :
Mean while live thou, ⁴⁰though not in liberty.
Yet ⁴¹free from bearing any servile yoke ;
For, in our hearing, thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious.

Balthazar. And I shall study to deserve this grace.

³⁸ the, 1618. 23. 33.
though, 1618.

³⁹ observes, 1618. 23. 33.

⁴⁰ as
⁴¹ free omitted, 1618.

King. But tell me (for their holding makes me doubt)
To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

Lorenzo. To me, my ⁴²liege.

Horatio. To me, my sovereign.

Lorenzo. This hand first took ⁴³his courser by the reins.

Horatio. But first my lance did put him from his horse.

Lorenzo. I seiz'd his weapon, and enjoy'd it first.

Horatio. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons down.

King. Let go his arm upon our privilege.—

[*They let him go.*]

⁴⁴Say, worthy prince, to whether didst thou yield?

Balthazar. To him in courtesy, to this perforce;

He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;

He promis'd life, this other threaten'd death;

He won my love, this other conquer'd me;

And, truth to say, I yield myself to both.

Hieronimo. But that I know your grace for just and
wise,

And might seem partial in this difference,

Inforc'd by nature, and by law of arms,

My tongue should plead for young Horatio's right.

⁴⁵He hunted well, that was a lion's death;

Not he that in a garment wore his skin:

So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

King. Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no
wrong;

And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right.

Will both abide the censure of my doom?

Lorenzo. I crave no better than your grace awards.

Horatio. Nor I, altho' I sit beside my right.

King. Then, by my judgment, thus your strife shall
end:

You both deserve, and both shall have reward.

⁴² lord, 1618. 23. 33.

⁴³ the, 1618. 23. 33.

⁴⁴ So, 1618. 23. 33.

⁴⁵ *He hunted well, &c.*] So, in Shakespeare's *King John*, A. 3.

S. 1:

" You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

" Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.

Nephew, thou took'st his weapons and his horse ;
 His weapons and his horse are thy reward.
 Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield ;
 His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee ;
 Appoint the sum as you shall both agree.
 But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard,
 For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.
 Horatio's house were small for all his train :
 Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
 And that just ⁴⁶ guerdon may befall desert,
 To him we yield the armour of the prince.—
 How likes don Balthazar of this device ?

Balthazar. Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,
 That don Horatio bear us company,
 Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

King. Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so,—
 Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
 And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter VICEROY, * ALEXANDRO, and VILLUPPO.*

Viceroy. Is our ambassador dispatch'd for Spain ?

Alexandro. Two days, my liege, are past since his
 depart.

Viceroy. And tribute-payment gone along with him ?

Alexandro. Aye my good lord.

Viceroy. Then rest we here a while in our unrest,

⁴⁶ —*guerdon*] is reward. So, in the present Scene, p. 145.

"Speak on I'll *guerdon* thee, whate'er it be."

Act 2 :

"Yet speak the truth, and I will *guerdon* thee." P. 122.

Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5. S. 11 :

"And for this service of discovery,

"Perform'd by thee, in honour of our name,

"We vow to *guerdon* it with such due grace,

"As shall become our bounty and thy place."

Poetaster, A. 3. S. 4 :

"Yet speak the truth, and I will *guerdon* thee,

"But if thou dally once again, thou diest."

Wily beguiled :

"I hope, as *guerdon* for my just desert,

"To have it for my detestable acts."

* Called King of Portugal or Portingal in the first part of *Jerónimo*. The scene here changes to Portugal. C.

And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs;
 For deepest cares break never into tears.
 But wherefore sit I in ⁴⁷ a regal throne?
 This ⁴⁸ better fits a wretch's endless moan.

[Falls to the ground.

Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach,
 And therefore better than my state deserves :
 Aye, aye, this earth, image of melancholy,
 Seeks him whom fates ⁴⁹ adjudge to misery.
 Here let me lie—Now ⁵⁰ am I at the lowest.

*Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
 In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo :
 Nil ⁵¹ superest ut jam possit obesse magis.*

Yes, fortune may bereave me of my crown :
 Here, take it—Now let fortune do her worst;
 She will not rob me of this sable weed.
 O no, she envies none but pleasant things;
 Such is the folly of spiteful chance!
 Fortune is blind and sees not my deserts :
 So is she deaf, and hears not my laments :
 And could she hear, yet is she wilful mad,
 And therefore will not pity my distress,
 Suppose that she could pity me; what then?
 What help can be expected at her hands,
 Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,
 And mind more mutable than fickle winds?
 Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress?
 O yes! complaining makes my grief seem less.
 My late ambition hath distain'd my faith :
 My breach of faith occasion'd bloody wars,
 Those ⁵² bloody wars have spent my treasure;
 And with my treasure my peoples' blood;
 And with their blood, my joy and best belov'd,
 My best belov'd, my sweet and only son.
 O wherefore went I not to war myself?

⁴⁷ this, 1618. 23. 33.

⁴⁸ It, 1618.

⁴⁹ adjudged, 1618.

23. 33. ⁵⁰ I am, 1633.

⁵¹ Nihil, 1633.

⁵² These,

1623. 33.

The cause was mine—I might have died for both :
My years were mellow, his ⁵³ but young and green ;
My death were natural, but his was forced.

Alexandro. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.

Viceroy. Survives ! aye, ⁵⁴ where ?

Alexandro. In Spain, a prisoner, by mischance of war.

Viceroy. Then they have slain him for his father's fault.

Alexandro. That were a breach to common law of arms.

Viceroy. They reckon no laws that meditate revenge.

Alexandro. His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

Viceroy. No ; if he liv'd, the news would soon be here.

Alexandro. Nay, evil news ⁵⁵ fly faster still than good.

Viceroy. Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.

Villuppo. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,

And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.

Viceroy. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be ;

Mine ear is ready to receive ill news ;

My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.

Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Villuppo. Then hear ⁵⁶ that truth, which these mine eyes have seen.

When both the armies were in battle join'd,
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
To win renown, did wondrous feats of arms ;
Amongst the rest I saw him, hand to hand,
In single fight with their lord general,
Till Alexandro (that here counterfeits
Under the colour of a duteous friend)
Discharged his pistol at the prince's back,
As though he would have slain their general ;

⁵³ but his, 1623. 33.

⁵⁵ will fly, 1618. 23. 33.

⁵⁴ but where ? 1618. 23. 33.

⁵⁶ the, 1618. 23. 33.

But therewithal don Balthazar fell down,
And when he fell, then we began to fly;
But, had he liv'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alexandro. O wicked forgery! O trait'rous mis-
creant!

Viceroy. Hold thou thy peace—But now, Villuppo,
say,

Where then became the carcase of my son?

Villuppo. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

Viceroy. Aye, aye, my nightly dreams have told me
this.—

Thou false, unkind, unthankful, trait'rous beast,

Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,

That thou should'st thus betray him to our foes?

Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes,

That thou could'st see no part of our deserts?

Perchance, because thou art Tersera's lord,

Thou ⁵⁵ had'st some hope to wear this diadem,

If first my son, and then myself were slain:

But thy ambitious ⁵⁶ thought shall break thy neck—

Aye, this was it that made thee spill his blood.

[*He takes the crown, and puts it on again.*

But I'll now ⁵⁷ wear it, till thy blood be spilt.

Alexandro. Vouchsafe ⁵⁸ dread sovereign, to hear me
speak.

Viceroy. Away with him—his sight is second hell:

Keep him, till we determine of his death.

If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.—

Villuppo, follow us for thy reward. [*Exit Viceroy.*

Villuppo. Thus have I, with an envious forged tale,

Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,

And hope for guerdon of my villainy.

[*Exit.*

*Enter HORATIO and BELIMPERIA.**

Belimperia. Signior Horatio, this is the place and
hour

Wherein I must intreat thee to relate

The circumstance of don Andrea's death,

⁵⁵ hast, 1623. 33.

⁵⁷ now I'll, 1618. 23. 33.

* The scene returns to Spain.

⁵⁶ thoughts, 1618. 23. 33.

⁵⁸ deare, 1618. 23. 33.

Who, living, was my garland's ⁵⁹ sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Horatio. For love of him, and service to yourself,
I ⁶⁰ will refuse this heavy doleful charge:
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoin'd ⁶¹ in fight,
Your worthy cavalier amidst the thickest,
For glory's cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young don Balthazar
Encounter'd hand to hand: their fight was long;
Their hearts were great; their clamours menacing:
Their strength alike; their strokes both dangerous:
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power
Envyng at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth:
She, she herself, disguis'd in armour's mask,
(As Pallas was before proud Pergamus)
Brought in a ⁶² fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunch'd his horse, and ⁶³ ding'd him to the
ground;

Then young don Balthazar, with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
And left not till Andrea's life was done.
Then tho' too late, incens'd with just remorse,
I, with my band, set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.

⁵⁹ chiefest, 1623. 33.

1618. 23. 33.

⁶⁰ I'll not refuse this doleful heavy,

⁶¹ to, 1618. 23. 33.

⁶² a omitted,

1618. 23.

⁶³ ding'd] i. e. threw him to the ground with
force. As, in the Second Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 4. S. 3.

"Distraught and raving, from a turret's top

"He threw his body high in the swolne sea,

"And as he headlong topsie turvie ding'd downe,

"He still cry'd Mellida."

Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "For, besides the loud bellowing
"prodigious flaw of indignation, stirred up against me in my ab-
"sence and extermination from the upper region of our celestial
"regimen, which hath *dung* me in a manner down to the infernal
"bottom of desolation, &c."

Marston's *Satires*, Sat. 5:

"Is ding'd to hell, and vulture eates his hart."

Belimperia. Would thou hadst slain him that ⁶⁴ so
slew my love!—

But then, was don Andrea's carcase lost?

Horatio. No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stept I back till I recover'd him.
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms,
And ⁶⁵ welding him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dew'd him with my tears,
And sigh'd and sorrow'd as became a friend:
But neither friendly sorrow ⁶⁶, sighs, nor tears,
Could win pale death from his usurped right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do,
I saw him honour'd with due funeral:
This ⁶⁷ scarf I pluck'd from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

Belimperia. I know the scarf—would he had kept it
still!

For, had he liv'd, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Belimperia's sake:
For 'twas my favour at his last depart.
But now, wear ⁶⁸ thou it, both for him and me;
For, after him, thou hast deserv'd it best;
And for thy kindness in his life and death,
Be sure, while Belimperia's life endures,
She will be don Horatio's thankful friend.

Horatio. And, madam, don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Belimperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince,
For so the duke your father gave me charge.

Belimperia. Aye, go, Horatio, leave me here alone,
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood, [*Exit Horatio.*
Yet, what avails to wail Andrea's death,

⁶⁴ so omitted, 1618. 23. 33. ⁶⁵ welding] Carrying or bearing. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 116:

"Almes deeds are dead, and conscience waxeth cold,
"World scrats and scrapes, pluckes flesh and fell from bone,
"What cunning heads, and hands can catch in hold,
"That covetous mindes, doth seeke to weld alone."

⁶⁶ sorrowes, 1618. 23. 33. ⁶⁷ This scarfe pluckt off from,
1618. 23. 33. ⁶⁸ thou omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

From whence Horatio proves my second love?
 Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did,
 He could not sit in Belimperia's thoughts.
 But how can love find harbour in my breast,
 Till I revenge the death of my belov'd?
 Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
 I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
 The more to spight the prince that wrought his end.
 And where don Balthazar that slew my love,
 Himself now pleads for favour at my hands,
 He shall, in rigour of my just disdain,
 Reap long repentance⁶⁹ for his murd'rous deed;
 For what was't else but murd'rous cowardise,
 So many to oppress one valiant knight,
 Without respect of honour in the fight?
 And here he comes that murder'd my delight.

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Lorenzo. Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

Belimperia. That for a while I wish no company.

Lorenzo. But here the prince is come to visit you.

Belimperia. That argues, that he lives⁷⁰ in liberty.

Balthazar. No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.

Belimperia. Your prison, then, (belike) is your conceit?

Balthazar. Aye, by conceit my freedom is inthrall'd.

Belimperia. Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.

Balthazar. What if conceit have laid my heart to gage?

Belimperia. Pay that you borrow'd, and recover it.

Balthazar. I die, if it return from whence it lies.

Belimperia. A heartless man, and⁷¹ live? a miracle!

Balthazar. Aye, lady, love can work such miracles.

Lorenzo. Tush, tush, my lord let go⁷² these ambages,

And in plain terms acquaint her with your love,

⁶⁹ of, 1618. 23. 33. ⁷⁰ at, 1618. 23. 33. ⁷¹ lives!
 1618. 23. 33. ⁷² ambages,] So in *Wily beguiled*, 1606:

"By Jesus, I cannot play the dissembler,
 "And wooe my love with courtly ambages,"

Belimperia. What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?

Balthazar. Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,

In whose fair answer lies my remedy;
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower;
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodg'd.

Belimperia. Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,

And but ⁷³ device to drive me from this place.

[*She going in, lets fall her glove, which*

Horatio, coming out, takes up.

Horatio. Madam, your glove—

Belimperia. Thanks, good Horatio—Take it for thy pains.

Balthazar. Signior Horatio stoop'd in happy time.

Horatio. I reap'd more grace than I deserved or hop'd.

Lorenzo. My lord, be not dismay'd for what is past;

You know that women oft are ⁷⁴ humorous:

These clouds will overblow with little wind;

Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.

Mean while, let us devise to spend the time

In ⁷⁵ some delightful sports and revelling.

Horatio. The king, my ⁷⁶ lords, is coming hither straight,

⁷³ devis'd, 1618. 23. 33. ⁷⁴ humorous:] That is, act from caprice. So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Introduction: "—when you come to plays, be humorous, look with a "good starch'd face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh "at nothing but your own jests or else as the noblemen laugh."

Dekkar's *Satiromastrix*, 1600.

"——all our understanding faculties

"Sit there in their high court of parliament,

"Enacting laws to sway this humorous world,

"This little isle of man."

The Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 4. S. 4:

"——being incens'd he's flint,

"As humorous as winter and as sudden."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on the last passage.

⁷⁵ In some delightsome sports and revellings, 1618. 23. 33.

⁷⁶ lord, 1618. 23. 33.

To feast the Portingale ambassador.
Things were in readiness before I came.

Balthazar. Then here it fits us to attend the king,
To welcome hither our ambassador,
And learn my father's and my country's health.

*Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, KING, and AMBAS-
SADOR.*

King. See, lord Ambassador, how Spain intreats
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son :
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

Ambassador. Sad is our king, and Portingale la-
ments,

Supposing that don Balthazar is slain.

Balthazar. So am I slain by beauty's tyranny.
You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain,
I frolick with the duke of Castile's son,
Wrapt every hour in pleasures of the court,
And grac'd with favours of his majesty.

King. Put off your greetings till our feast be done :
Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.

Sit to the banquet.

Sit down young prince, you are our second guest :
Brother, sit down,—and, nephew, take your place :
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup,
For well thou hast deserved to be honour'd.
Now lordlings fall to, Spain is Portingale,
And Portingale is Spain ; we both are friends ;
Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.
But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal ?
He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,

⁷⁷ To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

*Enter HIERONIMO with a drum, three knights, each his
'scutcheon: then he fetches three kings, they take their
crowns and them captive.*

Hieronimo, this mask contents my eye,
Altho' I found not well the mystery.

⁷⁷ To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.] To jest, is to play a part in a Masque. See Dr. Farmer's Note on *King Richard* II. A. I. S. 3 :

“ As gentle and as jocund as to jest.”

Hieronimo. The first arm'd knight, that hung his
'scutcheon up,

[*He takes the 'scutcheon and gives it to the King.*

Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,
Who, when king Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arriv'd with ⁷⁸ five and twenty thousand men
In Portingale, and by success of war
Enforc'd the king, then but a Saracen,
To bear the yoke of th' English monarchy.

King. My lord of Portingale, by this you see,
That which may comfort both your king and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less.
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?

Hieronimo. The second knight that hung his 'scut-
cheon up, [He does as he did before.

Was Edmund earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem:
He came likewise and razed Lisbon walls,
And took the king of Portingale in fight;
For which, and other such-like service done,
He after was created duke of York.

King. This is another special argument,
That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yok'd.
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hieronimo. The third and last, not least in our account,
[Doing as he did before.

Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster,
As by his scutcheon plainly may appear:
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our king of Castile prisoner.

Embassador. This is an argument for our viceroy,
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleas'd both the embassador and me:

Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love the King.

[*Takes the cup of Horatio.*]

My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,

Unless our dainties were more delicate:

But welcome are you to the best we have.

Now let us in, that ⁷⁹you may be dispatch'd;

I think our council is already set. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Andrea. "Come we for this from depth of underground.

"To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?

"These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul;

"Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting?

Revenge. "Be still, *Andrea*: ere we go from hence,

"I'll turn their friendship into fell despight;

"Their love to mortal hate, their day to night;

"Their hope into despair, their peace to war;

"Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery."

ACT II.

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Lorenzo. My lord, tho' Belimperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy:

In time the savage bull sustains the yoke;

In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure:

In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak;

⁸⁰In time the flint is pierc'd with softest shower;

And she in time will fall from her disdain,

And ⁸¹rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

Balthazar. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast or bird, or tree, or stony wall:*

⁷⁹ we, 1618. 23. 33.

⁸⁰ In time the hardest flint, &c. 1618. 23. 33.

⁸¹ rule, 1618. 23. 33.

* These lines, as my learned friend Mr. Tyrwhitt observed to me, are found, with little variation, among a MS. collection of sonnets; in the British Museum, intitled, *A Looking Glasse for Looovers. Wherein are conteyned two sortes of amorous passions: the one expressing the trewe estate and perturbations of hym that is overgon with love: the other, a flat defyanee to love and all his lawes.* MSS. Harl. 3277.

But wherefore blot I Belimperia's name?
It is my fault, not she that merits blame.

They are dedicated, in no inelegant copy of Latin verses, to the celebrated Vere, earl of Oxford, who died at an advanced age in the second year of James I. The following is part of the author's address to his book.

Ergo etiam timidus *Veri* perdocta subito
Scrinia, qua musis area lata patet.
Dic, te xeniolum non divitis esse clientis,
Confectum Dryadis arte manuque rudi.
Ille serenato te fronte tuebitur; ille
Apposita nævos eluet arte tuos ———
Et fortasse piis nymphis dabit ille legendum,
Cum de Cyprigeno verba jocosa serent.

I shall now transcribe that particular sonnet, to which the author of the *Spanish Tragedy* has been indebted, together with its introduction.

“ Amorous Passions.”

46.

“ The oftener this passion is redd of hym that is no great clerk,
“ the more pleasure he shall have in it. And this posie a scholler
“ hath applied to this sonet, when he had considered well of it,
“ *Tam casu quam arte et industria*. The two first verses are borrowed from owt Seraphine, sonetto 103.” [The author means Aquilano (Serafino) an Italian poet, whose works, consisting of sonnets, eclogues, epistles, &c. were first published at Rome in 1503.]

“ *Col tempo el Vilanello al giogo mena*
“ *El Tor sì fiero, e sì crudo animale,*
“ *Col tempo el Falcon s'usa à menar l'ale,*
“ *E ritornare à te chiamando à pena,*”

“ In tyme y^e bull is brought to beare the yoake;
“ In tyme all haggerd hawkes will stoope y^e lewres;
“ In tyme small wedge will cleave y^e sturdiest oake;
“ In tyme the marble weares with weakest shewres;
“ More fierce is my sweet love, more hard withall
“ Then beast, or bird, then tree, or stoany wall.
“ Noe yoake prevailes, she will not yeeld to might;
“ No lure will cawse her stoope she beares full gorge;
“ No wedge of woes make print, she reakes no right;
“ No shew'r of teares can move, she thinks I forge;
“ Healp therfore heav'nlie boy, come perce her brest
“ With that same shaft which robdd me of my rest.
“ So lett her feele thy force, y^t she relent;
“ So keepe her lowe, y^t she voutsafe a praye;
“ So frame her well to right, y^t pride be spent;
“ So forge, y^t I may speed without delaye;

My feature is not to content her sight;
 My words are rude, and work her no delight:
 The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
 Such as do drop from Pan and ⁸²Marsia's quill.
 My presents are not of sufficient cost,
 And being worthless, all my labour's lost.
⁸³Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
 Aye, but that's slander'd by captivity.
 Yet might she love me to content her sire:
 Aye, but her reason masters ⁸⁴his desire.
 Yet might she love me, as her brother's friend:
 Aye, but her hopes aim at some other end.
 Yet might she love me to up-rear her state:
 Aye, but perhaps she ⁸⁵hopes some nobler mate.
 Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
 Aye, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Lorenzo. My lord, for my sake, leave these extasies,

"Which if thou doe, Ile sweare and sing with joye

"That love no longer is a blynded boye."

Since I transcribed these lines I have discovered that the MS. which contains them is only the presentation copy of Thomas Watson's sonnets. They were published soon after the year 1580. My edition of them is imperfect both at the beginning and end, so that I cannot speak of its date with certainty. It agrees, however, in all but the merest trifles (*weare* for *beare* in the first line, and *tune* for *time* in the second) with the manuscript poem before us; except that the following addition, to the introductory prose, is formed in the printed copy. "This passion containeth a relation throughout, from line to line; as from every line of the first staffe, as it standeth in order, unto every line of the second staffe, and from the second unto the third." The following variations likewise occur.—Instead of *hath applyed to this*, it reads, *set down over this*; and for—*the two first verses are borrowed from owr Seraphine*,—the two first lines are an imitation of Seraphine. I may add also, that in the one this sonnet is numbered 46 and in the other 47.

For some account of Thomas Watson, see Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. i. p. 262. S.

Vide also the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. p. 1. C.

⁸² Marses, 1618. 23. 33.

⁸³ *Yet might she love me for my valiancy:*] These lines seem to be those intended to be ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham in *The Rehearsal*. See A. 3. S. 5:

"My legs, the emblem of my various thought, &c."

⁸⁴ her, 1618. 23. 33.

⁸⁵ loves, 1623. 33.

And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.
 Some cause there is, that lets you not be lov'd;
 First that must needs be known, and then remov'd.
 What if my sister love some other knight?

Balthazar. My summer's day will turn to winter's
 night.

Lorenzo. I have already found a stratagem,
 To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
 My lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me;
 Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see:
 By force, or fair means, will I cast about,
 To find the truth of all this question out.
 Ho, Pedringano!

Enter PEDRINGANO.

Pedringano. Seignor!

Lorenzo. *Vien qui presto.*

Pedringano. Hath your lordship any service to com-
 mand me?

Lorenzo. Aye, Pedringano, service of import;
 And, not to spend the time in trifling words,
 Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou know'st,
 Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
 For thy conveyance in Andrea's love;
 For which thou wert adjudg'd to banishment:
 I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment.
 And since thou know'st how I have favour'd thee,
 Now to these favours will I add reward,
 Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
 And lands and ⁸⁶living join'd with dignities,
 If thou but satisfy my just demand:
 Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

Pedringano. Whate'er it be your lordship shall de-
 mand,

My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
 If case ⁸⁷it lie in me to tell the truth.

Lorenzo. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
 Whom loves my sister Belimperia?
 For she reposeth all her trust in thee;

⁸⁶ livings, 1618. 23. 33.

⁸⁷ in me it lies, 1618. 23. 33.

Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward :

I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

Pedringano. Alas, my lord, since don Andrea's death,
I have no credit with her as before ;
And therefore know not if she love or no.

Lorenzo. Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe,
[*Draws his sword.*

And fear shall force what friendship cannot win :
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals ;
Thou dyest for more esteeming her than me.

Pedringano. Oh, stay, my lord.

Lorenzo. Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee.
But, if thou dally once again, thou dyest.

Pedringano. If madam Belimperia be in love—

Lorenzo. What, villain ! ifs and ands ?

Pedringano. Oh stay, my lord, she loves Horatio.
[*Balthazar starts back.*

Lorenzo. What don Horatio, our knight-marshal's
son ?

Pedringano. Even him, my lord.

Lorenzo. Now, say but how ⁸⁸ know'st thou he is her
love,

And thou shalt find me kind and liberal :
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

Pedringano. She sent him letters, which myself
perus'd,
Full fraught with lines, and arguments of love,
Preferring him before prince Balthazar.

Lorenzo. ⁸⁹ Swear on this cross, that what thou sayest
is true ;
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

Pedringano. I swear to both, by him that made us all.

Lorenzo. In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward :
But, if I prove thee perjurd and unjust,
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

⁸⁸ how knowest thou that he, 1618. 23. 33.

⁸⁹ Swear on this cross.] See p. 7.

Pedringano. What I have said is true, and shall for
me

Be still conceal'd from Belimperia :

Besides, your honour's liberality

Deserves my duteous service, even till death.

Lorenzo. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me :

Be watchful when, and where these lovers meet,

And give me notice in some secret sort.

Pedringano. I will, my lord.

Lorenzo. Then shalt thou find that I am liberal :

Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state

Than she ; be therefore wise, and fail me not :

Go and attend her as thy custom is,

Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.

[*Exit Ped.*]

Why so : *tam armis, quam ingenio* ;

Where words prevail not, violence prevails ;

But gold doth more than either of them both.

How likes prince Balthazar ⁹⁰ this stratagem ?

Balthazar. Both well and ill : it makes me glad and
sad :

Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love ;

Sad, that I fear she hates me, whom I love ;

Glad, that I know on whom to be reveng'd ;

Sad, that she'll fly me if I take revenge ;

Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,

For love resisted grows impatient.

I think Horatio be my destin'd plague :

First, in his hand he brandished a sword,

And with that sword he fiercely waged war,

And in that war he gave me dang'rous wounds,

And by those wounds he forced me to yield,

And by my yielding I became his slave :

Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,

Which pleasing words do harbour sweet conceits ;

⁹¹ Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits.

Which sly deceits ⁹² smooth Belimperia's ears ;

⁹⁰ of this, 1618. 23. 33.

⁹¹ This line omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

⁹² sweet, 1618. 23. 33.

And thro' her ears dive down into her heart,
 And in her heart⁹³ set him, where I should stand.
 Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force,
 And now by slight would captivate my soul:
 But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies;
 And either lose my life, or win my love;

Lorenzo. Let's go, my lord,⁹⁴ your staying stays revenge:

Do you but follow me, and gain your love.
 Her favour must be won by his remove. [Exeunt.]

Enter HORATIO and BELIMPERIA.

Horatio. Now, madam, since by favour of your love,
 Our hidden smoak is turn'd to open flame,
 And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts,
 (Two chief contents) where more cannot be had:
 Thus in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
 Why shew you sign of inward languishments?

[*Pedringano shews all to the Prince and Lorenzo, placing them in secret.*]

Belimperia. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea,

She wisheth port, where riding all at ease
 She may repair what stormy times have worn;
 And, leaning on the shore, may sing with joy,
 That pleasure follows pain, and bliss, annoy.
 Possession of thy love is the only port,
 Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long toss'd,
 Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
⁹⁵There to repair the joys that it hath lost;
 And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's quire,
 That sweetest bliss, is crown of love's desire.

[*Balthazar and Lorenzo aside.**]

Balthazar. Oh sleep mine eyes, see not my love profan'd;

Be deaf mine ears, hear not my discontent;
 Die, heart, another joys what thou deserv'st.

⁹³ sets, 1618. 23. 33.

⁹⁴ our, 1633.

⁹⁵ There on repair, 1618. 23. 33.

* The editions of 1623 and 1633, read Balthazar and Lorenzo alone. C.

Lorenzo. Watch still, mine eyes, to see,⁹⁶ this love
disjoin'd:

Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament:

⁹⁷ Live heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

Belimperia. Why stands Horatio speechless all this
while?

Horatio. The less I speak, the more I meditate.

Belimperia. But whereon dost⁹⁸ thou chiefly meditate?

Horatio. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Balthazar. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Belimperia. What dangers and what pleasures dost
thou mean?

Horatio. Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.

Lorenzo. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

Belimperia. Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me:

But such a war, as breaks no bond of peace.

Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words:

Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks:

Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines.

Give me a kiss, I'll counter-check thy kiss:

Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

Horatio. But, gracious madam, then appoint the field,
Where trial of this war shall first be made.

Balthazar. Ambitious villain! how his boldness grows!

Belimperia. Then⁹⁹ be thy father's pleasant bow'r, the
field

Where first we vow'd a¹⁰⁰ mutual amity;

The court were dangerous, that place is safe:

¹⁰¹ Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,

That summons home¹⁰² distressful travellers:

There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;

⁹⁶ the, 1618, 23. 33.

⁹⁷ *Live.*] So, in the first edition. Those of 1618. 23. 33. have
leave. Mr. Dodsley reads *leap*.

⁹⁸ chiefly dost thou, 1618. 23. 33.

⁹⁹ by, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁰⁰ our, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁰¹ *Our hour shall be, &c.*] These lines describing the meeting
of the Lovers are, as Mr. Whalley observes, tender and natural.
See *Essay on Shakespear's Learning*, 1748, p. 48.

¹⁰² distressed, 1623. 33.

Happily* the gentle nightingale
 Shall carrol us asleep ere we beware,
 And, singing with the prickle at her breast,
 Tell our delight and ¹⁰³ mirthful dalliance :
 Till then each hour will seem a year and more.

Horatio. But, honey sweet, and honourable love,
 Return we now into your father's sight,
 Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

Lorenzo. Aye, danger mixed with jealous despight
 Shall send thy soul into eternal night. [Exeunt.]

*Enter KING of Spain, PORTINGALE EMBASSADOR,
 Don CYPRIAN, &c.*

King. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
 What says your daughter Belimperia ?

Cyprian. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
 And yet dissemble that she loves the prince ;
 I doubt not I, but she will stoop in time ;
 And were she froward, which she will not be,
 Yet herein shall she follow my advice ;
 Which is to love him, or forego my love.

King. Then lord ambassador of Portingale,
 Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
 For strength'ning of our late-confirmed league
 I know no better means to make us friends.
 Her dowry shall be large and liberal ;
 Besides that she is daughter and half heir
 Unto our brother here, don Cyprian,
 And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
 I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift :
 And this it is, (in case the match go forward)
 The tribute which you pay shall be releas'd :
 And if by Balthazar she have a son,
 He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

Embassador. I'll make the motion to my ¹⁰⁴ sovereign
 liege,
 And work it, if my counsel may prevail.

King. Do so, my lord ; and, if he give consent,
 I hope his presence here will honour us,

* i. e. "haply."

¹⁰³ sportful, 1623. 33.

¹⁰⁴ our, 1618.

In celebration of the nuptial day;
And let ¹⁰⁵ himself determine of the time.

Embassador. Will't please your grace ¹⁰⁶ command me
aught beside?

King. Commend me to the king; and so farewell.
But where's prince Balthazar, to take his leave?

Embassador. That is perform'd already, my good lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The prince's ransom must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;
And well his forwardness deserves reward:
It was Horatio, our knight-marshal's son.

Embassador. Between us, there's a price already
pitch'd,

And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

King. Then once again farewell, my lord.

Embassador. Farewel, my lord of Castile, and the rest:

[*Exit.*

King. Now, brother, you must take some little ¹⁰⁷ pains,
To win fair Belimperia from her will:
Young virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The prince is amiable, and loves her well:
If she neglect him, and forego his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours;
Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince
With greatest pleasure ¹⁰⁸ that our court affords,
Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought:
If she give back, all this will come to nought. [*Exeunt.*

Enter HORATIO BELIMPERIA, and PEDRINGANO.

Horatio. Now that the night begins with sable wings
To over-cloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done:
Come, Belimperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

Belimperia. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Altho' my fainting heart controls my soul.

Horatio. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith?

¹⁰⁵ himself, 1633.

¹⁰⁷ paine, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁰⁶ to command, 1618.

¹⁰⁸ pleasures 1618. 23. 33.

Belimperia. No, he is as trusty as my second self.—
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
And let us know if any make approach.

Pedringano. Instead of watching, I'll deserve more
gold,
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.

[*Exit Pedringano.*]

Horatio. What means my love?

Belimperia. I know not what myself:
And yet my heart foretels me some mischance.

Horatio. Sweet, say not so: fair fortune is our friend,
And ¹⁰⁹ heav'ns have shut up day, to pleasure us.
The stars, thou seest, hold back their twinkling shine,
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.

Belimperia. Thou hast prevail'd, I'll conquer my mis-
doubt,

And in thy love and counsel drown my fear:
I fear no more, love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

Horatio. The more thou sitt'st within these leafy
bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her flowers.

Belimperia. Aye, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

Horatio. Hark, madam, how the birds ¹¹⁰ record by
night,

For joy that Belimperia sits in sight.

Belimperia. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
To frame sweet musick to Horatio's tale.

Horatio. If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far:
Aye, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.

Belimperia. If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.

¹⁰⁹ heaven hath, 1618. 23. 33.

¹¹⁰ record.] *To record*, anciently signified *to sing*. As, in the
Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 5. S. 3:

"Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

"And to the nightingale's complaining notes

"Tune my distresses and record my woes."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on this passage.

• *Horatio*. Then thus begin our wars ; put forth thy hand,

That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Belimperia. Set forth thy foot, to try the push of mine.

Horatio. But first my looks shall combat against thine.

Belimperia. Then ward thyself, I dart this kiss at thee.

Horatio. Thus I ¹¹¹ retort the dart thou threw'st at me.

Belimperia. Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke, and make thee yield.

Horatio. Nay, then mine arms are large and strong
withall :

Thus elms by vines are compass'd till they fall.

Belimperia. O let me go, for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read, that life in passion dies.

Horatio. O stay a while, and I will die with thee,
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquer'd me.

Belimperia. Who's there, Pedringano ? We are be-
tray'd.

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, CERBERINE and
PEDRINGANO, *disguised*.

Lorenzo. My lord, away with her ; ¹¹² take her aside—
O sir, forbear ; your valour is already try'd.—
Quickly dispatch, my masters.

[*They hang him in the arbour.*]

Horatio. What, will ye murder me ?

Lorenzo. Aye, thus, and thus ; these are the fruits of
love. [*They stab him.*]

Belimperia. O save his life, and let me die for him :
O save him, brother, save him, Balthazar :
I lov'd Horatio, but he lov'd not me.

Balthazar. But Balthazar loves Belimperia.

Lorenzo. Altho' his life were ¹¹³ still ambitious, proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Belimperia. Murder ! murder ! help, Hieronimo, help !

Lorenzo. Come, stop her mouth, away with her.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹¹¹ return, 1618. 23. 33.

¹¹² take her aside is printed as a marginal direction, 1618. 23. 33.

¹¹³ still omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

Enter HIERONIMO in his shirt, &c.

Hieronimo. What ¹¹⁴ outcries pluck me from my naked bed,*

And chill ¹¹⁵ my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?

Who calls Hieronimo? speak—here I am.

I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.

No, no, it was some woman cry'd for help;

And here within ¹¹⁶ this garden did she cry,

And in this garden must I rescue her.

But stay, what murderous spectacle is this!

A man hang'd up, and all the murderers gone!

And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!

This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

[He cuts him down.]

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen:

Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!

Oh, no, but he ¹¹⁷ that whilome was my son!

Oh, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?

Oh, speak, if any spark of life remain:

I am thy father: who hath slain my son?

What savage monster, not of human kind,

¹¹⁸ Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood,

And left thy bloody corpse dishonour'd here,

For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,

To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?

Oh, Heavens, why made you night to cover sin?

By day, this deed of darkness had not been.

Oh, Earth, why didst thou not in time devour

The ¹¹⁹ viled profaner of this sacred bow'r?

O, poor Horatio! what hadst thou misdone,

To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?

¹¹⁴ outcry calls, 1618. 23. 33.

* This line, though not mentioned, is one of those ridiculed by Shakespeare in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, where Sly says, "Go to thy bed and warm thee."

Thomas Randolph in his *Pedler*, 1631, also alludes to it: "Jeronymo rising from his naked bed was not so good a midwife." C.

¹¹⁵ chill, 1618. 23. 33.

¹¹⁶ the, 1618. 23. 33.

¹¹⁷ that who whilome, 1618. ¹¹⁸ Here hath, 1618. 23. 33.

¹¹⁹ vile, 1618. 23. 33.

Oh, wicked butcher! whatsoe'er thou wert,
How could'st thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ah me! most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In leessing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter ISABELLA.

Isabella. My husband's absence makes my heart to
throb;—Hieronimo!

Hieronimo. Here, Isabella, help me to lament,
For sighs are stopt, and all my tears are spent.

Isabella. What world of grief! my son Horatio!
Oh, where's the author of this endless woe?

Hieronimo. To know the author were some ease of
grief,

For in revenge my heart would find relief.

Isabella. Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
Oh gush out tears, fountains and floods of tears:
Blow sighs, and raise an everlasting storm,
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness.

¹²⁰ *Ah me! Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!*

Hieronimo. He supp'd with us to-night, frolick and
merry,

And said, he would go visit Balthazar,

At the duke's palace: there the prince doth lodge.

He had no custom to stay out so late,

He may be in his chamber; some go see—Roderigo, ho.

Enter PEDRO and JAQUES.

Isabella. Ah me, he raves! sweet Hieronimo!

Hieronimo. True, all Spain takes note of it.

Besides, he is so generally belov'd,

His majesty the other day did grace him

With waiting on his cup: these be favours,

Which do assure me that he cannot be long-liv'd.

Isabella. Sweet Hieronimo!

Hieronimo. I wonder how this fellow got his cloaths:

Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all:

Jaques, run to the duke of Castile's presently,

And bid my son Horatio to come home,

¹²⁰ Mr. Hawkins supposes this scene printed in Italicks to be
foisted in by the players, it being omitted in the second edition.

I and his mother have had strange dreams to-night.

Do you hear me, sir?

Jaques. Aye, sir.

*Hieronimo. Well, sir, be gone — Pedro, come hither ;
Know'st thou who this is ?*

Pedro. Too well, sir.

*Hieronimo. Too well ! who ? who is it ? peace, Isabella.
Nay, blush not, man.*

Pedro. It is my lord Horatio.

*Hieronimo. Ha, ha, St. James ; but this doth make me
laugh,*

That there are more deluded than myself.

Pedro. Deluded !

*Hieronimo. Aye, I would have sworn myself within
this hour,*

*That this had been my son, Horatio,
His garments are so like : ha, are they not great persua-
sions ?*

Isabella. O, would to God it were not so !

*Hieronimo. Were not, Isabella ? dost thou dream it is ?
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son ?
Away, I am asham'd.*

*Isabella. Dear Hieronimo,
Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief,
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.*

*Hieronimo. It was a man sure that was hang'd up here,
A youth, as I remember : I cut him down.
If it should prove my son now after all,
Say you, say you : light, lend me a taper ;
Let me look again.*

*O god ! confusion, mischief, torment, death, and hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
That now is stiff with horror ; kill me quickly :
Be gracious to me, thou infective night,
And drop this deed of murder down in me ;
Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive to see the light,
May put me in the mind I had a son.*

Isabella. *O, sweet Horatio ! O, my dearest son !*

Hieronimo. *How strangely had I lost my way to grief !*
Sweet lovely rose, ill pluck'd before thy time.
Fair worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd :
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are staid.

Isabella. And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were ¹²¹only my delight.

Hieronimo. Seest thou this handkerchief besmear'd
with blood ?

It shall not from me, till I take revenge.
Seest thou these wounds, that yet are bleeding fresh ?
I'll not entomb them till I have ¹²²reveng'd ;
Then will I joy amidst my discontent ;
Till then, my ¹²³sorrow never shall be spent.

Isabella. The heavens are just, murder cannot be hid :
Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.

Hieronimo. Mean while, good Isabella, cease thy
plaints,
Or at the least, dissemble them awhile :
So shall we sooner find the practice out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come, Isabella, now let's take him up,

[*They take him up.*

And bear him in from out this cursed place :
I'll say his dirge, singing fits not this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,

[*Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.*

Misceat, et nostro detur medicina dolori :

Aut si qui faciunt annorum obliviam succos,

Præbeat, ipse metum magnum quæcunque per orbem,

Gramina sol pulchras ejecit lucis in oras,

Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,

Quicquid et irarum vi cæca nenia nequit.

Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque dum semel omnis,

Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus :

Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,

¹²¹ chiefly, 1623. 33.

¹²² revenge, 1623. 33.

¹²³ sorrows, 1618. 23. 33.

*Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus.
Emoriar tecum sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
Attamen adsistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tum nulla sequatur.*

[Here he throws it from him, and
bears the body away.]

Andrea. "Brought'st thou me hither to increase my
pain?"

"I look'd that Balthazar should have been slain:

"But it's my friend Horatio that is slain!

"And they abuse fair Belimperia,

"On whom I doated more than all the world,

"Because she lov'd me more than all the world."

Revenge. "Thou talk'st of ¹²⁴harvest, when the corn
is green;

"The end is ¹²⁵crown of every work well done.

"The sickle comes not till the corn be ripe.

"Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place,

"I'll shew thee Balthazar in heavy case."

ACT III.

*Enter VICEROY of Portingale, NOBLES, ALEXANDRO,
VILLUPPO.**

Viceroy. Infortunate condition of kings,[†]
Seated ¹²⁶amidst so many helpless doubts!
First, we are plac'd upon extreamest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate;
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;

¹²⁴ the harvest, 1618. 23. 33.

¹²⁵ growne, 1618. 23. 33.

* The scene changes again to Portugal.

† Mr. Reed printed this line as follows, without any authority
and to the injury of the metre.

"Unfortunate condition of great kings."

The terminations *tion* and *sion* in our old poets were almost invari-
ably pronounced as two distinct syllables. Mr. Hawkins, whom
he professed to follow, gives it as it is above inserted in the text,
and he is supported by all the editions of the play. C.

¹²⁶ among, 1623. 33.

And at our highest, never joy we so,
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
As fortune toileth in th' affairs of kings,
That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd,
Sith fear, or love, to kings is flattery :
For instance, lordlings, look upon your king,
By hate deprived of his dearest son ;
The only hope of our successive ¹²⁷ line.

Noble. I had not thought that Alexandro's heart
Had been invenom'd with such extream hate ;
But now I see, that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.

Villuppo. No ; for, my lord, had you beheld the train,
That fained love had colour'd in his looks,
When he in camp consorted Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
That hourly coasts the center of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.

Viceroy. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded thoughts :
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death :
Go some of you and fetch the traitor forth,
That, as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter ALEXANDRO with a NOBLEMAN, and halberts.

Nobleman. In such extreams, will nought but patience serve.

Alexandro. But in extreams, what patience shall I use ?
Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

Nobleman. Yet hope the best.

Alexandro. 'Tis heav'n is my hope ;
As for the earth, it is too much ¹²⁸ infect,
To yield me hope of any of her mould.

Viceroy. Why linger ye ? bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alexandro. Not that I fear the extremity of death,

¹²⁷ lives, 1618. 23. 33.

¹²⁸ infected, 1618. 23. 33.

(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
 Do I, O king, thus discontented live.
 But this, O this torments my labouring soul,
 That thus I die suspected of a sin,
 Whereof, as heav'ns have known my secret thoughts,
 So am I free from this suggestion.

Viceroy. No more, I say; to the ¹²⁹ tortures with him:
 Bind him, and burn his body in those flames.

[*They bind him to the stake.*

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
 Of Phlegeton, prepared for his soul.

Alexandro. My guiltless death will be aveng'd on thee,
 On thee, Villuppo, that hath malic'd thus;
 Or ¹³⁰ for thy meed hast falsley me accus'd.

Villuppo. Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
 I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
 Where those thy words shall perish with thy works:
 Injurious traitor, monstrous homicide!

Enter EMBASSADOR.

Embassador. Stay, hold a while; and here (with
 pardon of
 His majesty) lay hands upon Villuppo.

Viceroy. Embassador, what news hath urg'd this
 sudden entrance?

Embassador. Know, ¹³¹ sovereign lord, that Balthazar
 doth live.

Viceroy. What sayest thou, liveth Balthazar our son?

Embassador. Your highness' son, lord Balthazar,
 doth live,

And, well intreated in the court of Spain,
 Humbly commends him to your majesty:
 These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
 With these the letters of the king's ¹³² commends,

[*Gives him letters.*

¹²⁹ tortures when] The alteration here adopted was made by Mr. Dodsley.

¹³⁰ of, 1618. 23. 33.

¹³¹ Know sovereign I that—1618.

Know my sovereigne that—1623. 33.

¹³² commends, 1618. 23. 33.

Are happy witness of his highness' health.

[*The king looks on the letter, and proceeds.*

Viceroy. *Thy son doth live, your tribute is receiv'd:
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied:
The rest resolve upon as things propos'd
For both our honours, and thy benefit.*

Embassador. These are his highness' farther articles.

[*Gives him more letters.*

Viceroy. Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble Alexandro!—Come, my lord, unbind him:
Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy discontent. [*They unbind him.*

Alexandro. Dread lord, in kindness you could do no
less,

Upon report of such a damned fact:
But, thus we see our innocence hath sav'd
The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.

Viceroy. Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsley betray lord Alexandro's life?
Him, whom thou know'st that no unkindness else,
But even the slaughter of our dearest son,
Could ¹³³ once have mov'd us to have misconceiv'd.

Alexandro. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king:
Or wherein hath Alexandro us'd thee ill?

Villuppo. Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My ¹³⁴ guilty soul submits me to thy doom:
For, not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward, and hope to be prefer'd,
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Viceroy. Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with thy
death.

And not so mean a torment as we here
Devis'd for him, who thou saidst slew our son:
But with the bitter'st torments and extrems,
That may be yet invented for thine end.

[*Alexandro seems to intreat.*

¹³³ Could never once mov'd—1633.

¹³⁴ guiltful, 1618. 23. 33.

Intreat me not,—go take the traitor hence.—

[*Exit Villuppo.*]

And, Alexandro, let us honour thee

With public notice of thy loyalty.

To end those things ¹³⁵articulated here

By our great lord, the mighty king of Spain,

We with our counsel will deliberate :

Come, Alexandro, keep us company.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter HIERONIMO.**

Hieronimo. Oh eyes ! no eyes, but fountains fraught
with tears :

Oh life ! no life, but lively form of death :

Oh world ! no world, but mass of public wrongs,

Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds.

Oh, sacred heav'ns ! if this unhallowed deed,

If this inhuman and barbarous attempt ;

If this incomparable murder thus

Of mine, but now no more my son,

Shall unreveal'd, and unrevenged pass ;

How should we term your dealings to be just,

If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust ?

The night, sad secretary to my moans,

With direful visions wakes my vexed soul,

And with the wounds of my distressful son

Solicits me for notice of his death.

The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,

And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,

¹³⁶ And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.

¹³⁵ articulated] i. e. exhibited in articles. See Mr. Steevens's Note on the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 1.

* The scene again returns to Spain.

¹³⁶ And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.] The verb *fear* is often used by our ancient writers in the sense of *frighten*, or *make afraid*. As, in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 7 :

“ — (he shall not go) I but *fear* the knave.”

Sejanus his Fall, A. 4 :

“ His subtilty hath chose this doubling line,

“ To hold him even in : not so to *fear* him,

“ As wholly put him out, and yet give check

“ Unto his farther boldness.”

A Fair Quarrel, A. 2. S. 1 :

“ Could but my soule resolve my cause were just,

The cloudy day my ¹³⁷discontents records,
 Early begins to register my dreams,
 And drives me forth to seek the murderer.
 Eyes, life, world, heav'ns, hell, night, and day,
 See, search, shew, send some man,
 Some mean that may— [A letter falleth.
 What's here, a letter? tush, it is not so:
 A letter written to Hieronimo. [Red ink.

*For want of ink, receive this bloody writ;
 Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee:
 Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him:
 For those were they that murdered thy son.
 Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,
 And better far than Belimperia doth.*

What means this unexpected miracle?
 My son slain by Lorenzo, and the prince!
 What cause had they Horatio to malign?
 Or what might move thee, Belimperia,
 To accuse thy brother had he been the mean?
 Hieronimo, beware, thou art betray'd,
 And to intrap thy life, this train is laid:
 Advise thee therefore, be not credulous;
 This is devised to endanger thee,
 That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse:
 And he, for the dishonour done, should draw
 Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
 Dear was the life of my beloved son,
 And of his death behooves me be reveng'd:
 Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo;
 But live to effect thy resolution.

"Earth's mountaine, nor sea's surge should hide him from mee.

"E'ne to hell's threshold would I follow him,

"And see the slanderer in before I left him,

"But as it is it feares me."

Euphues and his England, p. 123: "—nor the threatnings of
 "kings (which are perillous to a prince), nor the perswasions of
 "Papists (which are honny to the mouth) could either *fear hir*, or
 "allure hir, &c."

The Curtain Drawer of the World, 1612, p. 41: "—if he shall
 "feare us out of our wits with strange words, &c."

¹³⁷discontent, 1618. 23. 33.

I therefore will by circumstances try,
 What I can gather to confirm this writ;
 And ¹³⁸ heark'ning near the duke of Castile's house,
 Close, if I can, with Belimperia,
 To listen more; but nothing to ¹³⁹ bewray.

Enter PEDRINGANO.

Hieronimo. Now, Pedringano!

Pedringano. Now, Hieronimo!

Hieronimo. Where's thy lady?

Pedringano. I know not: here's my lord.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. How now, who's this, Hieronimo?

Hieronimo. My lord.

Pedringano. He asketh for my lady Belimperia.

Lorenzo. What to do, Hieronimo? the duke my
 father hath

Upon some disgrace a while remov'd her hence:
 But if be aught I may inform her of,
 Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.

Hieronimo. Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you, it shall
 not need,

I had a suit unto her, but too late,
 And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

Lorenzo. ¹⁴⁰ Why so, Hieronimo? use me.

Hieronimo. *Who you, my lord?*

I reserve your favour for a greater honour.

This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.

Lorenzo. *All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.*

Hieronimo. *I'faith, my lord. 'tis an idle thing, I must
 confess,*

*I ha' been too slack, too tardy, too remiss unto your
 honour.*

Lorenzo. *How now, Hieronimo?*

¹³⁸ hearken, 1618. 23. 33.

¹³⁹ bewray] bewray, which at present has only a dirty meaning,
 anciently signified to betray, to discover. Mr. Steevens's Note on
King Lear, A. 3. S. 6.

¹⁴⁰ Why so, &c.] This scene likewise is rejected by Mr. Haw-
 kins. Instead of it, Hieronimo says:

"O, no, my lord; I dare not, it must not be:

"I humbly thank your lordship."

Hieronimo. *In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing ;
The murder of a son, or so :
A thing of nothing, my lord.*

Lorenzo. Why, then farewell.

Hieronimo. My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue
can tell. [Exit.

Lorenzo. Come hither, Pedringano ; see'st thou this ?

Pedringano. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lorenzo. This is that damn'd villain, Cerberine,
That hath, I fear, reveal'd Horatio' death.

Pedringano. My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately
done ;

And since, he hath not left my company.

Lorenzo. Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.

I know his humour, and therewith repent

That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise.

But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,

And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,

Here, for thy farther satisfaction, take ¹⁴¹ thou this,
[Gives him more gold.

And hearken to me ; ¹⁴² thus it is devis'd,

This night thou must, (and pr'ythee so resolve)

Meet Cerberine at St. Lingis' park :

Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the house ;

There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure ;

For die he must, if we do mean to live.

Pedringano. But how shall Cerberine be there, my
lord ?

Lorenzo. Let me alone, I'll send to him to meet
The Prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

Pedringano. It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done ;
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

Lorenzo. When things shall alter, as I hope they will
Then shalt thou mount for this : thou know'st my mind.

Che le jeron ! [Exit Pedringano.

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord !

¹⁴² thee, 1623. 33.

¹⁴² —thus it is disguis'd, 1618. 23. 33.

Lorenzo. Go, sirrah, to Cerberine, and bid him forthwith

Meet the prince and me at St. Lingis' park,
Behind the house, this evening, boy.

Page. I go, my lord.

Lorenzo. But, sirrah, let the hour be eight à clock :
Bid him not fail.

Page. I fly, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Lorenzo. Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch,
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Cerberine.
Thus must we work, that will avoid distrust,
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap :
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly inquiry of Hieronimo
For Belimperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a farther ill.
As for myself, I know my secret fault,
And so do they ; but I have dealt for them :
They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs :
And better 'tis that base companions die,
Than by their life to hazard our good haps ;
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith :
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend :
For die they shall ; slaves are ordained ¹⁴³ to no other
end.

[*Exit.*

Enter PEDRINGANO with a pistol.

Pedringano. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold ;
And hold on, fortune, once more favour me.
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aim.
Here is the gold, this is the gold propos'd,
It is no dream that I adventure for,
But Pedringano is possest thereof ;
And he that would not strain his conscience

¹⁴³ for, 1618. 25. 33.

For him, that thus his liberal purse had stretcht,
 Unworthy such a favour may he fail;
 And wishing, want, when such as I prevail:
 As for the fear of apprehension,
 I know, if need should be, my noble lord
 Will stand between me and ensuing harms:
 Besides, this place is free from all ¹⁴⁴suspect.
 Here therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the WATCH.

First Watchman. I wonder much to what intent it is,
 That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch.

Second Watchman. 'Tis by commandment in the
 king's own name.

Third Watchman. But we were never wont to ¹⁴⁵watch
 and ¹⁴⁶ward
 So near the duke his ¹⁴⁷brother's house before.

Second Watchman. Content yourself, stand close,
 there's somewhat in't.

Enter CERBERINE.

Cerberine. Here, Cerberine, attend and stay thy pace
 For here did don Lorenzo's page appoint,
 That thou by his command shouldst meet with him:
 How fit a place, if one were so dispos'd!
 Methinks this corner is to close with one.

Pedringano. Here comes the bird that I must seize
 upon:

Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man.

Cerberine. I wonder that his lordship stays so long,
 Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Pedringano. For this Cerberine, and thou shalt ha't.

[*Shoots the Dag.* ¹⁴⁸

¹⁴⁴ suspect] See Note 45 to *Edward II.* vol. II.

¹⁴⁵ — watch and ward] These are terms used in several modern acts of parliament, for that composition which is paid in the City of London to excuse the attendance which formerly every householder was obliged to give in person to watch in his respective ward. See Stow's *Survey*, vol. II. p. 393. Strype's Edition 1720;

¹⁴⁶ nor, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁴⁷ brother's omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁴⁸ Dag] The ancient name for a pistol. So, in *Arden of Feversham*:

“Or dare abide the noise the dagge will make.”

So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd.

The WATCH.

First Watchman. Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.

Second Watchman. And here's one slain; stay the murderer.

Pedringano. Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell.

[He strives with the Watch.]

Who first lays hold on me, I'll be his priest.

Third Watchman. Sirrah, confess, and therein play the priest;

Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man?

Pedringano. Why? because he walk'd abroad so late.

Third Watchman. Come, sir, you had better kept your bed,

Than have committed this misdeed so late.

Second Watchman. Come, to the marshal's ¹⁴⁹ with the murderer.

First Watchman. On to Hieronimo's ¹⁵⁰: help me here To bring the murder'd body with us too.

Pedringano. Hieronimo's? carry me before whom you will,

Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you,

And do your worst, for I defy you all. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter LORENZO and BALTHAZAR.

Balthazar. How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?

Lorenzo. Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

Balthazar. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

Again,

"I'll leave you and at your *dag's* discharge."

Again,

"My *dagge* was leavelled at his hart."

Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1616, A. 5:

"With I Sir, yes Sir, and so Sir, at each word,

"Whilst he would shew me how to hold the *dagge*,

"To draw the cock, to charge and set the flint."

Roger Ascham's Works, 4to. by Bennet, p. 21: "The Prince yet always bare hymselfe so wisely, that he could not without some sturre be thrust downe openly: and ridyng on his journey, he was once shot with a *dagge* secretly."

¹⁴⁹ marshal, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁵⁰ Hieronimo, 1618. 23. 33.

Lorenzo. Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And unexpected harms do hurt us most.

Balthazar. Why, tell me, don Lorenzo, tell me, man,
If aught concerns our honour, and your own?

Lorenzo. ¹⁵¹ Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in
one:

For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of don Horatio,
We are betray'd to old Hieronimo.

Balthazar. Betray'd, Lorenzo? tush! it cannot be.

Lorenzo. A guilty conscience, urged with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err:
I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,
That all's revealed to Hieronimo,
And therefore know, that I have cast it thus.

Enter PAGE.

But here's the Page—How now, what news with thee?

Page. My lord, Cerberine is slain.

Balthazar. Who, Cerberine my man?

Page. Your highness' man, my lord.

Lorenzo. Speak, Page, who murdered him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lorenzo. Who?

Page. Pedringano.

Balthazar. ¹⁵² Is Cerberine slain, that lov'd his lord
so well?

Injurious villain! murderer of his friend!

Lorenzo. Hath Pedringano murdered Cerberine?
My lord, let me intreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge;
With your complaints unto my lord the king,
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.

Balthazar. Assure thee, don Lorenzo, he shall die;
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.
Mean while I haste the marshal sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed.

[*Exit Balthazar.*

¹⁵¹ Not, 1618. 23. 33.
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¹⁵² I, Cerberine, 1618. 23. 33.
L

Lorenzo. Why so, this fits our former policy,
 And thus experience bids the wise to deal:
 I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point:
 I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs,
 And sees not that wherewith the bird was ¹⁵³lim'd.
 Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
 Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends;
 He runs to kill, whom I have ¹⁵⁴help to catch,
 And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.
 'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
 Or any one, in mine opinion,
 When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a MESSENGER with a letter.

Lorenzo. Boy.

Page. My lord.

Lorenzo. What's he?

Messenger. I have a letter to your lordship.

Lorenzo. From whence?

Messenger. From Pedringano, that's imprison'd.

Lorenzo. So, he is ¹⁵⁵in prison then?

Messenger. Aye, my good lord.

Lorenzo. What would he with us?

He writes us here, *To stand, good Lorenzo, and help
 him in distress, &c.*

Tell him I have his letters, know his mind;
 And what we may, let him assure him of.
 Fellow be gone, my boy shall follow thee.

[Exit Messenger.]

This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.
 Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano,
 Thou know'st the prison, closely give it him,
 And be advis'd that none be there about:
 Bid him be merry still, but secret;

¹⁵³ *lim'd.*] i. e. *snares*, or *entangled*, as a bird with bird-lime. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 3. S. 1.

"*She's limed*, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam,"
Arden of Feversham.

"—— once more

"*Lime* well your twigs to catch this wary bird."

¹⁵⁴ *hope*, 1623. 33.

¹⁵⁵ *imprison'd*, 1618. 23. 33.

And though the marshal ¹⁵⁶ sessions be to-day,
 Bid him not doubt of his delivery;
 Tell him, his pardon is already sign'd:
 And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd;
 For were he ready to be turned off,
 (As 'tis my will the uttermost be try'd)
 Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still:
 Shew him this box, tell him his pardon's in't:
 But open't not, and if thou lov'st thy life:
 But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown,
 He shall not want while don Lorenzo lives: away.

Page. I go, my lord, I run.

[*Exit Page.*

Lorenzo. But, sirrah, see that this be cleanly done.
 Now stands our fortune on a ¹⁵⁷ tickle point,
 And now or never end Lorenzo's doubts
 One only thing is uneffected yet,
 And that's to see the executioner.
 But to what end? ¹⁵⁸ I list not trust the air
 With utterance of our pretence therein;
 For fear the privy whispering of the wind
 Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears
 That lie too open to advantages.

Et quel che voglio, io nessun lo sa,

Intendo io quel mi bastara.

[*Exit.*

Enter Boy with the box.

Boy. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and by my ¹⁵⁹ troth 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time: for we ¹⁶⁰ menskind in our minority are like women in their uncertainty; that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now.—By my ¹⁶¹ bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box: were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentleman-like knavery. I must go to Pedringano,

¹⁵⁶ marshalls, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁵⁷ tickle] See Note to *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 253. and Mr. Steevens's Note on the Second Part of *Henry VI.* A. 1. S. 1.

¹⁵⁸ I omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁵⁹ honesty, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁶⁰ men-kind, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁶¹ credit, 1618. 23. 33.

and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot chuse but smile; to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman; and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will't not be an odd jest, for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who ¹⁶²would say, mock on, here's thy warrant? Is't not a scurvy jest, that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but, if I should be hang'd with thee, I cannot ¹⁶³weep. [Exit.]

Enter HIERONIMO and the DEPUTY.

Hieronimo. Thus must we toil in other men's extreams,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come, by justice of the heav'ns,
To know the cause, that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me.

Deputy. Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

Hieronimo. So is't my duty to regard his death,
Who when he liv'd, deserv'd my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: let's begin,
For here lies that, which bids me to be gone,

*Enter OFFICERS, BOY, and PEDRINGANO with a
letter in his hand, bound.*

Deputy. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Pedringano. Gramercy by: but it was time to come;
For I had written to my lord anew,
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For fear his lordship had forgotten me:
But sith he hath remembered me so well,—
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?

¹⁶² should, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁶³ could not, 1618. 23. 33.

Hieronimo. Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,

And here for satisfaction of the world,
Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault;
For there's thy ¹⁶⁴ place of execution.

Pedringano. This is short work: well, to your marshalship.

First, I confess, nor fear I death, therefore,
I am the man, 'twas I slew Cerberine.
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

Deputy. Aye, Pedringano.

Pedringano. Now ¹⁶⁵, I think not so.

Hieronimo. Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so:
For blood with blood, shall (while I sit as judge)
Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.
And though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.
Dispatch, the fault's approved, and confest;
And by our law, he is condemn'd to die.

Enter HANGMAN.

Hangman. Come on, sir, are you ready?

Pedringano. To do what? my fine officious knave.

Hangman. To go to this gear.

Pedringano. O, sir, you are too forward; thou
wouldest fain furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish
me of my habit:

So I should go out of this gear my raiment, into that
gear the rope:

But, hangman, now I spy your knavery; I'll not
change without boot, that's flat.

Hangman. Come, sir.

Pedringano. So then, I must up?

Hangman. No remedy.

Pedringano. Yes, but there shall be for ¹⁶⁶my coming down.

Hangman. Indeed here's a remedy for that.

¹⁶⁴ the, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁶⁵ No, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁶⁶ my omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

Pedringano. How? to be turn'd off?

Hangman. Aye, truly. Come, are you ready?
I pray you, sir, dispatch, the day goes away.

Pedringano. What, do you hang by the hour? if
you do,

I may chance to break your old custom.

Hangman. Faith you have ¹⁶⁷reason, for I am like
to break your young neck.

Pedringano. Dost thou mock me, hangman? pray
God I be not preserv'd to break your knave's pate for
this.

Hangman. Alas! sir, you are a foot too low to reach
it: and I hope you will never grow so high, while I am
in the office.

Pedringano. Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the
box in his hand?

Hangman. What, he that points to it with his finger?

Pedringano. Aye, that companion.

Hangman. I know him not, but what of him?

Pedringano. Dost thou think to live till his old
doublet will make thee a new truss?

Hangman. Aye, and many a fair year after, to truss
up many an honestest man, than either thou, or he.

Pedringano. What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

Hangman. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly;
Methinks, you should rather hearken to your soul's
health.

Pedringano. Why, sirrah, hangman, I take it, that
what is good for the body, is likewise good for the
soul: and it may be, in that box is balm for both.

Hangman. Well, thou art even the merriest piece of
mans-flesh that ever groan'd at my office-door.

Pedringano. Is your roguery become an office with a
knave's name?

Hangman. Aye, and that shall all they witness that
see you seal it with a thief's name.

Pedringano. I pr'ythee request this good company
to pray ¹⁶⁷with me.

¹⁶⁷ no reason, 1618. 23. 33. ¹⁶⁷ for, 1618. 23. 33.

Hangman. Aye, marry sir, this is a good motion—My masters, you see here's a good fellow.

Pedringano. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

Hieronimo. I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times! where murder's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrin'd in heaven,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wandering in the thorny passages,
That intercepts itself of happiness.
Murder, O bloody monster! God forbid
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunish'd.
Dispatch, and see this ¹⁶⁸ execution done:
This makes me to remember thee, my son.

[*Exit Hieronimo.*

Pedringano. Nay, soft, no haste.

Deputy. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

Pedringano. Why, aye.

Hangman. As how?

Pedringano. Why, rascal! by my pardon from the king.

Hangman. Stand you on that? then you shall off with this. [*He turns him off.*

Deputy. So, executioner—Convey him hence;
But let his body be unburied:
Let not the earth be choaked or infect
With that which heaven condemns, and men neglect.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter HIERONIMO.

Hieronimo. Where shall I run, to breathe abroad my woes,

My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclaims, that have surcharg'd the air
With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?
The blustering winds, conspiring with my words,
At my lament, have mov'd the leafless trees,

Disrob'd the meadows of their flower'd green,
 Made mountains marsh, with ¹⁶⁹spring-tides of my tears,
 And broken thro' the brazen gates of hell.
 Yet still tormented is my tortur'd soul
 With broken sighs and restless passions,
 That winged mount, and, hovering in the air,
 Beat ¹⁷⁰at the windows of the brightest heavens,
 Soliciting for justice and revenge:
 But they are plac'd in those imperial heights,
 Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,
 I find the place impregnable, and they
 Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter HANGMAN with a letter.

Hangman. O lord; sir, God bless you, sir; the man,
 sir, Petergad, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits—

Hieronimo. Well, what of him?

Hangman. O lord, sir, he went the wrong way—the
 fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir,
 here is his passport—I pray you, sir, we have done him
 wrong.

Hieronimo. I warrant thee, give it me.

Hangman. You will stand between the gallows and
 me?

Hieronimo. Aye, aye.

Hangman. I thank your lord worship.

[Exit. Hangman.]

Hieronimo. And yet, tho' somewhat nearer me concerns,

I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
 Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

My lord, I write as my extremes require,

That you would labour my delivery:

If you neglect, my life is desperate;

And in my death, I shall reveal the truth.

You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,

And was confederate with the prince and you;

Won by rewards and hopeful promises,

I help'd to murder don Horatio too.

¹⁶⁹ spring-tide, 1618. 23. 33. ¹⁷⁰ But, 1618. 23. 33.

Holp he to murder mine Horatio,
And actors in th' accursed tragedy
Was't thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserv'd so well?
What have I heard? what have mine eyes beheld?
O sacred heavens! may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smother'd, and so long conceal'd,
Shall thus ¹⁷¹ by this be venged or reveal'd?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Belimperia's letter was not feign'd;
Nor feigned she, tho' falsly they have wrong'd
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt her's and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunish'd ¹⁷² would not leave.
O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honour that thou didst my son?
And, Balthazar, bane to thy soul and me,
Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee ¹⁷³ for?
Woe to the cause of these constrained wars!
Woe to thy baseness and captivity!
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquer'd self!
And bann'd with bitter execrations be
The day and place where he did pity thee!
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
When nought but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go 'plain me to my lord the king,
And cry aloud for justice thro' the court,
Wearing the flints with these my wither'd feet;
And either purchase justice by intreats,
Or tire them all with my revenging threats. [Exit.]

¹⁷¹ shall thus be this revenged, 1618.

shall thus be thus revenged, 1623. 33.

¹⁷² should, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁷³ for thee, 1618. 23. 33.

ACT IV.¹⁷⁴*Enter ISABELLA and her MAID.*

Isabella. So that you say this herb will purge the
¹⁷⁵eye,
 And this the head—Ah, but none of them will purge
 the heart!
 No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
 Nor any physick to recure the dead.

*[She runs lunatick.]**Horatio, O where's Horatio?*

Maid. Good madam, affright not thus yourself
 With outrage for your son Horatio,
 He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.

Isabella. Why, did I not give you gowns, and goodly
 things?

Bought you a whistle, and ¹⁷⁶whipstalk too,
 To be revenged on their villainies?

Maid. Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

Isabella. My soul, poor soul—Thou talk'st of things
 Thou know'st not what—My soul hath silver wings,
 That mount me up unto the highest heavens:

¹⁷⁴ Formerly this Play consisted only of four Acts. The division
 of this act into two was made by Mr. Hawkins.

It should seem nevertheless as if Kyd did not mean to make
 this division, as at the end of all the other acts something passes
 between the Ghost of Andrea and Revenge—It is singular that all
 the editions of this Tragedy should be in four Acts' only, if such
 had not been the intention of the author. C.

¹⁷⁵ eyes, 1618. 23. 33.

¹⁷⁶ whipstalk] or *whipstock*, probably "the handle of a whip,
 "round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is some-
 "times put for the *whip* itself." So, in *Pericles*, A. 2:

"For, by his rusty outside, he appears

"To 'ave practis'd more the *whipstock* than the lancee."

And, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, A. 3. S. 1.

Trundle says:

"—— I will step aside

"Into the stables, and salute my mares."

To which Pierce replys:

"Yes, do, and sleep with 'em, let him go base *whipstock*."

Other examples are in Mr. Steevens's Note on *Twelfth Night*,
 A. 2. S. 3.

To heaven, aye, there sits my Horatio,
 Back'd with a troop of fiery cherubims,
 Dancing about his newly-healed wounds,
 Singing sweet hymns, and chaunting heavenly notes :
 Rare harmony to greet his ¹⁷⁷ innocence,
 That ¹⁷⁸ died, aye died, a mirror in our days.
 But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
 That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run,
 To find them out, that murdered my son? [Exeunt.

BELIMPERIA at a window.

Belimperia. What means this outrage that is offer'd
 me?

Why am I thus sequester'd from the court?
 No notice! shall I not know the cause
 Of these my secret and suspicious ills?
 Accursed brother! unkind murderer!
 Why bend'st thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
 Hieronimo, why ¹⁷⁹ writ I of thy wrongs?
 Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
 Andrea, O Andrea! that thou saw'st
 Me, for thy friend Horatio, handled thus!
 And him for me, thus causeless murdered!
 Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
 To patience, and apply me to the time,
 Till heaven, as I have hop'd, shall set me free.

Enter CHRISTOPHEL.

Christophel. Come, madam Belimperia, this ¹⁸⁰ may
 not be. [Exeunt.

Enter LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, and the PAGE.

Lorenzo. Boy talk no further—Thus far things go
 well.

Thou art assured that thou saw'st him dead?

Page. Or else, my lord, I live not.

Lorenzo. That's enough—

As for his resolution in his end,
 Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.
 Here, take my ring, and give it Christophel,

¹⁷⁷ innocency, 1618, 23, 33.

¹⁷⁹ rite, 1618, 23, 33.

¹⁷⁸ liv'd, 1618, 23, 33.

¹⁸⁰ must, 1618, 23, 33.

And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,
 And bring her hither straight.—¹⁸¹ [*Exit Page.*]
 This that I did was for a policy,
 To smooth and keep the murder secret,
 Which as a nine-days wonder, being o'er-blown,
 My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

Balthazar. And time, Lorenzo; for my lord the
 duke,

You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lorenzo. Why, and my lord, I hope, you heard me
 say

Sufficient reason why she kept away:
 But that's all one. My lord, you love her?

Balthazar. Aye.

Lorenzo. Then in your love beware; deal cunningly;
 Salve all suspicions, only sooth me up;
 And if she hap to stand on terms with us,
 As for her sweet-heart, and concealment so,
 Jest with her gently: under feigned jest
 Are things conceal'd, that else would breed¹⁸² unrest.
 But here she comes.

Enter BELIMPERIA.

Lorenzo. Now, sister—

Belimperia. Sister! no, thou art no brother, but an
 enemy,

Else would'st thou not have us'd thy sister so;
 First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,
 And with extremes abuse my company;
 And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
 Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
 And clap me up were none might come at me;
 Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs,
 What madding fury did possess thy¹⁸³ wits?

¹⁸¹ *Exit.* Page omitted, 1618, 23, 33.

¹⁸² *Unrest.*] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently used by
 the old writers. As, in *Titus Andronicus*, A. 2. S. 3:

“And so repose sweet gold, for their *unrest*.”

See Mr. Steevens's Note on this line.

Again, p. 129:

“Then rest we here a while in our *unrest*.”

¹⁸³ wit, 1618, 23, 33.

Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

Lorenzo. Advise you better, Belimperia,
For I have done you no disparagement;
Unless, by more discretion than deserv'd,
I sought to save your honour and mine own.

Belimperia. Mine honour! why, Lorenzo, wherein
is't

That I neglect my reputation so,
As you or any need to rescue it?

Lorenzo. His highness, and my father, were resolv'd
To come confer with old Hieronimo,
Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the viceroy was determin'd.

Belimperia. And wherein was mine honour touch'd
in that?

Balthazar. Have patience, Belimperia, hear the rest.

Lorenzo. Me (next in sight) as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the prince,
And, unexpected, in an harbour there,
Found Belimperia with Horatio.

Belimperia. How then.

Lorenzo. Why then, remembering that old disgrace
Which you for don Andrea had endur'd,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather, for I ¹⁸⁴ knew no readier mean,
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.

Balthazar. And carry you obscurley somewhere else,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.

Belimperia. Even so, my lord? and you are witness
That this is true which he intreateth of?—

You, gentle brother, forg'd this for my sake;
And you, my lord, were made his instrument:
A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what's the cause that you concealed me since?

Lorenzo. Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favourite don Andrea's death,

¹⁸⁴ know, 1618, 23, 33.

My father's old wrath hath exasperate.

Balthazar. And better was't for you, being in disgrace,

To absent yourself, and give his fury place.

Belimperia. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lorenzo. That were to add more fuel to ¹⁸⁵ your fire. Who burnt like *Ætna*, for *Andrea*'s loss.

Belimperia. Hath not my father, then, enquir'd for me?

Lorenzo. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

[*He whispereth in her ear.*]

But, *Belimperia*, see the gentle prince,
Look on thy love, behold young *Balthazar*,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd;
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
Thy ¹⁸⁶ hate, his love, thy flight, his following thee.

Belimperia. Brother you are become an orator,
I know not I, by what experience,
Too politick for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you—But content yourself,
The prince is meditating higher things.

Balthazar. 'Tis of thy beauty then, that conquers kings:

Of those thy tresses, *Ariadne*'s ¹⁸⁷ twins,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd;
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

Belimperia. To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,

In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.

Balthazar. 'Tis I that love.

Belimperia. Whom?

Balthazar. *Belimperia*.

Belimperia. But I, that fear.

Balthazar. Whom?

Belimperia. *Belimperia*.

Lorenzo. Fear yourself?

¹⁸⁵ the, 1618, 23, 33.

¹⁸⁶ Thy hate is love, 1618.

¹⁸⁷ twinnes, 1618, 23, 33.

Belimperia. Aye, brother.

Lorenzo. How?

Belimperia. As those that, ¹⁸⁸ what they love, are
loath and fear to lose,

Balthazar. Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be.

Belimperia. ¹⁸⁹ No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we;

Est tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem,

Etvantum stolidæ proditiōnis opus. [Exit.

Lorenzo. Nay an' you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.

Balthazar. Led by the ¹⁹⁰ load-star of her heavenly
looks,

Wends ¹⁹¹ poor oppressed Balthazar,

As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,

Uncertain to effect his pilgrimage. [Exeunt.

Enter two PORTUGUESE, and HIERONIMO meets them.

1 Portuguese. By your leave, sir.

Hieronimo. ¹⁹² 'Tis neither as you think, nor as you
think,

Nor as you think: you're wide all—

These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.

My son! and what's a son?

A thing begot within a pair of minutes, thereabout:

A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve

¹⁸⁸ when, 1618, 23, 33.

¹⁸⁹ No omitted, 1618, 23, 33.

¹⁹⁰ load-star] So, in Shakspeare's *Midsummer's Night's Dream*,
A. 1. S. 1: "O happy fair!

"Your eyes are load-stars."

Upon this passage Dr. Johnson observes, "This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The load-star is the leading or guiding star, that is, the Pole-star. The magnet is, for the same reason, called the load-stone, either because it leads iron, or because it guides the sailor." Milton has the same thought in *L'Allegro*:

"Tow'rs and battlements he sees

"Bosom'd high in tufted trees,

"Where perhaps some beauty dies,

"The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes."

Davies calls Elizabeth, "lode-stone to all hearts, and lode-star to all eyes."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on the above passage.

¹⁹¹ Wends] See Note 16 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.

¹⁹² This speech omitted also in the second edition.

To balance those light creatures, we call women,
 And at the nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
 What is there yet in a son,
 To make a father doat, rave, or run mad?
 Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
 What is there yet in a son?
 He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak.
 Aye, or yet; why might not a man love a calf as well?
 Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son?
 Methinks a young bacon,
 Or a fine little smooth horse-colt,
 Should move a man as much as doth a son;
 For one of these, in very little time,
 Will grow to some good use; whereas a son,
 The more he grows in stature and in years,
 The more unsquar'd¹⁹³ unbeveled, he appears,
 Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
 Strikes care¹⁹⁴ upon their heads with his mad riots,
 Makes them look old before they meet with age:
 This a son; and what a loss were this, consider'd truly?
 Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those
 Insatiate humours; he lov'd his loving parents:
 He was my comfort and his mother's joy,
 The very arm that did hold up our house—
 Our hopes were stored up in him.
 None but a damn'd murderer could hate him.
 He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
 When his strong arm unhors'd the proud prince Bal-
 thazar;
 And his great mind, too full of honour,
 Took him us to mercy, that valiant but ignoble Portin-
 gale.
 Well, heaven is heaven still!
 And there is Nemesis, and furies,
 And things call'd whips,
 And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
 They do not always 'scape, that's some comfort.
 Aye, aye, aye, and then time steals on, and steals, and
 steals,

¹⁹³ unleavill'd, 1623, 33.¹⁹⁴ cares, 1623, 33.

*Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
Wrapt in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leave have you : I pray you go,
For I'll leave off, if you can leave me so.*

Hieronimo. Good leave have you ; nay, I pray you,
go.*

For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.

2 Portuguese. Pray you, which is the ¹⁹⁵ next way to
my lord the duke's?

Hieronimo. The next way from me.

2 Portuguese. To his house we mean.

Hieronimo. O, hard by ; 'tis yon house that you see.

2 Portuguese. You could not tell us if his son were
there.

Hieronimo. Who, my lord Lorenzo?

1 Portuguese. Aye, sir.

*[He goes in at one door, and comes
out at another.]*

Hieronimo. O forbear, for other talk for us far fitter
were ;

But if you be ¹⁹⁶ importunate to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt :
There is a path upon your left hand-side,
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear,
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass ;
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose ¹⁹⁷ baleful humours if you but uphold,
It will conduct to you despair and death ;
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,
Within a hugy dale of lasting night,
That ¹⁹⁸ kindled with the world's iniquities,

* This answer applies to the remark of the 1 Portuguese, " By
" your leave, sir," supposing the long speech of Hieronimo in
Italics omitted. C.

¹⁹⁵ next omitted, 1618, 23, 33.

¹⁹⁶ importune, 1618, 23.

¹⁹⁷ Whose paleful humours if you but behold, 1618, 23, 33.

¹⁹⁸ That's, 1618, 23, 33.

Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes.
 Not far from thence, where murderers have built
 An habitation for their cursed souls,
 There in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove
 In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
 Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
 In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1 *Portuguese*. Ha, ha, ha.

Hieronimo. Ha, ha, ha! Why ha, ha, ha? Farewel,
 good ha, ha, ha. [Exit.]

2 *Portuguese*. Doubtless this man is passing lunatick,
 Or imperfection of his age doth make him doat.
 Come, let's away, to seek my lord the duke. [Exeunt.]

*Enter HIERONIMO with a poinard in one hand, and a
 rope in the other.*

Hieronimo. Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the
 king;

The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit
 Why is not this a strange and ¹⁹⁹seld seen thing,
 That standers-by with toys should strike me mute?
 Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge:
 Down by the dale that flows with purple gore
 Standeth a fiery tow'r; there sits a judge
 Upon a seat of steal, and molten brass,
 And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand,
 That leads unto the lake were hell doth stand:
 Away, *Hieronimo*, to him begone,
 He'll do thee justice for *Horatio's* death.
 Turn down this path, thou shalt be with him straight;
 Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath;
 This way, or that way: soft and fair, not so;
 For if I hang or kill myself, let's know,
 Who will revenge *Horatio's* murder then?
 No, no, fie no; pardon me, I'll none of that.

[*He flings away the dagger and halter.*

This way I'll take, and this way comes the king.

[*He takes them up again.*

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;

¹⁹⁹ seld] See Note 7 to *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 246.

And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring—
 And thee, Lorenzo—here's the king, nay, stay;
 And here, aye here: there goes the hare away.

Enter KING, EMBASSADOR, CASTILE and LORENZO.

King. Now, shew the ambassador, what our viceroy
 saith:

Hath he receiv'd the articles we sent?

Hieronimo. Justice! O justice to Hieronimo.

Lorenzo. Back, seest thou not the king is busy?

Hieronimo. O, is he so?

King. Who is he that interrupts our business?

Hieronimo. Not I: Hieronimo beware, ²⁰⁰go by, go by.

Embassador. Renowned king, he hath receiv'd and
 read

Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league;
 And as a man extreamly over-joy'd
 To hear his son so princely entertain'd,
 Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd;
 This for thy farther satisfaction
 And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know:
 First, for the marriage of his princely son
 With Belimperia, thy beloved niece,
 The news are more delightful to his soul,
 Than myrrh or incense to th' offended heavens:
 In person therefore will he come himself,
 To see the marriage rites solemniz'd,
 And in the presence of the court of Spain
 To knit a sure ²⁰¹inextricable band
 Of kingly love, and everlasting league,
 Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingale;
 There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
 And make a queen of Belimperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?

Castile. No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
 Of honourable care to keep his friend,

²⁰⁰ go by, go by.] This line is ridiculed by Shakespeare in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, and by other Poets of the times, as in Dekkar's *Satiromastix*, when Tucca says, "go by, Jeronimo, go by." See Hawkins' *Origin*, III. 118.

²⁰¹ inextricable, second edition.
 inexplicable, 1618. 23. 33.

And wond'rous zeal to Balthazar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his grace,
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

Embassador. Now last, dread lord, here hath his
highness sent,
(Altho' he send not that his son return)
His ransom due to don Horatio.

Hieronimo. Horatio! who calls Horatio?

King. And well remember'd, thank his majesty:
Here, see it given to Horatio.

Hieronimo. Justice! O justice! justice! gentle king.

King. Who is that, Hieronimo?

Hieronimo. Justice, O justice! O my son, my son!
My son, whom nought can ransom or redeem.

Lorenzo. Hieronimo, you are not well advis'd.

Hieronimo. Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss;
Give me my son, you shall not ransom him.
Away, I'll rip the bowels of the earth,

[*He diggeth with his dagger.*]

And ferry over to the Elysian plains,
And bring my son to shew his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, I'll make a pick-ax of my poinard,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up ²⁰²the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

King. What means this outrage?
Will none of you restrain his fury?

Hieronimo. Nay, soft and fair, you shall not need to
strive,

Needs must he go that the devils drive. [Exit.

King. What accident hath ²⁰³hapt Hieronimo?—
I have not seen him to demean him so.

Lorenzo. My gracious lord, he is with extreme pride,
Conceiv'd of young Horatio his son,
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatick.

King. Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't.

²⁰² my, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁰³ hapt to, 1618. 23. 33.

This is the love that fathers bear their sons ;—
 But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
 The prince's ransom ; let him have his due.
 For what he hath, Horatio shall not want,
 Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.

Lorenzo. But if he be thus ²⁰⁴helplessly distract,
 'Tis requisite his office be resign'd,
 And given to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
 'Tis best ²⁰⁵that we see farther in it first,
 Till when, ourself will exempt the place.
 And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
 That he may be a witness of the match,
 'Twixt Balthazar and Belimperia ;
 And that we may prefix a certain time,
 Wherein the marriage shall be solemniz'd,
 That we may have thy lord the viceroy here.

Embassador. Therein your highness highly shall content
 His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

King. On then, and hear ²⁰⁶you lord ambassador.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter JAQUES and PEDRO. ²⁰⁷

Jaques. I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
 At midnight sends us with our torches light,
 When men and birds, and beast, are all at rest,
 Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

Pedro. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
 Is much ²⁰⁸distraught since his Horatio died.
 And now his aged years should sleep in rest,

²⁰⁴ haplessly, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁰⁵ that omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁰⁶ your, 1618, 23, 33.

²⁰⁷ This Scene printed in Italicks is rejected by Mr. Hawkins, for the same reasons as the former.

²⁰⁸ distraught] *Distraught* is *distracted*. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1616, Sign. G 3:

“ Alas, kind youth, how came he thus *distraught* ?”

In the Second Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 3. S. 2 :

“ Alas, my son's *distraught*. Sweet boy appease

“ Thy mutining affections.”

Euphues and his England, 41 : “ *Ifida* so *distraught* of her wits,
 “ with these newes, fell into a frensie.”

*His heart in quiet, like a desperate man,
Grows lunatick and childish, for his son :
Sometimes as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him.
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out, Horatio ! where is my Horatio ?
So that with extream grief, and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of man.
See, here he comes.*

Enter HIERONIMO.

*Hieronimo. I pry thro' every crevice of each wall,
Look at each tree, and search thro' every brake,
Beat on the bushes, stamp our grand-dame earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven :
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.*

How now, who's there ? sprights ! sprights !

Pedro. We are your servants that attend you, sir.

Hieronimo. What make you with your torches in the dark ?

Pedro. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

Hieronimo. No, no, you are deceiv'd, not I, you are deceiv'd :

Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now ?

*Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When as the sun-god rides in all his glory ;
Light me your torches then.*

Pedro. Then we ²⁰⁹ burn day-light.

*Hieronimo. Let it be burnt, night is a murd'rous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen :
And yonder pale-fac'd Hecate there, the moon,*

²⁰⁹ —burn day-light.] To burn day-light was a proverbial phrase used when any act was done which would be wholly useless. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 1. and *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 4.

Again, in Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales*, p. 96. edit. 1776 :

“ To Ludloe now my muse must needes returne,

“ A season short no long discourse doth crave :

“ Tyme rouleth on, I doe but day light burne,

“ And many things indeede to doe I have.”

The Curtwin Drawer of the World, 1612, p. 46 : “ Oh-thou in-
“ valuable jewell ! how art thou in this age cast upon the dunghill ?
“ how dost thou burne out thy day-light to these thy regardless
“ children ?”

*Doth give consent to that is done in darkness :
And all those stars that gaze upon her face
Are ²¹⁰ aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train :
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.*

Pedro. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words,

*The heavens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow
Make you speak you know not what.*

*Hieronimo. Villain ! thou lyest, and thou dost nought
But tell me I am mad : thou lyest, I am not mad :
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques ;
I'll prove it to thee ; and were I mad, how could I ?
Where was she the same night, when my Horatio was
murder'd ?*

*She should have shone : searchthou the book :
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind
of grace,*

*That I know, nay I do know had the murd'rer seen him,
His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of nought but blood and death :
Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief ?*

Enter ISABELLA.

*Isabella. Dear Hieronimo, come in a doors.
O seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.*

*Hieronimo. Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here ;
I do not cry, ask Pedro and Jaques :
Not I indeed, we are very merry, very merry.*

*Isabella. How ? be merry here, be merry here ?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd ?*

*Hieronimo. Was, do not say what :
out,*

This was the tree, I set it of a kernel ;

²¹⁰ aglets] An aglet, Mr. Pope says, is the tag of a point. See *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 2. This is also one of the explanations in Barret's *Alvearie*, who also says, *An aglet is a jewell in one's cap.* "Segmentum aureum. Monile ex auro vel gemmis connectum.

*And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the humane sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water :
At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore ;
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son :
It bore thy fruit and mine : O wicked, wicked plant !*
[One knocks within at the door.]

See who knocks there ?

Pedro. It is a painter, sir.

*Hieronimo. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort :
Let him come in, one knows not what may chance ;
God's will that I should set this tree,
But even so masters, ungrateful servants, rear'd from
nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.*

Enter the PAINTER.

Painter. God bless you, sir.

*Hieronimo. Wherefore ? why, thou scornful villain !
How, where, or by what means should I be blest ?*

Isabella. What would'st thou have good fellow ?

Painter. Justice, madam.

*Hieronimo. O ambitious beggar, would'st thou have
that,*

That lives not in the world ?

*Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.*

*Painter. O then I see, that God must right me for my
murder'd son.*

Hieronimo. How ! was thy son murder'd ?

Painter. Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.

*Hieronimo. What, not as thine ? that's a lye,
As massy as the earth : I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons ; and he was murder'd.*

Painter. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hieronimo. Nor I, nor I : but this same one of mine

Was worth a legion. But all is one.

Pedro, Jaques ; go in a doors, Isabella, go,

And this good fellow here, and I,

Will range this hideous orchard up and down,

Like two she lions reaved of their young.

Go in a doors, I say.

[Exeunt.

[The painter and he set down.

Come, let's talk wisely now.

Was thy son murder'd ?

Painter. Aye, sir.

Hieronimo. So was mine.

How dost thou take it ? art thou not sometime mad ?

Is there no tricks that come before thine eyes ?

Painter. O lord, yes, sir.

Hieronimo. Art a painter ? canst paint me a tear, a wound ?

A groan, or a sigh ? canst paint me such a tree as this ?

Painter. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting :

My name's Bazardo.

Hieronimo. Bazardo ! 'fore God an excellent fellow.

Look you, sir,

Do you see ? I'd have you paint me my gallery,

In your oil colours matted, and draw me five

Years younger than I am : do you see, sir ? let five

Years go : let them go like the marshal of Spain,

My wife Isabella standing by me,

With a speaking look to my son Horatio.

Which should intend to this, or some such like purpose ;

God bless thee, my sweet son ; and my hand leaning upon his head thus, sir ; do you see ? may it be done ?

Painter. Very well, sir.

Hieronimo. Nay, I pray mark me, sir :

Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree :

Canst paint a doleful cry ?

Painter. Seemingly, sir.

Hieronimo. Nay, it should cry : but all is one.

Well, sir, paint me a youth run thro' and thro'

With villians' swords, hanging upon this tree.

Canst thou draw a murderer ?

Painter. *I'll warrant you, sir ;
I have the pattern of the most notorious villains,
That ever liv'd in all Spain.*

Hieronimo. *O, let them be worse, worse : stretch thine
art,
And ²¹¹ let their beards be of Judas's own colour,
And let their eye-brows jetty over : in any case observe
that ;*

*Then, sir, after some violent noise,
Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under my arm,
With my torch in my hand and my sword rear'd up thus,
And with these words :*

*What noise is this ? who calls Hieronimo ?
Way it be done ?*

Painter. *Yea, sir.*

Hieronimo. *Well, sir, then bring me forth, bring me
thro' alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance
going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap.*

²¹¹ *And let their beards be of Judas's own colour,]* It is observed, that " in an age when but small part of the nation could read, " ideas were frequently borrowed from representations in painting " or tapestry." Lealand, in his *Collectanea*, asserts, that painters constantly represented Judas the traitor with a red head. Dr. Plot's *Oxfordshire*, p. 153, says the same. This conceit is thought to have arisen in England from our ancient grudge to the red-haired Danes. See the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tollet to *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 4.

To the instances there produced may be added the following : Middleton's *Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, 1620 : " What has he " given her ? what is it Gossip ? A fair high standing cup, and the " two great postle spoons, one of them gilt. Sure that was Judas with the red beard."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Sea Voyage*, p. 104 :

" Methought a sweet young man,
" In years some twenty, with a downy chim,
" Promising a future beard, and yet no red one,
" Stole slily to my cabin all unbrac'd,
" Took me in his arms, and kiss'd me twenty times."

Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, edit. 1636, Sign. E 3 ;

" ———Runne to the Counter
" Fetch me red-bearded Serjeant, ile make
" You Captaine thinke the Devill of Hell is come,
" To fetch you, if he once fasten on you."

Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve.

And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tott'ring, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down.

And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio.

There you may shew a passion, there you may shew a passion.

*Draw me like old Priam of Troy,
Crying the house is a fire, the house is a fire.
And the torch over my head: make me curse,
Make me rave, make me cry, make me mad,
Make me well again, make me curse hell,
Invoke, and in the end leave me
In a trance, and so forth.*

Painter. And is this the end?

*Hieronimo. O no, there is no end: the end is death
and madness;*

*And I am never better than when I am mad;
Then methinks I am a brave fellow;
Then I do wonders, but reason abuseth me;
And there's the torment, there's the hell:
At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers;
Were he as strong as Hector, thus would I
Tear and drag him up and down.*

*[He beats the Painter in, then comes out
again, with a book in his hand.*

Vindicta mihi.

Aye, heaven will be reveng'd of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder un-repaid:
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortal men may not appoint ²¹²their time.*

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.

* This passage seems laughed at in the Induction to an extremely rare old play, called, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599.

"Come screaming like a pigge half stickt
And cries, *Vindicta*, revenge, revenge." C.

²¹² a time, 1618. 23. 33.

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offer'd thee;
 For evils unto ills conductors be,
 And death's the worst of resolution;
 For he that thinks with patience to contend,
 To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem;

Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.

If destiny thy miseries do ease,
 Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be.
 If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
 Yet ²¹³ shalt thou be assured of a tomb;
 If neither; yet let this thy comfort be,
 Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
 And, to conclude, I will revenge his death:
 But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
 With open, but inevitable ills,
 As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
 Which under kindship will be cloaked best.
 Wise men will take their opportunity,
 Closely, and safely, fitting things to time.
 But in extreams advantage hath no time:
 And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
 Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
 Dissembling quiet in unquietness;
 Not seeming that I know their villainies,
 That my simplicity may make them think,
 That ignorantly I will let ²¹⁴ all slip;
 For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum mors est.

Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
 Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
 Will bear me down with their nobility.
 No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
 Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
 To milder speeches than thy spirit affords²¹⁵,
 Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
 Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
 Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.

[A noise within.]

²¹³ thou shalt, 1623. 33.

²¹⁴ it; 1618. 23. 33.

²¹⁵ spirits affoord, 1618. 23. 33.

How now! what noise? what coil is that you keep?

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. Here are a ²¹⁶sort of poor petitioners,
That are importunate; and it shall please you, sir,
That you should plead their ²¹⁷cases to the king.

Hieronimo. That I should plead their several actions?
Why let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three CITIZENS and an OLD MAN.

1 Citizen. So, I tell you this, for learning, and for law,
There's not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail, or will take half the pain,
That he will, in pursuit of equity.

Hieronimo. Come near, you men that thus importune me;

(Now must I bear a face of gravity)
For ²¹⁸thus I used before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as Corrigidor,—
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2 Citizen. Sir, an action.

Hieronimo. Of battery?

1 Citizen. Mine of debt.

Hieronimo. Give place.

2 Citizen. No, sir, mine is an action of the case.

3 Citizen. Mine an *Ejectione firma* by lease.

Hieronimo. Content you, sirs, are you determin'd
That I should plead your several actions?

1 Citizen. Aye, sir, and here's my declaration

2 Citizen. And here is my ²¹⁹band.

²¹⁶ sort] See Note to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

²¹⁷ causes, 1623. 33. ²¹⁸ this, 1618. 23. 33.

²¹⁹ band] This was altered to *bond* in the former edition. *Band* was, however, the manner in which the word was formerly written, and I imagine pronounced. See several instances in Mr. Steevens's Note on *The Comedy of Errors*, A. 4. S. 2:

Again, Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 152:

"Since faith could get no credit at his hand,

"I sent him word to come, and sue my *band*."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, vol. VIII. edit. 1778, p. 389.

"Take up at any use; give *band*, or land,

"Or mighty statutes."

3 Citizen. And here is my lease.

[They give him papers.]

Hieronimo. But wherefore stands²²⁰ yon silly man so mute,

With mournful eyes and hands to heaven uprear'd?—
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

Senex. O, worthy sir, my cause but slightly known,
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the²²¹ corsick rocks with²²² rueful tears.

Hieronimo. Say, father, tell me what's thy suit?

Senex. No, sir; could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper (as you see)
With ink bewray what blood began in me.

Hieronimo, What's here? *The humble supplication
of don Bazulto, for his murdered son.*

Senex. Aye, sir.

Hieronimo. No, sir, it was my murdered son: Oh
my son,

Oh my son, oh my son Horatio!

But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here take my handkerchief, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The lively pourtrait of my dying self.

[He draweth out a bloody napkin.]

O no, not this, Horatio, this was thine:
And when I dy'd it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But here, take this, and this—what, my purse?
Aye this, and that, and all of them are thine:
For all as one are our extremities.

1 Citizen. Oh, see the kindness of Hieronimo!

2 Citizen. This gentleness shews him a gentleman.

²²⁰ stand you, 1618. 23. 33.

²²¹ corsick] *Melius latebam procul ab Invidæ malis, remotus inter
Corcisi rupes.*—Seneca in Oct.

Safe lay I hid and free from envy's spite

While Corsick rocks were my retired site.

Brathwaite's Survey of History, 4to. 1638. p. 152. R.
²²² rueful, 1618. 23. 33.

Hieronimo. See, see, oh see thy shame, Hieronimo;
 See here a loving father to his son;
 Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,
 That he delivereth²²³ for his son's decease.
 If²²⁴ love's effects to strive in lesser things,
 If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
 If love²²⁵ express such power in poor estates:
 Hieronimo, when as a raging sea,
 Tost with the wind and tide, o'erturneth then
 The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
 Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep:
 Then shamest thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
 The²²⁶ sweet revenge of thy Horatio?
 Though on this earth justice will not be found,
 I'll down to hell, and in this passion
 Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,
 Getting by force (as once Alcides did)²²⁷
 A troop of furies, and tormenting hags,
 To torture don Lorenzo and the rest.
 Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
 Deny my passage to the slimy strond,
 The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit:—
 Come²²⁸ on, old father, be my Orpheus;
 And if thou²²⁹ can'st no notes upon the harp,
 Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief
 Till we do gain, that Proserpine may grant
 Revenge on them that murdered my son.
 Then will I rend and tear them thus, and thus,
 Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

[*Tears the papers.*]

1 *Citizen.* O sir, my declaration!

[*Exit Hieronimo and they after.*]

2 *Citizen.* Save my bond.

Enter HIERONIMO.

3 *Citizen.* Save my bond.

2 *Citizen.* Alas! my lease, it cost me ten pound,

²²³ delivered, 1618. 23. 33.

²²⁴ love, 1618.

²²⁵ enforce, 1618. 23. 33.

²²⁶ swift, 1618. 23. 33.

²²⁷ did omitted, 1618.

²²⁸ on omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

²²⁹ can'st no notes] i. e. says Mr. Hawkins, "understandest not, hast "no knowledge of, or power in." So, Spenser and others.

And you, my lord, have torn the same.

Hieronimo. That cannot be, I gave ²³⁰ it never a wound;
Show me one drop of blood fallen from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush, no, run after, catch me if you can.

[*Exeunt all but the old man.*]

*BAZULTO remains till HIERONIMO enters again, who
staring him in the face speaketh.*

Hieronimo. And art thou come, Horatio, from the
depth,

To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unreveng'd,
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimn'd with overlong laments?
Go back, my son, complain to Æacus,
For here's no justice; gentle boy, be gone,
For justice is exiled from the earth:
Hieronimo will bear thee company.

Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamant,
For just revenge against the murderers.

Bazulto. Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled
speech?

Hieronimo. But let me look on my Horatio:
Sweet boy, ²³¹ how art ²³² thou chang'd in death's black
shade!

Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
But suffer'd thy fair crimson-colour'd spring,
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, ²³³ thou art older than thy father:
Ah, ruthless Fate! that favour thus transforms!

Bazulto. Ah, my good lord, I am not your young son.

Hieronimo. What, not my son? ²³⁴ thou then a fury
art,

Sent from the empty kingdom of black night,
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamant,
To plague Hieronimo that is remiss,

²³⁰ them, 1618. 23. 33

²³¹ how omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

²³² thou art, 1623. 33.

²³³ older, 1618. 23. 33.

²³⁴ then thou, 1633.

And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.

Bazulto. I am a grieved man and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murder'd son.

Hieronimo. Aye, now I know thee, now thou nam'st
thy son :

Thou art the lively image of my grief,
Within thy face, my sorrows I may see :
Thy eyes are ²³⁵ gum'd with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son :
And self-same sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel :
Lean on my arm : I thee, thou me shalt stay,
And thou and I and she will sing a song ;
Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd :
Talk not of cords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain. [Exéunt.

*Enter KING of SPAIN, the DUKE, VICEROY, and
LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, Don PEDRO, and BELIM-
PERIA.*

King. Go, brother, 'tis the Duke of Castile's cause ;
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

Castile. I go.

Viceroy. Go forth, don Pedro, for thy nephew's sake,
And greet the duke of Castile.

Pedro. It shall be ²³⁶ so.

King. And now to meet ²³⁷ these Portingales :
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.—
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,
And welcome all his honourable train.
'Tis not unknown to us, for why you come,
Or have so kingly crost the raging seas :*

²³⁵ dim'd, 1618. 23. 33.

²³⁶ be sir, 1618. be done, sir, 1623.

²³⁷ the, 1618. 23. 33.

* According to our modern geography it is not necessary to cross " the raging seas " to go from Portugal to Spain.

²³⁸ Sufficeth it in this, we note the troth,
 And more than common love you lend to us.
 So is it that mine honourable niece
 (For it beseems us now that it be known)
 Already is betroth'd to Balthazar;
 And, by appointment and our condescent,
 To-morrow ²³⁹ are they to be married.
 To this intent we entertain thyself,
 Thy followers, their pleasure, ²⁴⁰ and our peace.
 Speak, men of Portingale; shall it be so?
 If aye, say so: if not, say flatly no.

Viceroy. Renowned king, I come not as thou think'st,
 With doubtful followers, unresolved men,
 But such as have upon thine articles
 Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.
 Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
 The marriage of thy well-beloved niece,
 Fair Belimperia, with my Balthazar,
 With thee, my son, whom sith I live to see,
 Here take my crown, I give it her and thee:
 And let me live a solitary life,
 In ceaseless prayers,
 To think how strangely heav'n hath thee preserv'd.

King. See, brother, see, how nature strives in him!
 Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
 Thy friend, with thine extremities:
 A place more private fits this princely mood.

Viceroy. Or here, or where your highness thinks it
 good. [*Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo.*]

Castile. Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you:
 See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?

Lorenzo. I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.

Castile. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lorenzo. For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth
 love,

And to confirm the promis'd marriage.

Castile. She is thy sister.

²³⁸ sufficed, 1618. 23. 33. ²³⁹ they are, 1633.

²⁴⁰ pleasures, 1623. 33

Lorenzo. Who, Belimperia? Aye, my gracious lord:
And this is the day that I have long'd so happily to see.

Castile. Thou would'st be loth that any fault of thine
Should intercept her in her happiness.

Lorenzo. Heav'ns will not let Lorenzo err so much.

Castile. Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,

That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo,
And in his suits towards his majesty
Still keep'st him back, and seek'st to cross his suit.

Lorenzo. That I, my lord?

Castile. I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been asham'd

To answer for thee, though thou ²⁴¹ art my son.

Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love,

And kindness that Hieronimo hath won

By his deserts, within the court of Spain?

Or seest thou not the king my brother's care

In his behalf, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo, should'st thou thwart his passions,

And he exclaim against thee to the king,

What honour were't in this assembly,

Or what a scandal were't among the kings,

To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee?

Tell me, and look thou tell me truly ²⁴² too,

Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

Lorenzo. My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power

To stop the vulgar, ²⁴³ liberal of their tongues:

A small advantage makes a water-breach,

And no man lives, that long contenteth all.

Castile. Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the king.

Lorenzo. Yourself, my lord, have seen his passions,
That ill-beseem'd the presence of a king:

²⁴¹ wert, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁴² too omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁴³ liberal] *Liberal*, in our ancient writers, is as here frequently
used to signify *licentious*. So, in Field's *Woman's a Weathercock*:

"Next that, the fame

"Of your neglect and *liberal* talking tongue

"Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong."

And for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to Hieronimo,
As to my soul, my lord.

Castile. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

Lorenzo. My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.
But what's a silly man distract in mind,
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas! how easy is it for him to err?
But for his satisfaction, and the world's,
'Twere good, my lord, that ²⁴⁴ Hieronimo and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconstrue me.

Castile. Lorenzo, thou hast said, it shall be so:—
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo.

Enter BALTHAZAR and BELIMPERIA.

Balthazar. Come, Belimperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease, and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith ²⁴⁵ heav'n hath ordained thee to be mine,
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And ²⁴⁶ clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.

Belimperia. My looks, my lord, are fitting for my
love;

Which, new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Balthazar. New-kindled flames should burn as morn-
ing sun.

Belimperia. But not too fast, lest heat and all be
done.

I see, my lord, my father.

Balthazar. Truce, my love, I will go salute him.

Castile. Welcome, Balthazar, welcome brave prince,
The pledge of Castile's peace;—
And welcome Belimperia—How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied;
It is not now as when Andrea liv'd,
We have forgotten, and forgiven that,

²⁴⁴ that omitted, 1623. 33.

²⁴⁵ heav'n hath thee ordained, 1623. 33.

²⁴⁶ cheare, 1618. 23. 33.

And thou art graced with a happier love:—
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo.
I'll have a word with him.

Enter HIERONIMO and SERVANT.

Hieronimo. And where's the duke?

Servant. Yonder.

Hieronimo. Even so: what new device hath they devised tro?

²⁴⁷ *Pocas palabras, mild as the lamb:*

²⁴⁸ I'st, I will be reveng'd? no, I am not the man.

Castile. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Lorenzo. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Balthazar. Welcome, Hieronimo.

Hieronimo. My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

Castile. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.

Hieronimo. What, so short?

Then I'll be gone, I thank you for't.

Castile. Nay, stay, Hieronimo:—go, call him, son.

Lorenzo. Hieronimo, my father craves a word with
you.

Hieronimo. With me, sir? why, my lord, I thought
you had done.

Lorenzo. No; would he had!

Castile. Hieronimo, I hear
You find yourself aggrieved at my son,
Because you have not access unto the king;
And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.

Hieronimo. Why, is not this a miserable thing, my
lord?

Castile. Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause;
And would be loth that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.

Hieronimo. Your son, Lorenzo! whom, my noble
lord?

The hope of Spain? mine honourable friend?

²⁴⁷ *Pocas palabras,*] These words are given to the Tinker in the
Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, in order to ridicule them.

²⁴⁸ *Hist, I will be reveng'd,*] 1633.

Grant me the combat of them, if they dare;

[*Draws out his sword.*]

I'll meet him face to face to tell me so.

These be the scandalous reports of such,

As love not me, and hate my lord too much.

Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent,

Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well?

My lord, I am asham'd it should be said.

Lorenzo. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

Hieronimo. My good lord, I know you did not.

Castile. There pause;

And for the satisfaction of the world,

Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,

The duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;

And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:

But here before prince Balthazar and me,

Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hieronimo. Aye marry, my lord, and shall;

Friends, quoth he, see, I'll be friends with you all:

Especially with you, my lovely lord;

For divers causes it is fit for us,

That we be friends; the world is suspicious,

And men may think what we imagine not.

Balthazar. Why this is friendly done, Hieronimo.

Lorenzo. And thus I hope old grudges are forgot.

Hieronimo. What else? it were a shame it should not be so.

Castile. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request,

Let us intreat your company to-day. *[Exit.]*

Hieronimo. Your lordship's to command.—Pha!—
Keep your way.

²⁴⁹ *Mi! chi mi fa piu carrezze che non suole*

Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole. *[Exit.]*

Enter GHOST, and REVENGE.

Ghost. "Awake, Erictho, Cerberus, awake,

"Sollicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine,

"To combat Acheron, and Erebus in hell,

"For ne'er by Styx and Phlegeton,

²⁴⁹ *Me, chi mi fa? Pui correzza che non sule*

Tradito viha otrade vule. Quartos.

“ Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes,
 “ Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees.
 “ Revenge! awake.

*Revenge.*²⁵⁰ “ Awake, for why?

Ghost. “ Awake, Revenge, for thou art ill advis’d
 “ To sleep; awake! what ²⁵¹ thou art warn’d to watch?

Revenge. “ Content thyself, and do not trouble me.

Ghost. “ Awake! Revenge; if love, as love hath had,
 “ Have yet the power or prevalence in hell:
 “ Hieronimo with Lorenzo is join’d in league,
 “ And intercepts our passage to revenge:
 “ Awake! Revenge, or we are ²⁵² woe be-gone.

Revenge. “ Thus worldlings ground what they have
 dream’d upon.

“ Content thyself, Andrea, though I sleep,
 “ Yet ²⁵³ is my mood solliciting their souls:
 “ Suffice it thee that poor Hieronimo
 “ Cannot forget his son Horatio.
 “ Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep a while:
 “ For in unquiet, quietness is ²⁵⁴ feign’d,
 “ And slumb’ring is a common worldly wile.
 “ Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how
 “ Revenge hath slept and then imagine thou,
 “ What ’tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a dumb show.

Ghost. “ Awake! Revenge, reveal this mystery.

Revenge. “ The two first the nuptial torches bore
 “ As ²⁵⁵ brightly burning as the mid-day’s sun:
 “ But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
 “ Cloathed in sable, and a saffron robe,
 “ And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
 “ As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. “ Sufficeth me thy meaning’s understood,
 “ And thanks ²⁵⁶ to thee, and those infernal powers,
 “ That will not tolerate a lover’s woe:

²⁵⁰ Rev. *Awake for why?* omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁵¹ *thou* omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁵² *woe be-gone.*] See Note 29 on *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 289.

²⁵³ in, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁵⁴ found, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁵⁵ bright, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁵⁶ unto, 1618. 23. 33.

" Rest thee, for I will sit ²⁵⁷ to see the rest."

Revenge. ²⁵⁸ Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter BELIMPERIA and HIERONIMO.

Belimperia. Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeit'st?
Are these the fruits of thy incessant tears?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations, and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
Oh unkind father! oh deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou shew thyself?
With what dishonour, and the hate of men,
From this dishonour, and the hate of men;
Thus to neglect the ²⁵⁹ loss and life of him,
Whom both my letters, and thine own belief,
Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered?
Hieronimo, for shame! Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son:
Unhappy mothers of such children then,
But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
The death of those, whom they with care and cost
Have tender'd so, thus careless should be lost.
Myself a stranger in respect of thee,
So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's ²⁶⁰ sake:
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
And give it over, and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
That wrought his downfall, with extremest death.
Hieronimo. But may it be, that Belimperia

²⁵⁷ unto, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁵⁸ Thus, 1618.

²⁵⁹ life and loss, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁶⁰ fashion.

Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say?
 Why then I see that heav'n applies our drift,
 And all the saints do sit solliciting
 For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
 Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so:
 I found a letter, written in your name,
 And in that letter, how Horatio died.
 Pardon, O pardon, Belimperia,
 My fear and care in not believing it;
 Nor think, I thoughtless think upon a mean,
 To let his death be unreveng'd at full:
 And here I vow, so you but give consent,
 And will conceal my resolution,
 I will ere long determine of their deaths,
 That causeless thus have murdered my son.

Belimperia. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
 And aught ²⁶¹ that may effect for thine avail
 Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death.

Hieronimo. On, ²⁶² then; whatsoever I devise,
 Let me intreat you, grace my practices:
 For why, the plot's already in my head.
 Here they are.

Enter BALTHAZAR and LORENZO.

Balthazar. How now, Hieronimo? what courting
 Belimperia?

Hieronimo. Aye, my lord, such courting as I promise you,
 She hath my heart: but you, my lord, have hers.

Lorenzo. But now, Hieronimo, or never, we are to
 intreat your help.

Hieronimo. My help? why, my good lords, assure
 yourselves of me;
 For you have given me cause, aye, by my ²⁶³ faith have
 you.

Balthazar. It pleas'd you at th' entertainment of the
 ambassador,
 To grace the king so much as with a show:

²⁶¹ what, 1633.

²⁶² O then, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁶³ honour, 1618. 23. 33.

Now were your study so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such like pleasing motion.
Assure yourself it would content them well.

Hieronimo. Is this all?

Lorenzo. Aye, this is all.

Hieronimo. Why then I'll fit you, say no more:
When ²⁶⁴ I was young, I gave my mind,
And ply'd myself to fruitless poetry:
Which though it profit the professor nought,
Yet ²⁶⁵ is it passing pleasing to the world.

Lorenzo. And how for that?

Hieronimo. Marry, my good lord, thus:
And yet methinks you are too quick with us.
When in Toledo, there I studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy,
See here, my lords, [Shews them a book.
Which, long forgot, I found this other day;
Now would your lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it,
I mean each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to the assembly.

Balthazar. What, would you have us play a tragedy?

Hieronimo. Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight,
To make experience of their wits in plays.

Lorenzo. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo,
The prince but asked you a question.

Balthazar. In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in earnest,

²⁶⁴ *When I was young, &c.*] Ben Jonson, who, as hath been said, performed the part of Hieronimo, hath borrowed this thought. See *Every man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 1:

"Myself was once a student, and, indeed,

"Fed with the self same humour he is now,

"Dreaming on naught but idle poetry,

"That fruitless and unprofitable art,

"Good unto none, but least to the professors."

²⁶⁵ it is, 1633.

I'll make one.

Lorenzo. And I another.

Hieronimo. Now, my good lord, could you intreat
Your sister Belimperia to make one :
For what's a play without a woman in't?

Belimperia. Little intreaty shall serve me, Hiero-
nimo :

For I must needs be employed in your play.

Hieronimo. Why this is well : I tell you, lordlings,
It was determined to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too ;
Such as could tell what to speak.

Balthazar. And now it shall be ²⁶⁶ play'd by princes
and courtiers,

Such as can tell how to speak ;
If, as it is our country manner,
You will but let us know the argument.

Hieronimo. That shall I roundly. The chronicles of
Spain

Record this written of a knight of ²⁶⁷ Rhodes :

He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,

To one Perseda, an Italian dame,

Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld :

Especially the soul of Solyman,

Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.

By sundry means sought Solyman to win

Perseda's love, and could not gain the same :

Then 'gan he break his passion to a friend,

One of his Bashaws, whom he held full dear,

Her had this Bashaw long solicited,

And she was not otherwise to be won,

But by her husband's death : this knight of Rhodes,

Whom presently by treachery he slew,

She stirr'd with an exceeding hate therefore,

As cause of this slew Solyman :

And to escape the Bashaw's tyranny,

Did stab herself: and this ²⁶⁸ the tragedy.

²⁶⁶ said, 1618. 23, 33.

²⁶⁷ of the Rhodes, 1618.

²⁶⁸ this is, 1618. 23, 33.

Lorenzo. Aye, sir.

Belimperia. But say, Hieronimo, what then became of him,

That was the Bashaw?

Hieronimo. Marry, thus; mov'd with remorse of his misdeeds,

Ran to a mountain top, and ²⁶⁹ hung himself.

Balthazar. But which of us is to perform that part?

Hieronimo. O, that will I, my lords, make no doubt of it,

I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;

For I already have conceited that.

Balthazar. And what shall I?

Hieronimo. Great Solyman, the ²⁷⁰ Turkish emperor.

Lorenzo. And I?

Hieronimo. Erasto, the knight of Rhodes.

Belimperia. And I?

Hieronimo. Perseda, chaste, and resolute.—

And here my lords, are several abstracts drawn,

For each of you to note your parts,

And act it as occasion's offered you.

You must provide a Turkish cap,

A black mustachio, and a fauchion.

[*Gives a paper to Balthazar.*

You with a cross, like ²⁷¹ to a knight of Rhodes.

[*Gives another to Lorenzo.*

And madam, you must attire yourself.

[*Gives Belimperia another.*

Like Phebe, Flora, or the huntress ²⁷²,

Which to your discretion shall seem best.

As for me, my lords, I'll look to one,

And with the ransom that the Viceroy sent,

So furnish and perform this tragedy,

As ²⁷³ all the world shall say, Hieronimo

Was liberal in gracing of it so.

Balthazar. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

²⁶⁹ hang'd, 1618. 23, 33.

²⁷¹ to omitted, 1618.

²⁷³ That, 1623, 83.

²⁷⁰ that, 1618.

²⁷² the huntress] i. e. Diana. Hawkins.

Hieronimo. A comedy! fie! comedies are fit for common wits:

But to present a kingly troop withall,
Give me a stately written tragedy;
Tragædia cothurnata, fitting kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My lords, all this must be perform'd,
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation,
They would perform any thing in action.

Lorenzo. And well it may, for I have seen the like
In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians.

Hieronimo. In Paris! mass, and well remember'd,
There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

Balthazar. What's that Hieronimo? forget not any
thing.

Hieronimo. Each one of us must act his part
In unknown languages,
That it may breed ²⁷⁴the more variety:
As you, my lord, in Latin,—I in Greek,—
You in Italian,—and for because I know
That Belimperia hath practised the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Belimperia. You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo.

Balthazar. But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood.

Hieronimo. It must be so: for the conclusion
Shall prove the invention, and all was good:
And I myself in an oration,
And with a strange and wonderous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure thyself, shall make the matter known:
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

Balthazar. How like you this?

Lorenzo. Why thus, my lord, we must resolve

²⁷⁴ the omitted, 1618. 23. 33.

To sooth his humours up.

Balthazar. ²⁷⁵ On then, Hieronimo, farewell till soon.

Hieronimo. You'll ply this gear?

Lorenzo. I warrant you. [*Ereunt all but Hieronimo.*]

Hieronimo. ²⁷⁶ Why so: now shall I see the fall of
Babylon,

Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.

And if the world like not this tragedy,

Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ISABELLA with a weapon.

Isabella. Tell me no more: O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety, nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where ²⁷⁷ thus they murder'd my beloved son.

[*She cuts down the arbour.*]

Down with these branches, and these loathsome boughs,
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine,
Down with them, Isabella, rend them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden plot.
Accursed complot of my misery!
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless ²⁷⁸ whosoever
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd.
An eastern wind commix'd with noisome airs
Shall blast the plants, and the young saplings:
The earth with serpents shall be pester'd,
And passengers, for fear to be infect,
Shall stand aloof; and looking at it, tell,
There, murder'd died the son of Isabel.
Aye, here he died, and here I him embrace.

²⁷⁵ O then, 1633.

²⁷⁶ I, why, 1633.

²⁷⁷ Where they murdered, 1618. 23.

Where they have murdered, 1633.

²⁷⁸ blissless, 1618. 23. 33.

See there his ghost solicits ²⁷⁹ with his wounds
 Revenge on her that should revenge his death.
 Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;
 For sorrow and despair hath cited me,
 To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamant:
 Make haste, Hieronimo; ²⁸⁰ to hold excus'd
 Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,
 Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath,—
 Ah nay ²⁸¹ thou dost delay their deaths,
 Forgiv'st the murderers of thy noble son,
 And none but I bestir me to no end:
 And as I curse this tree from farther fruit,
 So shall my womb be cursed for his sake;
 And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
 The hapless breast that gave Horatio suck.

[*She stabs herself.*]

Enter HIERONIMO, he knocks up the curtain.

Enter the Duke of CASTILE.

Castile. How now, Hieronimo, where's ²⁸² your fellows,

That you take all this pain?

Hieronimo. O, sir, it is for the author's credit,
 To look that all things may go well:
 But, good, my lord, let me intreat your grace
 To give the king the copy of the play:
 This is the argument of what we show.

Castile. I will, Hieronimo.

Hieronimo. One thing more, my good ²⁸³ lord.

Castile. What's that?

Hieronimo. Let me intreat your grace,
 That when the train ²⁸⁴ are past into the gallery,
 You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

Castile. I will, Hieronimo. [*Exit Castile.*]

Hieronimo. What, are you ready, Balthazar?
 Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

²⁷⁹ solicited with his wounds, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁸⁰ to hold exclude, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁸¹ ha, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁸² thy, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁸³ good my, 1633.

²⁸⁴ is, 1618. 23. 33.

Enter BALTHAZAR with a chair.

Well done, Balthazar, hang up the title:*

Our scene is Rhodes: what, is your beard on?

Balthazar. Half on, the other is in my hand.

Hieronimo. Dispatch for shame! are you so long?

[Exit Balthazar.]

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,

Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs,

Thou has receiv'd by murder of thy son.

And lastly, tho' not least, how Isabel,

Once his mother, and my dearest wife,

All ²⁸⁵ woe begone for him, hath slain herself.

Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be reveng'd:

The plot is laid of dire revenge;

On then ²⁸⁶, Hieronimo, pursue revenge:

For nothing wants, but acting of revenge. — *[Exit.]*

Enter Spanish KING, Duke of CASTILE, and their train.

King. Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy

Of Solyman the Turkish emperor,

Perform'd of pleasure by ²⁸⁷ your son the prince,

My nephew, don Lorenzo, and my niece?

Viceroy. Who, Belimperia?

King. Aye, and Hieronimo our marshal,

* Mr. Malone was usually very accurate in his quotations, but in this line he made a singular mistake, [Vide his Shakespeare, 1821, vol. III. p. 108.] where referring to this play, he cites thus.

“*Hieronimo.* Well done, Balthazar, hang up the tilt,” instead of “hang up the title.” He thus lost a material passage, to shew that of old a board was hung up on the stage with the title and scene of the piece.

————— “hang up the title

Our scene is Rhodes,” &c.

So also in *Wily beguil'd*, 1606.

“*Prologue.* How now, my honest Roague, what Play shall we have here to night?

“*Player.* Sir, you may look upon the title.

Prologue. What Spectrum, once again?”

This title of Spectrum is afterwards removed by the slight of hand of a Juggler and *Wily beguil'd* substituted for it.

²⁸⁵ woe-begone] See note 29 to *Cornelia*, vol. II. p. 289.

²⁸⁶ On them, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁸⁷ our, 1618. 23. 33.

At whose request they ²⁸⁸ deign to do't themselves:
 These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
 Here, brother, you shall be the book-keeper,
 This is the argument of that they show.

[Gives him a book.

Gentlemen, this play of HIERONIMO, in sundry Languages, was thought good to be set down in English, more largely, for the easier understanding to every publick reader.

Enter BALTHAZAR, BELIMPERIA, and HIERONIMO.

Balthazar. Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honour,

And holy Mahomet our sacred prophet:
 And be thou grac'd with every excellence,
 That Solyman can give, or thou desire.
 But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less,
 Than in reserving this fair ²⁸⁹christian nymph
 Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
 Whose eyes compel like powerful adamant
 The warlike heart of Solyman to wait.

King. See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar your son,
 That represents the emperor Solyman:
 How well he acts his amorous passion!

Viceroy. Aye, Belimperia hath taught him that.

Castile. That's because his mind runs all on Belimperia.

Hieronimo. Whatever joy earth yields, ²⁹⁰ betide your majesty.

Balthazar. Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.

Hieronimo. ²⁹¹ Let then Perseda on your grace attend.

Balthazar. She shall not wait on me, but I on her,
 Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield:
 But let my friend the Rhodian knight come forth,
 Erastus, dearer than my life to me,
 That he may see Perseda my belov'd.

Enter LORENZO.

King. Here comes Lorenzo—Look upon the plot,

²⁸⁸ denie, 1618.

²⁹⁰ betinde, 1618.

²⁸⁹ christian omitted, 1633.

²⁹¹ Then let, 1618. 23. 33.

And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

Belimperia. Ah, my Erastus, welcome to Perseda.

Lorenzo. Thrice happy is Erastus that thou liv'st:
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erastus' joy,
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives.

Balthazar. Ah, bashaw, here is love betwixt Erastus
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul.

Hieronimo. Remove Erastus, mighty Solyman,
And then Perseda will be quickly won.

Balthazar. Erastus is my friend, and while he lives
Perseda never will remove her love.

Hieronimo. Let not Erastus live to grieve great Soly-
man.

Balthazar. Dear is Erastus in our princely eye.

Hieronimo. But if he be your rival, let him die.

Balthazar. Why, let him die; so love commandeth me;
Yet grieve I that Erastus should so die.

Hieronimo. Erastus, Solyman saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, that thou should'st be thus employ'd.

[Stabs him.]

Belimperia. Ah me, Erastus!—See, Solyman, Erastus
slain.

Balthazar. Yet liveth Solyman to comfort thee.
Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,
That with Perseda's beauty is increas'd,
If by Perseda's grief be not releas'd.

Belimperia. Tyrant, desist solliciting vain suits;
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seiz'd on my Erastus, harmless knight;
Yet by thy power thou thinkest, to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey:
But were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince: [Stabs him.]
And on herself she would be thus reveng'd.

[Stabs herself.]

King. Well said, old marshal, this was bravely done.

Hieronimo. But Belimperia plays Perseda well.

Viceroy. Were this in earnest, Belimperia?
You would be better to my son than so.

King. But now what follows ²⁹²for Hieronimo?

Hieronimo. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo:
Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue:
Haply you think (but bootless ²⁹³are your thoughts)
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we do as all tragedians do,
To die to-day, (for fashioning our scene,
The death of Ajax, or some Roman peer)
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please to-morrow's audience:
No, princes; know, I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is ²⁹⁴tun'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
I see your looks urge instance of those words—
Behold the reason urging me to this.

[*He shews his dead son.*

See here my shew, look on this spectacle;
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end:
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain:
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost:
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft:
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, fail'd, died; yea, all decay'd with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life.
They murder'd me, that made these fatal marks.
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate;
The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar,
The love, my son to Belimperia:
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With pitchy silence hush'd ²⁹⁵these traytors harms,
And lent them leave, for they had ²⁹⁶sorted leisure,

²⁹² for omitted, 1618. 23. 33. ²⁹³ be, 1618. 23. 33.

²⁹⁴ turn'd, 1618. ²⁹⁵ the trait'rous, 1623. 33.

²⁹⁶ sorted] To sort is to chuse or select. As, in the Third Part of Henry VI. A. 5. S. 6:

“For I will sort a pitchy day for thee.”

Ford's *Love's Melancholy*:

“We shall sort time to take more notice of him.”

To take advantage in my garden-plot,
 Upon my son, my dear Horatio :
 There merciless they butcher'd up my boy,
 In black dark night, to pale dim cruel death.
 He shrieks, I heard ; and yet methinks I hear
 His dismal outcry echo in the air ;
 With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
 Where hanging on a tree I found my son ;
 Thro' girt with wounds, and slaughter'd as you see :
 And griev'd I, think you, at this spectacle ?
 Speak, Portingale, whose loss ²⁹⁷ resembles mine,
 If thou can'st weep upon thy Balthazar,
 'Tis like I ²⁹⁸ wail'd for my Horatio.—
 And you, my lord, whose reconciled son
 March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,
 And rated me for brain-sick lunacy,
²⁹⁹ With—God amend that mad Hieronimo :
 How can you brook our play's catastrophe ?
 And here behold this bloody handkerchief,
 Which at Horatio's death I, weeping, dipt
 Within the river of his bleeding wounds,
 It as propitious, see, I have ³⁰⁰ reserv'd,
 And never hath it left my bloody ³⁰¹ heart,
 Solliciting rememb'rance of my vow,
 With these, O these accursed murderers ;
 Which now perform'd, my heart is satisfy'd.
 And to this end the Bashaw I became,
 That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life ;
 Who therefore was appointed to the part,
 And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
 That, I might kill him more conveniently :—
 So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar thy son,
 That Solyman, which Belimperia,
 In person of Perseda, murder'd,
 Solely appointed to that tragick part,
 That she might slay him that offended her.
 Poor Belimperia miss'd her part in this ;

²⁹⁷ resemble, 1618. 23.²⁹⁸ waile, 1633.²⁹⁹ Which, 1618. 23. 33.³⁰⁰ preserv'd, 1618. 23. 33.³⁰¹ bleeding, 1623. 33.

For tho' the story saith, she should have died,
 Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
 Did otherwise determine of her end;
 But love of him, whom they did hate ³⁰² too much,
 Did urge her resolution to be such.—
 And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,
 Author and actor in this tragedy,
 Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
 And will as resolute conclude his part
 As any of the actors gone before.—
 And, ³⁰³ gentles, thus I end my play:
 Urge no more words, I have no more to say.

[He runneth to hang himself.]

King. O hearken, Viceroy—Hold Hieronimo—
 Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain.

Viceroy. We are betray'd—my Balthazar is slain.
 Break ope the doors—run, save Hieronimo.

[They break in, and hold Hieronimo.]

Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these events,
 Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Hieronimo. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
 Which I this day have offer'd to my son.—
 Accursed wretch! why ³⁰⁴ stayst thou him that was re-
 solv'd to die?

King. Speak, traitor! damned bloody murderer,
 speak!

For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.

Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

Viceroy. Why hast thou murder'd my Balthazar?

Castile. Why hast thou butcher'd both my children
 thus?

Hieronimo. *But are you sure that they are dead?*

Castile. *Aye, slain too sure.*

Hieronimo. *What, and your's too?*

Viceroy. *Aye, all are dead; not one of them survive.*

Hieronimo. *Nay, then I care not—Come, and we shall
 be friends:*

³⁰² so, 1623. 33. ³⁰³ gentlies, 1623. 33.

³⁰⁴ staid'st, 1623. 33.

Let us lay our heads together.

See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

Viceroy. *O damn'd devil! how ³⁰⁵ secure he is!*

Hieronimo. *Secure! why do'st thou wonder at it?*

*I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,
Than ever sate under the crown of Spain.*

*Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heavens to go to as those lives,
I'd give them all, aye, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.*

Castile. *Speak, who were thy confederates in this?*

Viceroy. *That was thy daughter Belimperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him.*

Hieronimo. *O good words—As dear to me was my
Horatio,*

*As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you;
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revenged thoroughly;
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet ³⁰⁶ aveng'd
³⁰⁷ With greater far than these afflictions.*

³⁰⁵ *secure*] “ In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—*securus admodum de “ bello animi securi homo.* A negligent security arising from a “ contempt of the object opposed.”

Dr. Warburton's Note on *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 4. S. 5. See also Dr. Farmer's Note on the same passage.

³⁰⁶ *reveng'd*, 1618. 23. 33.

³⁰⁷ *With greater far than these afflictions.*] In the second edition, instead of what is printed in Italicks, the Dialogue goes on in this manner:

Castile. But who were thy confederates in this?

Viceroy. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him.

King. Why speak'st thou not?

Hieronimo. What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence! then afford it me:
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

King. Fetch forth the tortures.—
Traitor as thou art, I'll make thee tell.

*Methinks, since I grew ³⁰⁸ inward with revenge,
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.*

*King. What, do'st ³⁰⁹ thou mock us, slave? bring
tortures forth.*

*Hieronimo. Do, do, do, and mean time I'll torture you :
You had a son, as I take it, and your son
Should have been married to your daughter : ha, was't not
so?*

*You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew :
He was proud and politick—Had he liv'd,
He might ha' come to wear the crown of Spain :
I think 'twas so—'Twas I that kill'd him :
Look you, this same hand was it that stabb'd
His heart—do you see this hand ?
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him ?
A youth, one that they hang'd up in his father's garden,
One that did force your valiant son to yield,
While your valiant son did take him prisoner.*

Viceroy. Be deaf my senses, I can hear no more.

King. Fall heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.

Castile. Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

Hieronimo. Now do I applaud what I have acted.

³¹⁰ *Nunc mors cede manus.*

*Now to express the rapture of my part,
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.*

[He bites out his tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch!—

*Hieronimo. Indeed, thou may'st torment me as his wretched son
Hath done in murd'ring my Horatio ;
But never shalt thou force me to reveal
The thing which I have vow'd inviolate,
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleas'd with their deaths, and eas'd with their revenge,
First take my tongue, &c.*

³⁰⁸ *inward] i. e. intimate. So, in the Malecontent, A. 4. S. 3 :*

" Come, we must be inward, thou and I all one."

The Revenger's Tragedy, A. 2 :

" My lord, most sure on't; for 'twas spoke by one,

" That is most inward with the duke's son's lust."

³⁰⁹ *thou omitted, 1623. 33.*

³¹⁰ *Nunc mors cede manus, 1618.*

Nunc mens cede manus, 1623. 33.

See, viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather than to reveal what we requir'd.

Castile. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch.

[*He makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.*]

Castile. O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

Viceroy. Here, and advise thee that thou write the
troth.—

Look to my brother, save Hieronimo.

[*He with the knife stabs the duke and himself.*]

King. What age hath ever heard such monstrous
deeds?

My brother and the whole succeeding hope
That ³¹¹ Spain expected after my decease—
Go bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother's death,
That he may be entomb'd whate'er befall:
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.

Viceroy. And thou, don Pedro, do the like for us:
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain:
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the main-mast of a ship unmann'd,
And let the wind and tide hale me along;
To Sylla's barking and untamed gulph;
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want ³¹² for my sweet Balthazar:
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*The trumpets sound a dead march; the king
of Spain mourning after his brother's body;
and the king of Portingale bearing the body
of his son.*]

Enter GHOST and REVENGE.

Ghost. Aye, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires.
Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;
Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain;

³¹¹ Of, 1618, 23, 33.

³¹² of, 1623, 33.

False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device ;
 Fair Isabella by herself misdone ;
 Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd ;
 The duke of Castile, and his wicked son,
 Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
 My Belimperia fallen, as Dido fell ;
 And good Hieronimo slain by himself :
 Aye, these were spectacles to please my soul.
 Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine,
 That by the virtue of her princely doom,
 I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
 And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
 I'll lead my friend Horatio thro' those fields,
 Where never-dying wars are still indur'd.
 I'll lead fair Isabella to that train
 Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain.
 I'll lead my Belimperia to those joys,
 That vestal virgins and fair queens possess.
 I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
 Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
 But say, Revenge, (for thou must help, or none)
 Against the rest how shall my hate be shewn ?

Revenge. This hand shall hale them down to
 deepest hell,

Where ³¹³ none but furies, bugs ³¹⁴, and tortures dwell.

Ghost. Then sweet Revenge, do this at my request,
 Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.
 Let loose poor Titius from the vulture's gripe,
 And let don Cyprian supply his room :

³¹³ nought, 1618, 23, 33.

³¹⁴ bugs] Terrors, So in *Arden of Feversham* :

" Nay then let's go sleepe ; when bugs and feares,

" Shall kill our courages with their fancies worke."

Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 180.

" And in their place came fearful bugges,

" As blacke as any pitche :

" With bellies big and swagging dugges,

" More loathsome then a witch."

Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales*, p. 16. edit. 1776 :

" A kynd of sound, that makes a hurling noyse,

" To feare young babes, with brute of bugges and toyes."

Place don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the lovers' endless pains surcease;
Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease;
Hang Balthazar about Chimera's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above.
Let Serberine go roul the fatal stone,
And take from Sisiphus his endless moan.
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragg'd thro' boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

Revenge. Then haste we down to meet thy friends
and foes :

To place thy friends in ease the rest in woes :
For here, tho' death ³¹⁵ hath end their misery.
I'll there begin their endless tragedy.

³¹⁵ doth, 1623, 33.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY,
CONTAINING THE LAMENTABLE MURDER OF
HORATIO AND BELLIMPERIA :

WITH THE
PITIFUL DEATH OF OLD HIERONIMO.

To the Tune of, *Queen Dido.*



You that have lost your former joys,
And now in woe your lives do lead:
Feeding on nought but dire annoys,
Thinking your griefs, all griefs exceed :
Assure yourselves it is not so :
Lo here a sight of greater woe.

Hapless Hieronimo was my name,
On whom fond fortune smiled long :
But now her flattering smiles I blame,
Her flattering smiles hath done me wrong.
Would I had died in tender years :
Then had not been this cause of tears.

I Marshall was in prime of years,
And won great honour in the field :
Until that age with silver'd hairs,
My aged head had overspread.
Then left I war and staid at home :
And gave my honour to my son.

Horatio, my sweet only child,
Prickt forth by fame's aspiring wings :
Did so behave him in the field,
That he prince Balthazar captive brings.
And with great honour did present
Him to the king incontinent.

The duke of Castile's daughter then
Desir'd Horatio to relate :
The death of her beloved friend,
Her love Andrea's woeful fate.
But when she knew who had him slain,
She vow'd she would revenge the same.

Then more to vex prince Balthazer,
Because he slew her chiefest friend :
She chose my son for her chief flower,
Thereby meaning to work revenge.
But mark what then did straight befall :
To turne my sweet to bitter gall.

Lorenzo then to find the cause,
Why that his sister was unkind :
At last he found within a pause,
How he might sound her secret mind.
Which for to bring well to effect :
To fetch her man he doth direct.

Who being come into his sight,
He threatneth for to rid his life : .
Except straightways he should recite,
His sister's love, the cause of strife.
Compel'd therefore t'unfold his mind :
Said with Horatio she's combin'd.

The villain then, for hope of gain,
Did straight convey them to the place
Where these two lovers did remain,
Joying in sight of others face.
And to their foes they did impart
The place where they should joy their heart.

Prince Balthazer, with his comperes,
Enters my bower all in the night,
And there my son slain they uprear,
The more to work my greater spight.
But as I lay and took repose :
A voice I heard, whereat I rose.

And finding then his senseless form,
The murderers I sought to find,
But missing them I stood forlorn,
As one amazed in his mind.
And rent and pull'd my silver'd hair,
And curs'd and damn'd each thing was there.

And that I would revenge the same,
I dipt a napkin in his blood :
Swearing to work their woeful bain,
That so had spoil'd my chiefest good.
And that I would not it forget :
It always at my heart I kept.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

THEN, Isabella, my dear wife,
Finding her son bereav'd of breath,
And loving him dearer than life
Her own hand straight doth work her death.
And now their deaths doth meet in one:
My griefs are come, my joys are gone.

Then frantically I ran about,
Filling the air with mournful groans,
Because I had not yet found out
The murderers to ease to moans.
I rent and tore each thing I got,
And said, and did, I knew not what.

Thus as I past the streets, hard by
The duke of Castile's house, as then
A Letter there I did espy,
Which show'd Horatio's woeful end.
Which Bellimperia forth had flung,
From prison, where they kept her strong.

Then to the court forthwith I went,
And of the king did justice crave,
But by Lorenzo's bad intent,
I hindred was, which made me rave.
Then vexed more I stamp'd and frown'd,
And with my poniard ript the ground.

But false Lorenzo put me out,
And told the king then by and by,
That frantically I ran about,
And of my son did always cry,
And said 'twere good I would resign:
My marshal-ship, which griev'd my mind.

The duke of Castile hearing then,
How I did grudge still at his son,
Did send for me to make us friends :
To stay the rumour then begun:
Whereto I straightway gave consent :
Although in heart I never meant.

Sweet Bellimperia comes to me,
Thinking my son I had forgot,
To see me with his foes agree,
The which I never meant, God wot :
But when we knew each other's mind,
To work revenge a mean I find.

Then bloody Baltazar enters in
Entreating me to show some sport
Unto his father and the king :
That to his nuptial did resort.
Which gladly I prepar'd to show,
Because I knew 'twould work their woe.

And from the Chronicles of Spain,
I did record Erastus life,
And how the Turk had him so slain :
And straight revenge wrought by his wife.
Then for to act this Tragedy,
I gave their parts immediately.

Sweet Bellimperia Baltazar kills,
Because he slew her dearest friend,
And I Lorenzo's blood did spill,
And eke his soul to hell did send.
Then died my foes by dint of knife,
But Bellimperia ends her life.

Then for to specify my wrongs,
With weeping eyes and mournful hart
I shew'd my son with bloody wounds,
And eke the murtherers did impart.
And said my son was as dear to me
As thine, or thine, though kings you be.

But when they did behold this thing,
Now I had slain their only sons;
The duke, the viceroy, and the king,
Upon me all they straight did run.
To torture me they do prepare,
Unless I should it straight declare.

But that I would not tell it then,
Even with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in despite did give it them,
That me with torments sought to wrong.
Thus when in age I sought to rest,
Nothing but sorrows me opprest.

They knowing well that I could write,
Unto my hand a pen did reach,
Meaning thereby I should recite,
The authors of this bloody fetch.
Then fained I my pen was naught,
And by strange signs a knife I sought.

But when to me they gave the knife,
I killed the duke then standing by,
And eke myself bereav'd of life,
For I to see my son did hie.
The kings that scorn'd my griefs before,
With nought can they their joys restore.

Here have you heard my tragick tale,
Which on Horatio's death depends,
Whose death I could anew bewail,
But that in it the murderers ends.
For murder God will bring to light,
Though long it be hid from man's sight.

Printed at *London*, for *H. Gosson*.

EDITIONS.

OF this Play Mr. Hawkins says there are many Editions, viz. 1603, 1615, 1618, 1623, 1633; and one without a date “printed by Edward Allde, amended of “such gross blunders as passed in the first.” None of these several Editions have come under my notice except those of 1623 and 1633; but, by comparing the collation of Mr. Hawkins with these copies, I can so far bear testimony to that Gentleman’s accuracy, as to think myself warranted to follow his Edition of this Play as printed in the *Origin of the English Drama*, vol. II. Mr. Hawkins printed from Allde’s Edition, compared with those of 1618, 1623, and 1633.*

The foregoing Ballad is printed from a Black Letter Copy in the valuable Collection of Thomas Pearson, Esq. It seems to have been written after the Play.

* The following are copies of the titles of the two earliest known editions, though it is clear from what is said, that the Tragedy was printed before 1599.

(1.) The Spanish Tragedie, containing the lamentable ende of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia: with the pittifull death of old Hieronimo.—Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faultes as passed in the former impression. At London, Printed by William White, dwelling in Cow-lane. 1599, 4to.

(2.) The Spanish Tragedie, containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia: with the pittifull death of olde Hieronimo. Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged, with new additions of the Painter’s part and others, as it hath of late been divers times acted. Imprinted at London by W. W. for T. Pavier, and are to be solde at the signe of the Catte and Parrats neare the Exchange. 1602.

THE
HONEST WHORE.

THOMAS DEKKAR wrote in the reign of James the First.* He was, says Langbaine¹, more famous for

* And in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. Dekkar's name occurs no less than fifteen times in *England's Parnassus*, which was printed in 1600, so that it is evident that he was a poet of considerable note then: besides, by Philip Henslowe's papers discovered in Dulwich College, it appears that he wrote either the whole or part of the following plays before the year 1603, when James ascended the throne.

Jan. 1597-8. Phaeton, by Thomas Dekkar.

March, 1598. The Triplicity of Cuckolds, by Tho: Dekkar.

The famous wars of Henry the First and the Prince of Wales, by Michael Drayton and Thomas Dekkar.

Earl Goodwine and his three sonnes, by M. Drayton, Henry Chettle, Thomas Dekkar, and Robert Wilson.

June, 1598. The Mad Man's Morris, by R. Wilson, M. Drayton, and T. Dekkar.

Hainbal and Hermes, by the same.

July, 1598. Pierce of Winchester, by the same.

Aug. 1598. Chance Meddley, by R. Wilson, Anthony Munday, M. Drayton, and T. Dekkar.

Worse appeared than hurt, by M. Drayton and T. Dekkar.

Sept. 1598. First part of the Civill Warrs in France, by M. Drayton and T. Dekkar.

Second part, by the same.

Third part, by the same.

Connan Prince of Cornwall, by the same.

Mar. 1591-9. Orestes Furies, by T. Dekkar.

Agamemnon, by H. Chettle and T. Dekkar.

June, 1599. The Gentle Craft, by T. Dekkar.

Bear a brain, by T. Dekkar.

Dec. 1599. Patient Grissell, by T. Dekkar, H. Chettle, and W. Haughton.

Jan. 1599-1600. Truths Supplication to Candle-light, by T. Dekkar.

The Spanish Morris, by T. Dekkar, William Haughton, and John Day.

Mar. 1599-1600. The Seven Wise Masters, by H. Chettle, T. Dekkar, W. Haughton, and J. Day.

April, 1600. Golden Ass and Cupid and Psyche, by T. Dekkar, J. Day, and H. Chettle.

June, 1600. The fair Constance of Rome, by A. Munday, Rich. Hathwaye, M. Drayton, and T. Dekkar.

April, 1601. Sebastien King of Portugal, by H. Chettle and T. Dekkar.

the contention he had with Ben Jonson for the Bayes,* than for any great reputation he had gained by his own writings. He was, however, not destitute of genius; and among his contemporaries, several of whom joined with him in writing, was much esteemed, especially by Richard Brome, who always gave him the title of Father. We know very few particulars concerning him. Oldys says he was in the King's Bench Prison from the year 1613 to 1616, if not longer.† We may,

May, 1602. The two Harpies, by T. Dekkar, M. Drayton, Tho. Middleton, John Webster, and A. Munday.

July, 1602. Medicine for a curst Wife, by T. Dekkar.

Nov. 1602. Lady Jane, by H. Chettle, T. Dekkar, Thomas Heywood, Smith, and J. Webster.

Second part, by T. Heywood, J. Webster, H. Chettle, and T. Dekkar.

Xmas comes but once a Year, by T. Dekkar.

Further to prove that Dekkar had acquired much reputation before the end of the reign of Elizabeth, it may be added, that he is mentioned by Meres (*Palladis Tamia*, 1598. fol. 283.) with Marlow, Peele, Shakespeare, Chapman, Kid, B. Jonson and others, as among the best in England for Tragedy.

It will be observed, that under date of June, 1599, a play, called "the Gentle Craft," is noticed, and the Biogr. Dram. informs us that it was never published. This is a mistake, it was printed in B. L. in 1600, under the following title.

"The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft: with the humorous Life of Simon Eyre, Shoemaker and Lord Maior of London." C.

¹ P. 121.

* Whatever were the ground of quarrel between B. Jonson and Dekkar, it occasioned the *Poetaster* of the former, and the *Satiromastix* of the latter: Jonson satirized Dekkar as Demetrius, introducing Marston as Crispinus, and Dekkar ridiculed Jonson under the name of Horace. It was long thought (and Mr. Hawkins and the Editor of the six volumes of Old English Plays fell into the error) that Jonson intended Dekkar by Crispinus, but Mr. O. Gilchrist detected the mistake. He supplied Mr. A. Chalmers with the information for his Biographical Dictionary, and in his copy of the six volumes of Old English Plays now before us, he has registered the fact in the margin. C.

† He was in the Poultry Counter in 1598, as we find from the subsequent quotation from Henslowe's Accounts.

"Lent unto the company the 4 Febreary, 1598, to discharge Mr. Dicker out of the cownter in the powltry, the some of fortie shillings. I say, dd. (delivered) to Thomas Downton xxxx s.

O. G.

therefore, conclude that, like the generality of his poetical friends, he was in indigent circumstances. At what time he died we do not know with certainty; but the same writer says he was alive in 1638; and at that time full threescore years of age. From a passage in the Dedication to *Match me in London*, published in 1631, it may be conjectured that he was older than Oldys imagines, as he there says, "I have beene a priest in Apollo's Temple many years, my voyce is decaying with my age." He was a voluminous writer, and besides a great number of Pamphlets, of which a list is hereafter given of as many as can at present be discovered, he wrote the following Plays:

1. "The Pleasant Comedie of OLD FORTUNATUS. As it was plaied before the Queens Majestie this Christmas, by the Right Honourable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall of England his Servants, 4to. 1600."

2. "Satiromastix, or the Untrussing of the humorous Poet. As it hath bin presented publikely, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, and privately by the Children of Paules, 1602, 4to. 1610, 4to."

3. The Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man and the Longing Wife, 1604, 4to. 1615, 4to. 1616, 4to. 1635, 4to.

4. Westward Hoe. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Children of Paules. Written by Thomas Decker and John Webster, 1607, 4to.

5. Northward Hoe. Sundry times acted by the Children of Paules. By Thomas Decker and John Webster, 1607, 4to.

6. The famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt. With the Coronation of Queen Mary, and the coming-in of King Philip. As it was plaied by the Queens Majesties Servants. Written by Thomas Deckers and John Webster, 1607, 4to.

7. The Whore of Babylon. Acted by the Prince's Servants, 1607, 4to.

8. "If it be not good, the Divil is in it. A new

" Play. As it hath bin lately acted with great applause,
 " by the Queenes Majesties Servants : at the Red Bull,
 " 1612, 4to."

9. " The Second Part of the Honest Whore; with
 " the Humours of the Patient Man, the impatient
 " Wife: the Honest Whore, perswaded by strong Ar-
 " guments to turne Curtizan againe: her brave refut-
 " ing those Arguments. And lastly, the Comickall
 " Passages of an Italian Bridewell, where the Scene
 " ends, 1630, 4to."*

10. " A Tragi-Comedy: called, *Match mee in Lon-*
don, As it hath beene often presented; first, at the
 " Bull in St. John's-street; and lately, at the Private
 " House in Drury-Lane, called the PHOENIX, 1631,
 " 4to."

11. *The Wonder of a Kingdome*, 4to, 1636.

He also joined with Massinger in writing *The Virgin Martyr*; with Rowley and Ford, in *The Witch of Edmonton*; Middleton and Rowley, in *The Roaring Girl*; and with Ford, in *The Sun's Darling*.†

A complete List of the several Pamphlets published by a Writer who so frequently employed the press, is scarce to be expected. The following is more perfect than any one which hath yet appeared:

1. " The Wonderfull Yeare, 1603. Wherein is
 " shewed the Picture of London, lying sicke of the
 " Plague. At the ende of all (like a merry Epilogue
 " to a dull Play) certaine Tales are cut out in sundry
 " fashions of purpose to shorten the lives of long winter
 " nights, that lye watching in the darke for us, 4to.
 " 1603."

Re-printed in *Phœnix Britannicus*, 1732, vol. I. p. 27.

* The second part of " the Honest Whore," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company the 29th April, 1608—Chalmers' Supp. Apol. 202. O. G.

† From Henslowes papers we also gather that Dekkar made additions to the play of *Sir John Oldcastle*; that he altered a play called *Tasso*, and that he was concerned with Jonson, Chettle, " and other gentlemen," in a tragedy, called *Robert the Second, King of Scots*. C.

2. "The whole magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his Wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, upon the day of his Majesties triumphant passage (from the Tower) through his honourable Citie, and chamber of London, the 15th of March, 1603, as well by the English as by the strangers, with the Speeches and Songs delivered in the several pageants; and those Speeches that before were published in Latin, now newly set forth in English by Thomas Dekker, 4to. 1604."

3. "Newes from Hell; brought by the Divel's Carrier, 4to. 1606." The running title is, *The Divel's Answere to Pierce Pennylesse*.

4. "The seven deadly Sinnes of London drawn in seven severall Coaches, through the seven severall Gates of the Citie. Bringing the Plague with them, 4to. 1606."

5. Jests to make you merryer, 4to. 1607.

6. A Knight's Conjuring done in Earnest, discovered in Jest, 4to. 1607.

7. The dead Term, or Westminster Complaint, &c. 4to. 1608.

8. The Guls Horne Booke, 4to. 1609. This treats of the humours and fashions of the Times among the Gallants and Paul's Walkers; also at the ordinaries, play-houses, and taverns, &c.

9. Troja nova triumphans, at the receiving Sir John Swinnerton, Knt. into the City of London, 4to. 1612.

10. "The Belman of London; bringing to light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdome, 4th Edition, 1616, 4to."*

There was an Edition of this Pamphlet as early as in 1608.

11. The Artillery Garden. A poem dedicated to

* This pamphlet is mentioned in some commendatory verses prefixed to "A Night's Search—Digested into a poeme by Humphrey Mill." 1640.

"If Decker deckt with discipline and wit

"Gain'd praises by the *Bell-man* that he writ," &c. C.

the honour of those gentlemen who (there) practize military discipline, 4to. 1616.

12. "Dekkar his Dream, 4to. 1620."

13. "Villainies discovered by Candle-light, and the helpe of a new Cryer, called, *O Per se O*. Being an addition to the Bel-man's second Night Walke: and laying open to the world of those abuses, which the Bel-man (because he went i'th'darke) could not see. With Canting Songs, and other new Conceits never before printed. Newly corrected and enlarged by the Author, 1620, 4to."

14. Thomas of Reading; or, The Six Worthys Yeomen of the West: now six times corrected and enlarged, 1632.

He was also the Author of a Pamphlet, the title-page of which was wanting in the only copy I have seen of it. The running titles of the different parts of it are, *A Strange Horse-race; The Divil's last Will and Testament; and The Bankrouts Banquet*.*

* The following is the correct title as given in the British Bibliographer, iv. 340.

A Strange Horse-Race. At the end of which comes in the Catch-pols, Masques, and after that the Bankrouts Banquet: which done the Divell, falling sicke makes his last Will and Testament this present yeare 1613.—Written by Thomas Dekker. 4to.

The second volume of the Brit. Bibl. p. 553, also supplies the subsequent tract, by Dekkar.

"The Ravevens Almanacke, foretelling of a Plague, Famine, and Civill Warre, that shall happen this present yeare 1609, not onely within this Kingdome of great Britaine, but also in France, Germany, Spaine, and other parts of Christendome." &c. 4to.

A pamphlet entitled "*A Rod for Runaways*," 1625, has also been assigned to Dekkar, but on very questionable authority. In the same year was printed, "*The Runaways Answer to a book called a Rod for Runaways*," which is curious, because it is dedicated to the well known Henry Condell, "at his country house at Fulham," and because it refers to and justifies the departure of the players of that day from the Capital, owing to the then raging pestilence. C.

Dekkar also wrote,

The Batchelors Banquet, 4to. 1631. 1677.

English Villanies seven several times, prest to death by the printers, 4to. 1638. O. G.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GASPARO TREBATZI, *Duke of Milan.*

CASTRUCHIO.

SINEZI.

PIORATTO.

FLUELIO.

HIPOLITO.

MATHEO.

FUSTIGO, *brother to Viola.*

CANDIDO, *the Patient Man.*

GEORGE, *his Servant.*

Dr. BENEDICT.

Friar ANSELMO.

CRAMBO.

POH.

ROGER, *servant to Bellafront.*

WOMEN.

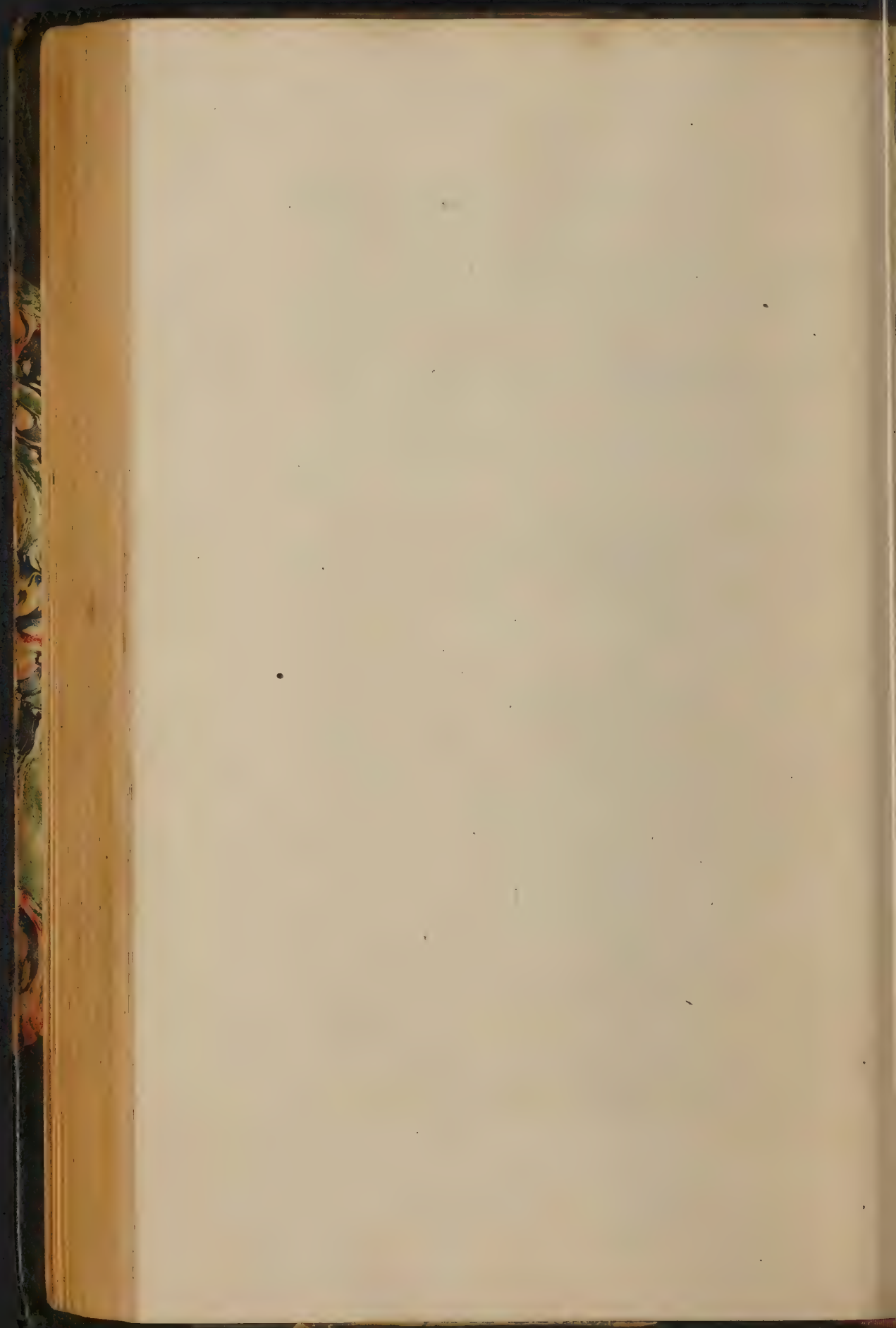
VIOLA, *wife to Candido.*

INFELICE.

BELLAFRONT, *the honest Whore.*

A BAWD.

Scene Milan.



THE
HONEST WHORE.*

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Enter at one door a funeral, a coronet lying on the hearse, 'scutcheons and garlands hanging on the sides; attended by GASPARO TREBATSI, duke of Milan, CASTRUCHIO, SINEZI, PIORATTO, FLUELLO, and others at another door.

Enter HIPOLITO in discontented appearance: MATHEO, a gentleman, his friend, labouring to hold him back.

Duke. BEHOLD, yon comet shews his head again!
Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us
¹ Prodigious looks; twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, he's turn'd wild;
Go on in God's name.

All. On afore there, ho.

Duke. Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly
sides
Your weapons, to keep back the desperate boy

* Henslowe's MSS. (a source of much curious information regarding our old drama not discovered in the time of Mr. Reed), also inform us under date of March 1602-3, that Dekkar was assisted in writing this play by T. Middleton: at least it was registered in their joint names. Hitherto it has been incorrectly printed, but it is now given from the edition of 1604, collated with those of 1615, 1616, and 1635. C.

¹ *Prodigious*] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a foretoken of evil. See Dr. Johnson's and Mr. Steevens's Notes on *King John*, A. 3. S. 1.

From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito. I pr'ythee, dear Matheo.

Matheo. Come, y'are mad.

Hipolito. I do arrest thee, murderer: set down, Villains, set down that sorrow, 'tis all mine.

Duke. I do beseech you all, for my blood's sake, Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath Join in confederacy with your weapons' points; If he proceed to vex us, let your swords Seek out his bowels; funeral grief loaths words.

All. Set on.

Hipolito. Set down the body.

Matheo. O! my lord,
Y'are wrong: i' th' open street? you see she's dead.

Hipolito. I know she is not dead.

Duke. Frantick young man,
Wilt thou believe these gentlemen? pray speak.
Thou dost abuse my child, and mock'st the tears
That here are shed for her: if to behold
Those roses wither'd that set out her cheeks;
That pair of stars that gave her body light,
Darken'd and dim for ever; all those rivers
That fed her veins with warm and crimson streams,
Frozen and dried up: If these be signs of death,
Then is she dead. Thou, unreligious youth,
Art not asham'd to empty all these eyes
Of funeral tears (a debt due to the dead,
As mirth is to the living:) sham'st thou not
To have them stare on thee?—Hark, thou art curs'd
Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speak.

Hipolito. My lord.

Duke. What would'st thou have? is she not dead?

Hipolito. Oh, you ha' kill'd her by your cruelty.

Duke. Admit I had, thou kill'st her now again;
And art more savage than ²a barbarous Moor.

Hipolito. Let me but kiss her pale and bloodless lip.

²—a barbarous Moor.] I suspect there is an allusion here to the character of Aaron the Moor, in Titus Andronicus.

Duke. O fie, fie, fie!

Hipolito. Or, if not touch her, let me look on her.

Matheo. As you regard your honour.

Hipolito. Honour! smok.

Matheo. Or, if you lov'd her living, spare her now.

Duke. Aye, well done, sir; you play the gentleman;
Steal hence; 'tis nobly done; away; I'll join
My force to your's, to stop this violent torment.

Pass on. [*Exeunt with funeral.*]

Hipolito. Matheo, thou dost wound me more.

Matheo. I give you physick, noble friend, not
wounds.

Duke. Oh, well said, well done, a true gentleman:
Alack! I know the sea of lovers rage
Comes rushing with so strong a tide, it beats
And bears down all respects of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes.—Forget her, gallant youth.

Hipolito. Forget her?

Duke. Nay, nay, but be patient:
For why, death's hand hath sued a strict divorce
'Twixt her and thee. What's beauty but a corse?
What but fair sand-dust are earth's purest forms?
Queens' bodies are but trunks to put in worms.

Matheo. Speak no more sentences, my good lord,
but slip hence; you see they are but fits; I'll rule him,
I warrant ye.—Aye, so, tread gingerly, your grace is
here somewhat too long already. 'Sblood, the jest were
now, if, having ta'en some knocks o' the pate already,
he should get loose again, and, like a mad ox, toss my
new black cloaks into the kennel. I must humour his
lordship.—My lord Hipolito, is it in your stomach to
go to dinner?

Hipolito. Where is the body?

Matheo. The body, as the duke spoke very wisely, is
gone be worm'd.

Hipolito. I cannot rest; I'll meet it at next turn.
I'll see how my love looks.

[*Matheo holds him in's arms.*]

Matheo. How your love looks! worse than a scare-

crow. Wrestle not with me: ³ the great fellow gives the fall for a ducat.

Hipolito. I shall forget myself.

Matheo. Pray do so; leave yourself behind yourself, and go whither you will. 'Sfoot, do you long to have base rogues that maintain a saint Anthony's fire in their noses (by nothing but two-penny ale) make ballads of you? If the duke had but so much metal in him, as is in a cobbler's awl, he would ha' been a vex'd thing; he and his train had blown you up, but that their powder has taken the wet of cowards: you'll blood ⁴ three pottles of Alicant, by this light, if you follow 'em; and then we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have surgeons roll thee up, like a baby in swaddling clouts.

Hipolito. What day is to-day, Matheo?

Matheo. Yea, marry, this is an easy question: why to-day is, let me see, Thursday.

Hipolito. Oh, Thursday!

Matheo. Here's a coil for a dead commodity! 'sfoot, women, when they are alive, are but dead commodities; for you shall have one woman lie upon many men's hands.

Hipolito. She died on Monday then.

Matheo. And that's the most villainous day of all the week to die in: and she was well, and eat a mess of water-gruel, on Monday morning.

Hipolito. I,* it cannot be.

³ the great fellow gives the fall for a ducat.] See *As you like it*, A. 1. S. 2.

⁴ three pottles of Alicant] This wine appears to have been a favourite liquor at the time Dekkar wrote. Blount, in his *Glossographia*, says, it is called from "Alicante, the chiefest town of Murcia in Spain, where great store of mulberries grow, the juice whereof makes the true Alicant wine."

It was usually spelt Aligant, and so indeed it is in this play in all the editions. In Webster and Rowley's *Cure for a Cuckold*, Act IV. it is called *elegant* as a pun, and is spoken of as a wine fit for a lady. C.

* There seems no sufficient reason for not preserving here, as elsewhere, the old mode of writing and printing the adverb *Aye*. C.

Such a bright taper should burn out so soon.

Matheo. O! yes, my lord. So soon! why, I ha' known them that at dinner have been as well, and had so much health, that they were glad to pledge it; yet, before three o'clock, have been found dead drunk.

Hipolito. On Thursday buried! and on Monday died! Quick haste, by'r lady: sure her winding sheet Was laid out 'fore her body; and the worms, That now must feast with her, were even bespoke, And solemnly invited, like strange guests.

Matheo. Strange feeders they are, indeed, my lord, and like your jester, or young courtier, will enter upon any man's trencher without bidding.

Hipolito. Curs'd be that day for ever, that robb'd her Of breath, and me of bliss! henceforth let it stand Within the wizard's book (the kalendar) Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen By thieves, by villains, and black murderers, As the best day for them to labour in. If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world Be got with child with treason, sacrilege, Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury, Slander (the beggar's sin), lies (* sin of fools), Or any other damn'd impieties, On Monday let them be delivered. I swear to thee, *Matheo*, by my soul, Hereafter weekly on that day I'll glew Mine eye-lids down, because they shall not gaze On any female cheek: and being lock'd up In my close chamber, there I'll meditate On nothing but my *Infelice's* end, Or on a dead man's scull draw out mine own.

Matheo. You'll do all these good works now every Monday, because it is so bad: but I hope upon Tuesday morning I shall take you with a wench.

Hipolito. If ever whilst frail blood through my veins run,

* The insertion of the article *the* before "sin," spoils the measure, and is not warranted by any of the editions. C.

On woman's beams I throw affection,
 Save her that's dead : or that I loosely fly
 To th' shore of any other wafting eye,
 Let me not prosper, heaven. I will be true,
 Even to her dust and ashes : could her tomb
 Stand, whilst I liv'd so long, that it might rot,
 That should fall down, but she be ne'er forgot.

Matheo. If you have this strange monster, honesty,
 in your belly, why so ⁵jig-makers and chroniclers shall
 pick something out of you : but and I smell not you and
 a bawdy-house out within these ten days, let my nose
 be as big as an English bag-pudding. I'll follow your
 lordship, though it be to the place aforementioned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

* *Enter FUSTIGO in some fantastick sea-suit at one door,
 a PORTER meets him at another.*

Fustigo. How now, Porter, will she come ?

Porter. If I may trust a woman, sir, she will come.

Fustigo. There's for thy pains ; Godamercy, if ever
 I stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet
 finger, Porter, thou shalt earn my money before any
 Clarissimo in Milan ; yet so, God sa' me, she's mine
 own sister, body and soul, as I am a christian gentleman.
 Farewel, I'll ponder till she come : thou hast been no
 bawd in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

Porter. No matter if I had, sir ; better men than
 Porters are bawds.

Fustigo. O God, sir, many that have born offices.
 But, Porter, art sure thou went'st into a true house ?

Porter. I think so, for I met with no thieves.

Fustigo. Nay, but art sure it was my sister Viola ?

⁵ *jig-makers*] i. e. ballad-makers. See Note 35 to *Edward II.*
 Vol. II.

* The play is not divided into Acts, and the number of the Scenes
 are not given in any of the Editions until Scene IX. The others
 were supplied in the last reprint, and have been retained, although
 one was accidentally omitted by Mr. Reed. C.

Porter. I am sure by all superscriptions it was the party you cypher'd.

Fustigo. Not very tall?

Porter. Not very low, a middling woman.

Fustigo. 'Twas she, faith, 'twas she; a pretty plump cheek, like mine.

Porter. At a blush a little, very much like you.

Fustigo. Godso, I would not for a ducat she had kick'd up her heels, for I ha' spent an abomination this voyage, marry, I did it amongst sailors and gentlemen.—There's a little modicum more, *Porter*, for making thee stay: farewell, honest *Porter*.

Porter. I am in your debt, sir, God preserve you. [*Exit.*

Enter VIOLA.

Fustigo. Not so neither, good *Porter*; godslid, yonder she comes.—Sister *Viola*, I am glad to see you stirring: 'tis news to have me here, is't not, sister?

Viola. Yes, trust me: I wonder'd who should be so bold to send for me.—You are welcome to Milan, brother.

Fustigo. Troth, sister, I heard you were married to a very rich chuff, and I was very sorry for it, that I had no better cloaths, and that made me send: for you know we Milaners love to strut upon Spanish leather.—And how does all our friends?

Viola. Very well; you ha' travelled enough now, I trow, to sow your wild oats.

Fustigo. A pox on 'em; wild oats! I ha' not an oat to throw at a horse. Troth, sister, I ha' sow'd my oats, and reap'd two hundred ducats, if I had 'em here. Marry, I must entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty, till the ship come: by this hand, I'll discharge at my day, by this hand.

Viola. These are your old oaths.

Fustigo. Why, sister, do you think I'll forswear my hand?

Viola. Well, well, you shall have them. Put yourself into better fashion, because I must employ you in a serious matter.

Fustigo. I'll sweat like a horse, if I like the matter.

Viola. You ha' cast off all your old swaggering humours?

Fustigo. I had not sail'd a league in that great fish-pond (the sea) but I cast up my very gall.

Viola. I am the more sorry, for I must employ a true swaggerer.

Fustigo. Nay, by this iron, sister, they shall find I am powder and touch-box, if they put fire once into me.

Viola. Then lend me your ears.

Fustigo. Mine ears are your's, dear sister.

Viola. I am married to a man that has wealth enough, and wit enough.

Fustigo. A linen draper, I was told, sister.

Viola. Very true, a grave citizen; I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband: but here's the spite, he has not all things belonging to a man.

Fustigo. Gods my life, he's a very ⁶ mandrake; or else (God bless us) one o'these whiblins, and that's worse; and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body, sister, are bastards by a statute.

Viola. O, you run over me too fast, brother. I have heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry is no man. I am sure my husband is a man ⁷ in print for all things else, save only in this, no tempest can move him.

Fustigo. 'Slid, would he had been at sea with us, he should ha' been mov'd and mov'd again; for I'll be sworn, la, our drunken ship reel'd like a Dutchman.

Viola. No loss of goods can increase in him a

⁶ *mandrake*;] "A plant bearing yellow round apples; the root of it is great and white like a radish root, and is divided into two or more parts, growing sometimes like the legs of a man." Blount's *Glossographia*.

See Mr. Steevens's Note on the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 2.

⁷ *in print*] Exactly, perfectly. So, in *Laugh and lie downe, or the World's Folly*, 1605. Sign. D. 3: —"his looks were so demure, his words were so *in print*, his graces so in order, and his conceits so in tune, &c."

See also the Notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyrwhitt on *Love's Labour Lost*, p. 419. edit. 1778.

wrinkle; no crabbed language make his countenance sour; the stubbornness of no servant shake him; he has no more gall in him than a dove, no more sting than an ant; musician will he never be, (yet I find much musick in him) but he loves no frets; and is so free from anger, that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that virtue which all women's tongues have, to anger their husbands: brother, mine can by no thunder turn him into a sharpness.

Fustigo. Belike his blood, sister, is well brew'd then.

Viola. I protest to thee, *Fustigo*, I love him most affectionately; but I know not—I ha' such a tickling within me—such a strange longing; nay, verily, I do long.

Fustigo. Then y'are with child, sister, by all signs and tokens; nay, I am partly a physician, and partly something else. I ha' read ^s *Albertus Magnus*, and *Aristotle's* problems.

Viola. Y'are wide a'the bow-hand still, brother: my longings are not wanton, but wayward: I long to have my patient husband eat up a whole porcupine, to the intent the bristling quills may stick about his lips like a Flemish mustachio, and be shot at me: I shall be leaner than the new moon, unless I can make him horn-mad.

Fustigo. 'Sfoot, half a quarter of an hour does that: make him a cuckold.

Viola. Poh, he would count such a cut no unkindness.

Fustigo. The honestest citizen he. Then ⁹ make him drunk and cut off his beard.

^s *Albertus Magnus*,] i. e. *de Secretis Mulierum*. S.

⁹ *make him drunk and cut off his beard.*] To cut off the hair of any person was, in our Author's time, a mark of disgrace, and esteemed a very great indignity. From the following passage in a Pamphlet, called, "*The admirable deliverance of 266 Christians, by John Reynard, Englishman, from the captivité of the Turkes, who had been Gally-slaves many years in Alexandria, 1608.*" Sign. B. 2. it seems to have been a practice made use by the Turks towards their prisoners, "hither were these Christians brought; the first villany and indignitie that was done unto them, was the shaving off all the hayre both

Viola. Fie, fie; idle, idle; he's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little ¹⁰scal'd hair. No, brother, thus it shall be; you must be secret.

Fustigo. As your midwife, I protest, sister, or a barber-surgeon.

Viola. Repair to the Tortoise here in St. Christopher's street, I will send you money; turn yourself into a brave man: instead of the arms of your mistress, let your sword and your military scarf hang about your neck.

Fustigo. I must have a great horseman's French feather too, sister.

Viola. O, by any means, to shew your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcomb: to be brief, you must be in all points a most terrible wide-mouth'd swaggerer.

Fustigo. Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Viola. Resort then to our shop, and (in my husband's presence) kiss me, snatch rings, jewels, or any thing; so you give it back again, brother, in secret.

Fustigo. By this hand, sister.

Viola. Swear as if you came but new from knighting.

Fustigo. Nay, I'll swear after 400 a year.

Viola. Swagger worse than a lieutenant among fresh-water soldiers; call me your love, your ingle, your cousin, or so; but, sister, at no hand.

Fustigo. No, no, it shall be cousin; or rather cuz, that's the gulling word between the citizens' wives and their old dames that man 'em to the garden; to call you one o'mine ¹¹aunts, sister, were as good as call you

"of heade and beard, thereby to rob them of those ornaments which all Christians make much of, because they best become them."

¹⁰scal'd hair] i. e. scattered, or dispersed hair. Mr. Lambe, in his Notes on *Flodden Field*, observes, that the word *scale* is used in the North in the above-mentioned sense. See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Coriolanus*, A. 1. S. 1.

¹¹aunts] Aunt was a cant word for a woman of no virtue, generally for a bawd. So, in Dekker's *Bel-man's Night-walkes*, Sign. G: "Be not so guld, be not so dull in understanding: do thou but followe aloofe those two tame pigeons, and thou shalt find, that her new uncle lies by it all that night, to make his kins-woman one

errant whore: no, no, let me alone to couzen you rarely.

Viola. He has heard I have a brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fustigo. The best in Milan, I warrant.

Viola. Take up wares, but pay nothing; rifle my bosom, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for money to dice withall; but, brother, you must give all back again in secret.

Fustigo. By this welkin that here roars, I will, or else let me never know what a secret is. Why, sister, do you think I'll ¹² coney-catch you, when you are my cousin? god's my life, then I were a stark ass. If I fret not his guts, ¹³ beg me for a fool.

Viola. Be circumspect, and do so then. Farewel.

Fustigo. The tortoise, sister? I'll stay there; forty ducats. [Exit.]

Viola. Thither I'll send: this law can none deny, Women must have their longings, or they die. [Exit.]

"of mine aunts." See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 2.

In Middleton's *Trick to catch the Old One*, A. 2. S. 1. is the following passage, "Was it not better bestowed upon his uncle than upon one of his aunts; I need not say *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation." O. G.

¹² *coney-catch*] *Coney-catch* is to cheat or defraud. So a *coney-catcher* was the common name of a *cheat*, or *shurper*. In *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602, A. 4. Curvetto says: "Felony? you *cony-catching* slave." To which Frisco replies: "*Cony-catching* will bear an action. I'll *cony-catch* you for this." Robert Green, who Dr. Johnson observes, was one of the first amongst us who made a trade of writing Pamphlets, published several describing the different modes of *cheating*, or *coney-catching*, used in his time.

¹³ *beg me for a fool.*] Sir William Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, vol. I. p. 303. says: "By the old common law there is a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, to enquire whether a man be an idiot or not: which must be tried by a jury of twelve men; and, if they find him *purus idiota*, the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, may be granted by the king to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them." And he observes that this power, though of late very rarely exerted, is still alluded to in common speech by that usual expression of *begging* a man for a fool.

SCENE III.

GASPARO *the* DUKE, DOCTOR BENEDICT, *two*
SERVANTS.

Duke. Give charge that none do enter, lock the doors;

And, fellows, what your eyes and ears receive,
Upon your lives trust not the gadding air
To carry the least part of it.—The glass, the hour-glass.

Doctor. Here, my lord.

Duke. Ah, 'tis near spent.

But, doctor Benedict, does your art speak truth?
Art sure the soporiferous stream will ebb,
And leave the crystal banks of her white body
(Pure as they were at first) just at the hour?

Doctor. Just at the hour, my lord.

Duke. Uncurtain her.

Softly, sweet Doctor. What a coldish heat
Spreads over all her body!

Doctor. Now it works: *

The vital spirits that by a sleepy charm
Were bound up last, and threw an icy rust
On her exterior parts, now 'gin to break:
Trouble her not, my lord.

Duke. Some stools. You call'd
For musick, did you not? oh, ho, it speaks,
It speaks. Watch, sirs, her waking, note those sands.
Doctor, sit down: a dukedom that should weigh
Mine own down twice, being put into one scale,
And that fond desperate boy Hipolito
Making the weight up, should not (at my hands)
Buy her i' th' other, were her state more light
Than her's, who makes a dowry up with alms.
Doctor, I'll starve her on the Appennine,
Ere he shall marry her. I must confess,
Hipolito is nobly born; A man,
Did not mine enemies blood boil in his veins,

* These words, forming the end of a line, were omitted by Mr. Reed, though inserted in all the old copies. C.

Whom I would court to be my son-in-law ;
But Princes, whose high spleens for empery* swell,
Are not with easy art made parallel.

2 *Servant*. She wakes, my lord !

Duke. Look, Doctor Benedict.

I charge you, on your lives, maintain for truth
Whate'er the Doctor or myself aver ;
For you shall bear her hence to Bergamo.

Infelice. † Oh god, what fearful dreams !

Lady. Lady.

Infelice. Ha !

Duke. Girl !

Why, Infelicia ! How is't now ? ha, speak.

Infelice. I'm well.—What makes this Doctor here ?—
I'm well.

Duke. Thou wert not so e'en now. Sickness pale
hand ‡

Laid hold on thee even ¹⁴ in the deadst of feasting ;
And when a cup, crown'd with thy lover's health,
Had touch'd thy lips, a sensible cold dew
Stood on thy cheeks, as if that death had wept
To see such beauty alter'd.

Infelice. I remember

I sat at banquet : but felt no such change.

Duke. Thou hast forgot then how a messenger
Came wildly in, with this unsavoury news,
That he was dead.

Infelice. What messenger ? who's dead ?

Duke. Hipolito. Alack, wring not thy hands !

Infelice. I saw no messenger ; heard no such news.

* Not *empire*, as printed by Mr. Reed. C.

† The name of the Duke's daughter is differently spelt in different parts of the play, and Mr. Reed observed no uniformity. It is usually printed *Infelicha*, or *Infeliche*, but the proper method is no doubt *Infelice*, the pronunciation of the Italian *c* having occasioned the confusion.

‡ Hitherto the metre has been spoiled by printing it "sickness's pale hand." The alteration is warranted by the editions of 1604, 1615, and 1616. C.

¹⁴ — in the deadst of feasting ;] i. e. in the midst ; taken from the vulgar expression concerning night, saying, in the dead of night, for the middle of it. S. P.

Doctor. Trust me you did, sweet lady.

Duke. La' you now.

2 Servants. Yes, indeed, madam.

Duke. La' you now; 'tis well, God knows.

Infelice. You ha' slain him, and now you'll murder me.

Duke. Good Infelicia, vex not thus thyself:

Of this the bad report before did strike
So coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents
Of life were all frozen up——

Infelice. It is untrue,
'Tis most untrue. O most unnatural father!

Duke. And we had much ado, by art's best cunning,
To fetch life back again.

Doctor. Most certain, lady.

Duke. Why la' you now; you'll not believe me.
Friends,

Sweat we not all? had we not much to do?

2 Servant. Yes indeed, my lord, much.

Duke. Death drew such fearful pictures in thy face,
That, were Hipolito alive again,

¹⁵ I'd kneel and woo the noble gentleman

To be thy husband. Now I sore repent

My sharpness to him, and his family.

Nay, do not weep for him: we all must die.

Doctor. this place where she so oft hath seen

His lively presence, haunts her: does it not?

Doctor. Doubtless, my lord, it does.

Duke. It does, it does.

Therefore, sweet girl, thou shalt to Bergamo.

Infelice. Even where you will: in any place there's
woe.

Duke. A coach is ready; Bergamo doth stand
In a most wholesome air; sweet walks; there's deer.

Aye, thou shalt hunt and send us venison,

Which, like some Goddess in the Cyprian groves,*

Thine own fair hand shall strike.—Sirs, you shall
teach her

¹⁵ *I'd kneel*] All the editions read *I'll kneel*.

* All the editions read "*Coprian* groves," but it is evidently an error. C.

To stand, and how to shoot: aye, she shall hunt.
Cast off this sorrow. In girl, and prepare
This night to ride away to Bergamo.

Infelice. O most unhappy maid!

[*Exit.*

Duke. Follow it close.

No words that she was buried, on your lives,
Or that her ghost walks now after she is dead;
I'll hang you if you name a funeral.

1 *Servant.* I'll speak Greek, my lord, ere I speak
that deadly word,

2 *Servant.* And I'll speak Welch, which is harder
than Greek.

[*Exeunt.*

Duke. Away, look to her.—Doctor Benedict,
Did you observe how her complexion alter'd
Upon his name and death? O! would 'twere true!

Doctor. It may, my lord.

Duke. May! How? I wish his death.

Doctor. And you may have your wish: say but the
word,

And 'tis a strong spell to rip up his grave.

I have good knowledge with Hipolito:

He calls me friend; I'll creep into his bosom,
And sting him there to death: poison can do't.

Duke. Perform it; I'll create thee half mine heir.

Doctor. It shall be done, altho' the fact be foul.

Duke. Greatness hides sin; the guilt upon my soul.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter CASTRUCHIO, PIORATTO, and FLUELLO.

Castruchio. Signior Pioratto, signior Fluello, shall's
be merry? shall's play the wag now?

Fluello. Aye, any thing that may beget the child of
laughter.

Castruchio. Truth, I have a pretty sportive conceit
new crept into my brain, will move excellent mirth.

Pioratto. Let's ha't, let's ha't; and where shall the
scene of mirth lie?

Castruchio. At signior Candido's house, the patient

man; nay, the monstrous patient man: they say his blood is immoveable; that he has taken all patience from a man, and all constancy from a woman.

Fluello. That makes so many whores now-a-days.

Castruchio. Aye, and so many knaves too.

Pioratto. Well, sir.

Castruchio. To conclude; the report goes, he's so mild, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can move him. Now, do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as mad as an English cuckold.

Fluello. O! 'twere admirable mirth, that: but how wil't be done, signior?

Castruchio. Let me alone; I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will sting him, 'faith, if he have but a thimbleful of blood in's belly, or a spleen not so big as ¹⁷ a tavern token.

Pioratto. Thou stir him! thou move him! thou anger him! Alas! I know his approved temper. Thou vex him! why he has a patience above man's injuries: thou may'st sooner raise a spleen in an angel than rough humour in him. Why, I'll give you instance for it: this wonderfully temper'd signior Candido upon a time invited home to his house certain Neapolitan

¹⁷ *a tavern token*] During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from thenceforward to that of Charles the Second, very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of trade, victuallers and other tradesmen, without any restriction, were therefore permitted to coin small money, or *tokens* as they were called, which were used for change. These *tokens* were very small pieces, and probably at first coined chiefly by tavern keepers; from whence the expression *a tavern token* might have been originally derived. Amongst other cant phrases to describe drunkenness, it appears from *Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 60, that to swallow *a tavern token* was one. So Cob, in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 4. says, in answer to Master Matthew's question: "Was he drunk?" "Drunk, sir? you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallowed a tavern token, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal."

Tavern tokens are often mentioned. So in *Westward Hoe*, Sign. C 4. "I dare pawne my gowne and all the beds in my house, and all the gettings in Michaelmas terme next to a *Taverne token* that thou shalt never be an innocent." I. R.

lords, of curious taste, and no mean palates; ¹⁸ conjuring his wife of all loves, to prepare cheer fitting for such honourable trenchermen. She (just of a woman's nature, covetous to try the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour) willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurnish'd not only of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He (according to the mildness of his breast) entertain'd the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time, (as much as a citizen might do). To conclude; they were hungry lords, for there came no meat in; their stomachs were plainly gull'd, and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could have seized a man) there was matter enough, i'faith, to vex any citizen in the world, if he were not too much made a fool by his wife.

Fluello. I, I'll swear for't: 'sfoot, had it been my case, I should have ha' play'd mad tricks with my wife and family; first, I would ha' spitted the men, stew'd the maids, and baked the mistress, and so served them in.

Pioratto. Why, 'twould ha' tempted* any blood but his;

And thou to vex him! thou to anger him
With some poor shallow jest!

Castruchio. S'blood, signior Pioratto (you that disparage my conceit) I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on't, that it moves, frets him, and galls him.

Pioratto. Done: 'tis a lay; ¹⁹ join golls on't. Witness signior Fluello.

Castruchio. Witness: 'tis done.

Come follow me: the house is not far off.

I'll thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,

And win an hundred ducats by one jest. [Exeunt.]

¹⁸ conjuring his wife of all loves] See note 95 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

* The sense clearly requires *tempted* and not *temper'd* as hitherto given. The edition of 1604, reads *tempred*, but it is a misprint, and all the subsequent reprints warrant *tempted*. C.

¹⁹ join golls]-i. e. hands. See note 17 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*.

SCENE V.

Enter CANDIDO'S WIFE, GEORGE, and two 'PRENTICES in the shop.

Wife. Come you, put up your wares in good order here: do you not think, you, one piece cast this way, another that way, you had need have a patient master indeed?

George. I, I'll be sworn, for we have a curst mistress.

Wife. You mumble! Do you mumble? I would your master or I could be a note more angry: for two patient folks in a house spoil all the servants that ever shall come under them.

1 'Prentice. You patient! aye, so is the devil when he is horn-mad.

Enter CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, and PIORATTO.

All three. Gentlemen, what do you lack? what is't you buy? See fine hollands, fine cambrics, fine lawns.

George. What is't you lack?

2 'Prentice. What is't you buy?

Castruchio. Where's signior Candido, thy master?

George. Faith, signior, he's a little negociated; he'll appear presently.

Castruchio. Fellow, let's see a lawn, a choice one, sirrah.

George. The best in all Milan, gentlemen, and this is the piece. I can fit you, gentlemen, with fine callicoes too for doublets; the only sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly: a meek gentle callico, cut upon two double affable taffatas: ah, most neat, feat, and unmatchable.

Fluello. A notable voluble-tongu'd villain.

Pioratto. I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

Castruchio. What, and is this she, say'st thou?

George. Aye, and the purest she that ever you finger'd since you were a gentleman: look how even she is; look how clean she is; ha! as even sa the brow

of Cynthia, and as clean as your sons-and-heirs when they ha' spent all.

Castruchio. Puh! thou talk'st—Pox on't, 'tis rough.

George. How! Is she rough? But, if you bid pox on't sir, 'twill take away the roughness presently.

Fluello. Ha, signior, has he fitted your French curse?

George. Look you, gentlemen, here's another; compare then, I pray: *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare virgins with harlots.

Castruchio. Puh! I ha' seen better; and as you term them, evener and cleaner.

George. You may see farther for your mind, but trust me you shall not find better for your body.

Enter CANDIDO.

Castruchio. O! here he comes: let's make as tho' we pass.

Come, come, we'll try in some other shop.

Candido. How now? what's the matter?

George. The gentlemen find fault with this lawn; fall out with it, and without a cause too.

Candido. Without a cause!

And that makes you to let 'em pass away.

Ah, may I crave a word with you, gentlemen?

Fluello. He calls us.

Castruchio. Makes the better for the jest.

Candido. I pray come near. Y'are very welcome, gallants;

Pray pardon my man's rudeness, for I fear me

He's talk'd above a 'prentice with you.—Lawns!

Look you, kind gentlemen—this!—no:—I, this:

Take this, upon my honest-dealing faith,

To be a true weave; not too hard, nor slack,

But e'en as far from falshood, as from black.

Castruchio. Well, how do you rate it?

Candido. Very conscionably; eighteen shillings a yard.

Castruchio. That's too dear. How many yards does the whole piece contain, think you?

Candido. Why, some seventeen yards, I think, or

thereabouts. How much would serve your turn, I pray?

Castruchio. Why, let me see—would it were better too!

Candido. Truth, 'tis the best in Milan, at few words.

Castruchio. Well; let me have then—a whole penny-worth.

Candido. Ha, ha! y'are a merry Gentleman.

Castruchio. A penn'orth, I say.

Candido. Of lawn!

Castruchio. Of lawn? I, of lawn, a penn'orth. 'Sblood do'st not hear? a whole penn'orth: are you deaf?

Candido. Deaf! no, sir: but I must tell you, Our wares do seldom meet such customers.

Castruchio. Nay, and you and your lawns be so squeamish, fare you well.

Candido. Pray stay; a word, pray signior! for what purpose is it, I beseech you?

Castruchio. 'Sblood, what's that to you? I'll have a penn'orth.

Candido. A penny-worth! why you shall: I'll serve you presently.

2 *'Prentice*. 'Sfoot, a penny-worth, mistress!

Mistress. A penny-worth! call you these gentlemen?

Castruchio. No, no; not there.

Candido. What then, kind gentlemen? what at this corner here?

Castruchio. No, nor there neither; I'll have it just in the middle, or else not.

Candido. Just in the middle!—ha—you shall too: what,

Have you a single penny?

Castruchio. Yes, here's one.

Candido. Lend it me, I pray.

Fluella. An excellent followed jest.

Wife. What, will he spoil the lawn now?

Candido. Patience, good wife.

Wife. Aye, that patience makes a fool of you. Gentlemen, you might ha' found some other citizen to have made a kind gull on, besides my husband.

Candido. Pray gentlemen take her to be a woman ;
Do not regard her language—O! kind soul,
Such words will drive away my customers.

Wife. Customers with a murrian! Call you these customers?

Candido. Patience, good wife.

Wife. Pax o' your patience!

George. 'Sfoot, mistress, I warrant these are some cheating companions.

Candido. Look you, gentlemen, there's you ware; I thank you, I have your money here; pray know my shop, and let me have your custom.

Wife. Custom, quoth-a!

Candido. Let me take more of your money.

Wife. You had need so.

Pioratto. Hark in thine ear; thou'st lost an hundred ducats.

Castruchio. Well, well, I know't: is't possible that
Homo

Should be nor man, nor woman? not once mov'd;
No, not at such an injury, not at all!
Sure he's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

Fluello. Come, come, you're angry, tho' you smother it:

Y'are vex'd, i'faith—confess.

Candido. Why, gentlemen,
Should you conceit me to be vex'd or mov'd?
He has my ware, I have his money for't;
And that's no argument I am angry: no,
The best logician cannot prove me so.

Fluello. Oh! but the hateful name of a pennyworth of lawn,

And then cut out i' th' middle of the piece,
Pah! I guess it by myself; t'would move a lamb,
Were he a linen-draper; 'twould, i'faith.

Candido. Well, give me leave to answer you for that,
We're set here to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies—offend none:
We get by many, if we leese * by one.

* The old word has been preserved in the Pinner of Wakefield
VOL. III. R

May be his mind stood to no more than that;
 A penn'orth serves him : and 'mongst trades 'tis found,
 Deny a penn'orth, it may cross a pound.
 Oh! he that means to thrive, with patient eye
 Must please the devil, if he come to buy.

Fluello. O wond'rous man, patient 'bove wrong or
 woe!

How blest were men, if women could be so!

Candido. And to express how well my breast is pleas'd,
 And satisfied in all—George, fill a beaker.

[*Exit George.*]

I'll drink unto that gentleman who lately
 Bestowed his money with me.

Wife. God's my life,
 We shall have all our gains drunk out in beakers,
 To make amends for pennyworths of lawn.

Enter GEORGE.

Candido. Here, wife, begin you to the gentleman.

Wife. I begin to him!

Candido. George, fill up again :
 'Twas my fault, my hand shook. [*Exit George.*]

Pioratto. How strangely this doth show!
 A patient man link'd with a waspish shrow.

Fluello. A silver and gilt beaker! I have a trick to
 work upon that beaker; sure 'twill fret him : it cannot
 choose but vex him. Signior Castruchio, in pity to
 thee, I have a conceit will save thy hundred ducats :
 'twill do't, and work him to impatience.

Castruchio. Sweet Fluello, I should be bountiful to
 that conceit.

Fluello. Well, 'tis enough.

Enter GEORGE.

Candido. Here, gentlemen, to you,
 I wish your custom; y'are exceeding welcome.

Castruchio. ²⁰ I pledge you, signior Candido—Here
 you, that must receive an hundred ducats.

and the same course ought to be followed here. Vide note 17.—
 Mr. Reed printed it *lose*. C.

²⁰ I pledge you, signior Candido] The following account of the
 forms prescribed in Health-drinking in our Author's time, is taken

Pioratto. I'll pledge them deep, i'faith, *Castruchio*.
Signior Fluello.

Fluello. Come; play't off: to me,
 I am your last man.

Candido. George, supply the cup.

Fluello. So, so, good honest George!
 Here, *Signior Candido*, all this to you.

Candido. Oh, you must pardon me, I use it not.

Fluello. Will you not pledge me then?

Candido. Yes, but not that:
 Great love is shown in little.

Fluello. Blurt on your sentences—'Sfoot, you shall
 pledge me all.

Candido. Indeed I shall not.

Fluello. Not pledge me? 'Sblood I'll carry away the
 beaker then.

Candido. The beaker! Oh, that at your pleasure, sir.

Fluello. Now by this drink I will.

Castruchio. Pledge him, he'll do't else.

from "*The Irish Hubbub, or the English Hue and Crie.*" by Barnaby Rich, 1623, p. 24. He calls it, *The Ruffingly Order of drinking Healths used by the Spendalls of this age.* "He that beginnes the health, hath his prescribed orders: first uncovering his head, hee takes a full cup in his hand, and setting his countenance with a grave aspect, hee craves for audience: silence being once obtained, hee beginnes to breath out the name peradventure of some honourable personage, that is worthy of a better regard, then to have his name polluted at so unfitting a time amongst a company of Drunkards: but his health is drunke to, and he that pledgeth must likewise off with his cap, kisse his fingers, and bowing himselfe in signe of a reverent acceptance; when the Leader sees his follower thus prepared, hee sups up his broath, turnes the bottom of the cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie, gives the cup a phillip to make it cry *Twango.* And thus the first scene is acted.

"The cup being newly replenished to the breadth of an haire, he that is the pledger must now beginne his part, and thus it goes round throughout this whole company, provided alwayes by a canon set downe by the Founder, there must be three at the least still uncovered, till the health hath had the full passage: which is no sooner ended, but another begins againe, and hee drinks an Health to his *Lady of little worth*, or peradventure to his *light-hele'd mistres.*"

Fluello. So : I ha' done you right ²¹ on my thumb nail.

What, will you pledge me now ?

Candido. You know me, sir, I am not of that sin.

Fluello. Why, then farewell :

I'll bear away the beaker, by this light.

Candido. That's as you please, 'tis very good.

Fluello. Nay, it doth please me ; and as you say, 'tis a very good one : farewell, signior Candido.

Pioratto. Farewel, Candido.

Candido. Y'are welcome, gentlemen.

Castruchio. Heart not mov'd yet ?

I think his patience is above our wit. [Exit.

George. I told you before, mistress, they were all cheaters.

Wife. Why, fool ! why, husband ! why, madmam ! I hope you will not let them sneak away so with a silver and gilt beaker, the best in the house too : go, fellows, make hue and cry after them.

Candido. Pray let your tongue lie still, all will be well : Come hither, George, hye to the constable, And in calm order wish him to attach them ; Make no great stir, because they're gentlemen, And a thing partly done in merriment : 'Tis but a size above a jest, thou knowest ; Therefore pursue it mildly. Go, begone ; The Constable's hard-by, bring him along ;—make haste again.

Wife. O y'are a goodly patient woodcock ; are you not now ?

[Exit George.]

See what your patience comes to. Every one saddles you, and rides you ; you'll be shortly the common stone-horse of Milan : a woman's well holp'd up with such a ²² meacock. I had rather have a husband, that

²¹ on my thumb nail.] See Note 6 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle* vol. II.

²² meacock] i.e. a timorous, dastardly creature. See *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 2. S. 1. and Mr. Steevens's Note thereon.

would swaddle me thrice a day; than such a one, that will be gull'd twice in half an hour. Oh, I could burn all the wares in my shop for anger!

Candido. Pray wear a peaceful temper; be my wife, That is, be patient: for a wife and husband Share but one soul between them: this being known, Why should not one soul then agree in one? [*Exit.*

Wife. Hang your agreements:—But if my beaker be gone—

SCENE VI.

Enter CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, PIORATTO, *and* GEORGE.

Candido. Oh! here they come.

George. The Constable, sir, let 'em come along with me, because there should be no wond'ring: he stays at door.

Castruchio. Constable, goodman Abram.

Fluello. Now, signior Candido, 'sblood, why do you attach us?

Castruchio. 'Sheart! attach us!

Candido. Nay, swear not gallants; Your oaths may move your souls, but not move me; You have a silver beaker of my wife's.

Fluello. You say not true: 'tis gilt.

Candido. Then you say true. And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.

Castruchio. I hope y'are not angry, sir.

Candido. Then you hope right; for I am not angry.

Pioratto. No, but a little mov'd.

Again, Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry IV. fol. 6: "— depravyng and railyng on Kyng Richarde as an innocent, a meicocke, and not worthy to beare the name of a kynge."

Euphues, p. 41: "But happely thou wilt say, if I refuse their curtesie I shall be accounted a mecock, a milksop, taunted and retaunted, &c."

Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, p. 39: "— because he was a meacocke, and a milksoppe, not daring to draw his sword to revenge her wrongs."

Churchyard's *Worthines of Wales*, p. 39. edit. 1776: "Let us therefore give the charge, and oncet upon yonder effeminate and meycocke people."

Candido. I mov'd! 'twas you were mov'd, you were brought hither.

Castruchio. But you (out of your anger and impatience)
Caus'd us to be attach'd.

Candido. Nay, you misplace it.
Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
And not of any wrath. Had I shown anger,
I should have then pursued you with the law,
And hunted you to shame; as many worldlings
Do build their anger upon feebler grounds.
The more's the pity! Many lose their lives
For scarce so much coin, as will hide their palm:
Which is most cruel. Those have vexed spirits
That pursue lives. In this opinion rest,
The loss of millions could not move my breast.

Fluello. Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost deal;

Such a meek spirit can bless a commonweal.

Candido. Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating time;
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to-day.

Castruchio. I never heard a carter yet say nay
To such a motion. I'll not be the first.

Pioratto. Nor I.

Fluello. Nor I.

Candido. The constable shall bear you company;
George, call him in; let the world say what it can,
Nothing can drive me from a patient man. [Exeunt.

*Enter ROGER with a stool, cushion, looking-glass, and
23 chafing-dish. Those being set down, he pulls out of
his pocket a phial with white colour in it; and two boxes,
one with white, another red painting; he places all things
in order, and a candle by them, singing with the ends of
old ballads as he does it. At last BELLAFRONT, as he
rubs his cheek with the colours, whistles within.*

Roger. Anon, forsooth.

Bellafront. What are you playing the rogue about?

Roger. About you, forsooth: I'm drawing up a hole
in your white silk stocking.

²³ *chafing-dish.] To heat the poking-irons.*

Bellafront. Is my glass there? and my boxes of complexion?

Roger. Yes, forsooth; your boxes of complexion are here, I think; yes, 'tis here; here's your two complexions, and if I had all the four complexions, I should ne'er set a good face upon't. Some men, I see, are born under hard-favour'd planets, as well as women. Zounds, I look worse now than I did before: and it makes her face glisten most damnably. There's knavery in daubing, I hold my life; or else this is only female Pomatum.

Enter BELLAFRONT, not full ready, without a gown; she sits down; with her bodkin curls her hair, colours her lips.

Bellafront. Where's my ruff and ²⁴ poker, you block-head?

Roger. Your ruff, your poker, are ingend'ring together on the cupboard of the court, or the ²⁵ court cup-board.

Bellafront. Fetch 'em: is the pox in your hams, you can go no faster?

Roger. Wou'd the pox were in your fingers, unless you could leave flinging; catch--- [Exit.]

Bellafront. I'll catch you, you dog, by and by: do you grumble? [She sings.]

²⁴ *poker*] This instrument, of which mention is frequently made in contemporary writers, is sometimes called *potting stick*, and at others a *poking stick*. It was used to adjust the plaits of ruffs, which were then generally worn by the ladies. Stowe says, that these *poking sticks* were made of wood or bone until about the 16th year of Queen Elizabeth, when they began to be made of steel. In Mr. Steevens's Note to *Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3: many examples are produced, to which it is unnecessary to add more, as during the course of these volumes such frequent notice is taken of the ruff, and this its necessary appendage.

²⁵ *court cup-board*] A *court cup-board* was probably what we call at present a side-board. Mr. Steevens says, that two of them are still remaining in Stationers'-Hall, and their use is exactly described, as Mr. Nichols observes, in the following line from Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

"Court cup boards planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers, &c." See Notes on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 5.

*Cupid is a god, as naked as my nail,
I'll whip him with a rod, if he my true love fail.*

Roger. There's your ruff, shall I poke it?

Bellafront. Yes, honest Roger: no, stay; pr'ythee, good boy, hold here.

*Down, down, down, down, I fall down and arise; down,
I never shall arise.*

Roger. Troth, madam, then leave off the trade, if you shall never rise.

Bellafront. What trade, goodman Abram?

Roger. Why, that of down and arise, or the falling trade.

Bellafront. I'll fall with you by and by.

Roger. If you do, I know who shall smart for't:
Troth, mistress, what do I look like now?

Bellafront. Like as you are; a panderly sixpenny rascal.

Roger. I may thank you for that: in faith I look like an old Proverb, *Hold the candle before the devil.*

Bellafront. Ud's life, I'll stick my knife in your guts and you prate to me so: What? [She sings.]

Well met, pug, the pearl of beauty: umh, umh,

How now, sir knave, you forget your duty, umh, umh.

Marry muff, sir, are you grown so dainty; fa, la, la, &c.

Is it you, sir? the worst of twenty, fa, la, la, leera, la.

Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glass?

Roger. Why, as I hold your door, with my fingers.

Bellafront. Nay, pray thee, sweet honey Roger, hold up handsomely: [Sing.*]

*Pretty wantons warble, &c. we shall ha' guests to-day,
I'll lay my little maidenhead, my nose itches so.*

Roger. I said so too last night, when our fleas twing'd me so.

Bellafront. So poke my ruff now. My gown, my gown! have I my fall?

²⁶ Where's my fall, Roger? [One knocks.]

* This word has hitherto been printed as part of the text, but it is clearly a stage direction referring to the ballad Bellafront commences.

²⁶ *Where's my fall*] From the following passages in the *Malecon-*

Roger. Your fall, forsooth, is behind.

Bellafront. Gods my pittikins, some fool or other knocks.

Roger. Shall I open to the fool, mistress?

Bellafront. And all these baubles lying thus? Away with it quickly.—I, I, knock and be damn'd, whosoever you be.—So; give the fresh salmon line now: let him come ashore. He shall serve for my breakfast, though he go against my stomach.

[Roger fetch in Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratto.

Fluello. Morrow, cuz.

Castruchio. How does my sweet acquaintance?

Pioratto. Save thee, little marmoset; how dost thou, good pretty rogue?

Bellafront. Well, Godamercy, good pretty rascal.

Fluello. Roger, some light, I pr'ythee.

Roger. You shall, signior; for we that live here in this vale of misery, are as dark as hell.

[Exit for a candle.

Castruchio. Good tobacco, Fluello?

Fluello. Smell.

Enter ROGER.

Pioratto. It may be tickling geer: for it plays with my nose already.

Roger. Here's another light angel, signior.

Bellafront. What, you pied curtal, what's that you are a neighing?

Roger. I say, God send us the light of heaven, or some more angels.

Bellafront. Go fetch some wine, and drink half of it.

tent, A. 5. S. 3. the fall appears to have been a part of dress worn about the neck as ruffs were, but different from them: "There is such a deal of pinning these ruffs, when a fine clean fall is worth them all." Again, "if you should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no poking stick to recover his form." They seem to have been something like bands, but larger. It must, however, be acknowledged, that they might be a species of the ruff; for, in *Laugh and lie downe, or the World's Folly*, 1605, it is said, "there sat with her potting sticke, stiffening a fall: and singing the Ballet, &c."

Roger. I must fetch some wine, gentlemen, and drink half of it.

Fluello. Here, Roger!

Castruchio. No, let me send pr'ythee.

Fluello. Hold, you canker-worm.

Roger. You shall send both, if you please, signiors.

Pioratto. Stay, what's best to drink a mornings?

Roger. ²⁷ Ipocras, sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most dear to her.

Fluello. Ipocras! there then, here's a ²⁸ teston for you, you snake.

Roger. Right, sir; here's three shillings and sixpence for a pottle and a ²⁹ manchet. [Exit.

Castruchio. Here's most herculanean tobacco! ha' some, acquaintance?

Bellafront. Foh, not I: makes your breath stink, like the piss of a fox.—Acquaintance, where supp'd you last night?

Castruchio. At a place, sweet acquaintance, where your health ³⁰ danc'd the canaries i'faith; you should ha' been there.

²⁷ *Ipocras*] Or *Ypocras*. The following receipt for making this liquor is extracted from Strutt's *View of the Manners, &c. of the inhabitants of England*, vol. III. p. 74. where it is copied from Arnold's *Chronicle of London*. The Crafte to make Ypocras. "Take a quart of red wyne, an ounce of synamon, and halfe an ounce (ounce) of gynger, a quarter of an unnce of greynes and longe peper, and half a pounce of suger, and brose all this (not too small), and than put them in a bage of wullen cloth, made therefore, with the wine, and lete it hange over a vessell tyll the wyne be rune thorowe."

²⁸ *teston*] A coin worth about 18d. sterling.

²⁹ *manchet*] or fine white bread. "Panis primarius, a G. *michette*, *miche*. Panis candidior et purior, hoc dim à Lat. Mica. q. d. *Micula*. Skin" Junius's *Etymologicon*.

³⁰ *danc'd the canaries*] The following account of this dance is extracted from Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. IV. p. 391. "There occurs, in the Opera of *Dioclesian*, set to music by Purcell, a dance called the *Canaries*: of this, and also another called *Trenchmore*, it is extremely difficult to render a satisfactory account. The first is alluded to by Shakspeare in the following passage.

"Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?"

"Arm. How mean'st thou? bawling in French?"

Bellafront. I there among your punks? marry fah, hang 'em: I scorn't: will you never leave sucking of eggs in other folk's hens' nests?

Castruchio. Why in good troth, if you'll trust me, acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board; ask Fluello.

Fluello. No faith, cuz; none but cocks; signior Malavella drunk to thee.

Bellafront. O, a pure beagle; that horse-leach there?

Fluello. And the knight, sir Oliver Lollo, swore he would bestow a taffata petticoat on thee, but to break his fast with thee.

Bellafront. With me! I'll choak him then; hang him molecatcher, it is the dreamingest snotty nose.

Pioratto. Well, many took that Lollo for a fool, but he's a subtil fool.

Bellafront. Aye, and he has fellows: ³¹ of all filthy dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

Castruchio. Why, wench, is he scabbed?

Bellafront. Hang him, he'll not live to be so honest, nor to the credit to have scabs about him. His betters have 'em: but I hate to wear out any of his coarse knighthood, because he's made like an alderman's night-gown, fac'd all with coney before, and within nothing but fox: ³² this sweet Oliver will eat mutton

"*Moth.* No, my compleat master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids, &c.

"As to the air itself, it appears, by the example in the Opera of *Dioclesian*, to be a very sprightly movement of two reprises, or strains, with eight bars in each. The time three quarters in a bar, the first pointed. That it is of English invention, like a country dance, may be inferred from this circumstance, that none of the foreign names that distinguish one kind of air from another, correspond in the least with this. Nay, farther, the appellation is adopted by *Couperin*, a Frenchman, who, among his lessons, has an air which he entitles *CANARIE*."

³¹ of all filthy dry-fisted knights] A moist hand is vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution. See the Notes of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens on *Twelfth Night*, A. 1. S. 3.

³² this sweet Oliver will eat mutton] In Shakspeare's *As you like it*,

till he be ready to burst, but the lean-jaw'd slave will not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

Pioratto. Plague him : ³³ set him beneath the salt ; and let him not touch a bit, till every one has had his full cut.

Fluello. Lord Ello, the gentleman-usher, came into us too : marry 'twas in our cheese, for he had been to borrow money for his lord of a citizen.

Castruchio. What an ass is that lord to borrow money of a citizen.

Bellafront. Nay, god's my pity, what an ass is that citizen to lend money to * a lord.

Enter MATHEO and HIPOLITO ; HIPOLITO, saluting the company as a stranger, walks off. ROGER comes in sadly behind them with a pottle-pot, and stands aloof off.

Matheo. Save you, gallants. Signior Fluello, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

A. 4. S. 3. the clown sings a few lines of a Song, in which the epithet *sweet* is joined to the name of *Oliver*. Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, that this epithet seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which he was perhaps originally obliged to the old Song, of which only the few lines preserved by Shakspeare now remain.

³³ set him beneath the salt] This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were seated at their meals. "The tables being long" (says Mr. Whalley, Note to *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 2.) "the salt" was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above ; the space below was assigned to the dependants, or inferior relations of the Master of the house. This custom is yet perserved at the Lord Mayor's and some other publick tables." It is mentioned in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, A. 3. S. 1 :

" — he believes it is the reason

" You ne'er presume to sit above the salt."

The City Madam, by the same, A. 1. S. 1 :

" — My proud lady

" Admits him to her table, marry ever

" Beneath the salt ; and there he sits the subject

" Of her contempt and scorn."

Dekkar's Bel-man's Night-walkes, Sign. C : " — for hee that had the graine of the table with his trencher, paid no more then hee that placed himselfe beneath the salt."

" See also Mr. Whalley's Note on *Cynthia's Revels*.

* Edit. of 1604, reads, " of a lord."

Fluello. Signior Matheo, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

Matheo. And how fares my little pretty mistress?

Bellafront. Even as my little pretty servant sees, three court-dishes before her, and not one good bit in them.—How now? why the devil stand'st thou so? art in a trance?

Roger. Yes, forsooth.

Bellafront. Why dost not fill out their wine?

Roger. Forsooth, 'tis fill'd out already: all the wine that the signior has bestowed upon you is cast away; a porter ran a little at me, and so fac'd me down that I had not a drop.

Bellafront. I'm accurst to let such a withered artichoke-fac'd rascal grow under my nose: now you look like an old he-cat going to the gallows: I'll be hang'd if he ha' not put up the money to ³⁴ coney-catch us all.

Roger. No truly, forsooth, 'tis not put up yet.

Bellafront. How many gentlemen hast thou served thus?

Roger. None but five hundred, besides apprentices and serving-men.

Bellafront. Dost think I'll pocket it up at thy hands?

Roger. Yes, forsooth, I fear you will pocket it up.

Bellafront. Fie, fie, cut my lace, good servant; I shall ha' the mother presently, I'm so vex'd at this horse-plumb.

Fluello. Plague, not for a ³⁵ scal'd pottle of wine.

Matheo. Nay sweet Bellafront, for a little pig's wash.

Castruchio. Here, Roger, fetch more; a mischance i'faith, acquaintance.

Bellafront. Out of my sight, thou ungodly puritanical creature.

³⁴ coney-catch] See Note 12.

³⁵ scal'd pottle of wine] See Note 10.

What has this "scal'd pottle of wine" to do with the scald hair, mentioned in Note 10? O. G.

Roger. For the t'other pottle? yes, forsooth.

[Exit Roger, and enter Hipolito.*]

Bellafront. Spill that too: what gentleman is that, servant, your friend?

Matheo. Gods so, a stool, a stool! If you love me, mistress, entertain this gentleman respectfully, and bid him welcome.

Bellafront. He's very welcome; pray, sir, sit.

Hipolito. Thanks, lady.

Fluello. Count Hipolito is't not? Cry your mercy, signior; you walk here all this while, and we not heard you! Let me bestow a stool upon you, beseech you; you are a stranger here, we know the fashions o'th'house.

Castruchio. Please you, be here, my lord? [Tobacco.

Hipolito. No, good Castruchio.

Fluello. You have abandon'd the court, I see, my lord, since the death of your mistress. Well, she was a delicate piece—Beseech you sweet,—Come let us serve under the colours of your acquaintance still—for all that. Please you to meet here at the lodging of my cuz, I shall bestow a banquet upon you.

Hipolito. I never can deserve this kindness, sir. What may this lady be, whom you call cuz?

Fluello. Faith, sir, a poor gentlewoman, of passing good carriage; one that has some suits in law, and lies here in an attorney's house.

Hipolito. Is she married?

Fluello. Hah, as all your punks are! a captain's wife, or so: I never saw her before, my lord.

Hipolito. Never trust me, a goodly creature.

Fluello. By gad, when you know her, as we do, you'll swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching, honest ape, under the pole. A skin, your sattin is not more soft, nor lawn whiter.

Hipolito. Belike then, she's some sale cortezan.

Fluello. Troth, as as all your best faces are, a good wench.

* The latter part of this stage direction is not found in any of the old copies, but it is absolutely necessary, in order to make what follows intellegible. C.

Hipolito. Great pity that she's a good wench.

Matheo. Thou shalt i'faith, mistress.—How, now, signiors? what, whispering? did not I lay a wager I should take you, within seven days, in a house of vanity?

Hipolito. You did, and I beshrew your heart, you have won.

Matheo. How do you like my mistress?

Hipolito. Well, for such a mistress:

Better, if your mistress be not your master.

I must break manners, gentlemen; fare you well.

Matheo. 'Sfoot, you shall not leave us.

Bellafront. The gentleman likes not the taste of our company.

Omnes. Beseech you, stay.

Hipolito. Trust me, my affairs beckon for me; pardon me.

Matheo. Will you call for me half an hour hence here?

Hipolito. Perhaps I shall.

Matheo. Perhaps! fah! I know you can swear to me you will.

Hipolito. Since you will press me, on my word I will.

[Exit.

Bellafront. What sullen picture is this, servant?

Matheo. 'Tis count Hipolito, the brave count.

Pioratto. As gallant a spirit as any in Milan, you sweet Jew.

Fluello. Oh, he's a most essential gentleman, cuz.

Castruchio. Did you never hear of count Hipolito's acquaintance?

Bellafront. Marry, muff a' your counts, and be no more life in 'em.

Matheo. He's so malcontent!—Sirrah, Bellafronta and you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the count with us: thou shall sit at the upper end, punck.

Bellafront. Punck, ³⁶you sous'd gurnet!

³⁶ you sous'd gurnet!] An appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old Comedies. See Mr. Steevens's Note on the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 4. S. 2.

Matheo. King's truce: come, I'll bestow the supper to have him but laugh.

Castruchio. He betrays his youth too grosly to that tyrant melancholy.

Matheo. All this for a woman?

Bellafront. A woman! some whore! what sweet jewel is't?

Pioratto. Wou'd she heard you.

Fluello. Troth so wou'd I.

Castruchio. And I, by heaven.

Bellafront. Nay, good servant, what woman?

Matheo. Pah.

Bellafront. Pr'ythee tell me, a buss, and tell me: I warrant he's an honest fellow, if he take on thus for a wench: Good rogue, who?

Matheo. By th'lord I will not, must not, faith, mistress: is't a match, sirs? this night, at th' Antilope; aye, for there's best wine, and good boys.

Omnes. 'Tis done, at th' Antilope.

Bellafront. I cannot be there to-night.

Matheo. Cannot! by th'lord, you shall.

Bellafront. By the lady, I will not: shall!

Fluello. Why, then, put it off till Friday: wo't come then, cuz?

Bellafront. Well.

Enter ROGER.

Matheo. Y'are the waspishest ape.—Roger, put your mistress in mind to sup with us on Friday next: y'are best come like a madwoman, ³⁷ without a band in

³⁷ *Without a band in your waistcoat,*] From the following passages it appears, that some particular garment like a *waistcoat* was formerly worn by the courtezans.

The Humorous Lieutenant, by Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. III. p. 30. edit. 1778:

“ I'll put her into action for a *waistcoat* :

“ And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this small pinnace

“ Shall sail for gold, and good store too.”

And, in *Wit without Money*, vol. II. p. 368.

Luce says,

“ — Do you think you're here, Sir,

“ Amongst your *waistcoatiers*, your base wenches

“ That scratch at such occasions.”

your waistcoat, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knight's lodging.

Bellafront. Go, go, hang yourself.

Castruchio. It's dinner-time, Matheo; shall's hence?

Omnes. Yes, yes: farewell, wench. [Exeunt.

Bellafront. Farewel, boys.—Roger, what wine sent they for?

Roger. ³⁸ Bastard wine; for if it had been truly begotten, it would not ha' been asham'd to come in. Here's six shillings, to pay for nursing the bastard.

Bellafront. A company of rooks! O good, sweet Roger, run to the Poulter's and buy me some fine larks.

Roger. No woodcocks?

Bellafront. Yes, faith, a couple, if they be not dear.

Roger. I'll buy but one; there's one already here.

[Exit Roger.

Enter HIPOLITO.

Hipolito. Is the gentleman, my friend, departed, mistress?

Bellafront. His back is but new-turn'd, sir.

Hipolito. Fare you well.

Bellafront. I can direct you to him.

Hipolito. Can you, pray?

Bellafront. If you please stay, he'll not be absent long.

And, in the beginning of the *Humorous Lieutenant*, one of the Gentlemen Ushers calls Celia a *waistcoateer*, when in a disposition to apply to her the severest term of reproach.

³⁸ *Bastard wine*;] Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains *Bastarde* to be muscadell, sweete wine. *Vin doux, bastard, muscadell.* And, Blount says, "Muscadel is a kind of wine, so called, because for "sweetness and smell it resembles musk. This wine comes for the "most part from the Isle Creta, or Candy; for this Island (as "Ortelius reports) yearly transports 12,000 butts of it. Others say "it takes name from Monto Alcino in Italy." Mr. Tollet, in a Note to the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4. gives the following extract from *Maison Rustique* translated by Markham, 1616. p. 635. "—such wines are called *Mungrell*, or *bastard* wines, which (betwixt "the sweet and astringent ones) have neither manifest sweetness, "nor manifest astringtion, but indeed participate and contain in "them both qualities." See also Mr. Steevens's Note.

Hipolito. I care not much.

Bellafront. Pray sit, forsooth.

Hipolito. I'm hot.

If I may use your room, I'd rather walk.

Bellafront. At your best pleasure—Whew—some rubbers there.

Hipolito. Indeed, I'll ha'none: indeed I will not.
Thanks.

—Pretty fine lodging. I perceive my friend
Is old in your acquaintance.

Bellafront. Troth, sir, he comes
As other gentlemen, to spend spare hours:
If yourself like our roof (such as it is),
Your own acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hipolito. Say I did like; what welcome should I find?

Bellafront. Such as my present fortunes can afford.

Hipolito. But would you let me play Matheo's part?

Bellafront. What part?

Hipolito. Why embrace you; dally with you; kiss.
Faith, tell me; will you leave him and love me?

Bellafront. I am in bonds to no man, sir.

Hipolito. Why then,
Y'are free for any man: if any, me.
But I must tell you, lady, were you mine,
You should be all mine. I could brook no sharers;
I should be covetous, and sweep up all:
I should be pleasure's usurer; faith I should.

Bellafront. O fate!

Hipolito. Why sigh you, lady? may I know?

Bellafront. 'Thas never been my fortune yet to single
Out that one man, whose love could fellow mine,
As I have ever wish'd it. O my stars!
Had I but met with one kind gentleman,
That would have purchas'd sin alone to himself,
For his own private use; altho' scarce proper,
Indifferent handsome, meetly legg'd and thigh'd,
And my allowance reasonable—i'faith,
According to my body, by my troth,
I would have been as true unto his pleasures,

Yea, and as loyal to his afternoons,
As ever a poor gentlewoman could be.

Hipolito. This were well, now, to one but newly
fledg'd,

And scarce a day old in this subtil world :
'Twere pretty art, good bird-lime, cunning net.
But come, come, faith, confess : how many men
Have drunk this self-same protestation,
From that red ticing lip ?

Bellafront. Indeed, not any.

Hipolito. Indeed, and blush not!

Bellafront. No, in truth, not any.

Hipolito. Indeed ! in truth !—how warily you swear ?

'Tis well, if ill it be not : yet had I
The ruffian in me, and were drawn before you
But in right colours, I do know indeed,
You could not swear indeed, but thunder oaths
That should shake heaven, drown the harmonious
spheres,

And pierce a soul (that lov'd her maker's honour)
With horror and amazement.

Bellafront. Shall I swear ?

Will you believe me then ?

Hipolito. Worst then of all :

Our sins by custom seem at last but small.
Were I but o'er your threshold, a next man,
And after him a next, and then a fourth,
Should have this golden hook, lascivious bait,
Thrown out to the full length. Why, let me tell you,
I ha' seen letters, sent from that white hand,
Tuning such musick to Matheo's ear.

Bellafront. Matheo ! that's true ; but believe it, I
No sooner had laid hold upon your presence,
But straight mine eyes convey'd you to my heart.

Hipolito. Oh ! you cannot feign with me. Why, I
know, lady,

This is the common passion of you all,
To hook in a kind gentleman, and then
Abuse his coin, conveying it to your lover,
And in the end you shew him a French trick,

And so you leave him, that a coach may run
Between his legs, for breadth.

Bellafront. O, by my soul,
Not I : therein I'll prove an honest whore,
In being true to one, and to no more.

Hipolito. If any be dispos'd to trust your oath,
Let him : I'll not be he. I know you feign
All that you speak. I for a mingled harlot
Is true in nothing but in being false.
What ! shall I teach you how to loath yourself ;
And mildly too, not without sense or reason ?

Bellafront. I am content ; I would fain loath myself,
If you not love me.

Hipolito. Then if your gracious blood
Be not all wasted, I shall assay to do't.
Lend me your silence and attention.
You have no soul, that makes you weigh so light.
Heaven's treasure bought it, and half a crown
Hath sold it :—for your body
Is like the common-shore, that still receives
All the town's filth. The sin of many men
Is within you ; and thus much I suppose,
That if all your committers stood in rank,
They'd make a lane, (in which your shame might dwell,)
And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
Nay, should I urge it more ; there have been known,
As many by one harlot maim'd and dismember'd,
As would ha' stuff'd an hospital : this I might
Apply to you, and perhaps do you right.
O ! y'are as base as any beast that bears ;
Your body is e'en hir'd, and so are theirs.
For gold and sparkling jewels (if he can)
You'll let a Jew get you with Christian :
Be he a Moor, a Tartar, tho' his face
Look'd uglier than a dead man's skull,
Could the devil put on a human shape,
If his purse shake out crowns, up then he gets :
Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.
So that you're crueller than Turks ; for they
Sell Christians only, you sell yourselves away.

Why, those that love you, hate you : and will term you
Liquorish damnation : wish themselves half sunk
After the sin is laid out, and e'en curse
Their fruitless riot ; for what one begets,
Another poisons. Lust and murder hit ;
A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit ?

Bellafront. O me unhappy !

Hipolito. I can vex you more :

A harlot is like Dunkirk ; true to none :
Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,
Back-door'd Italian ; last of all, the French,
And he sticks to you, faith ! gives you your diet,
Brings you acquainted first with monsieur doctor,
And then you know what follows.

Bellafront. Misery.

Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery.

Hipolito. Methinks a toad is happier than a whore ;
That with one poison swells, with thousands more
The other stocks her veins. Harlot ! fie ! fie !
You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
The very slaves of nature ; mark me else :
You put on rich attires, others' eyes wear them ;
You eat, but to supply your blood with sin :
And this strange curse e'en haunts you to your graves.
From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves :
Like bears and apes, y'are baited and shew tricks
For money ; but your bawd the sweetness licks.
Indeed you are their journey-women, and do
All base and damn'd works they list set you to :
So that you ne'er are rich ; for do but shew me,
In present memory, or in ages past,
The fairest and most famous courtesan,
Whose flesh was dear'st ; that rais'd the price of sin,
And held it up ; to whose intemperate bosom,
Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a knight,
The mean'st a gentleman, have offer'd up
Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in showers
Handfuls of gold ; yet for all this, at last
Diseases suckt her marrow ; then grew so poor,
That she has begg'd, e'en at a beggar's door.

And (wherein heav'n has a finger) when this idol,
 From coast to coast has leap'd on foreign shores,
 And had more worship, than th' outlandish whores;
 When several nations have gone over her;
 When for each several city she has seen
 Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold dear,
 Did live well there, and might have dy'd unknown,
 And undefam'd; back comes she to her own;
 And there both miserably lives and dies,
 Scorn'd even of those, that once ador'd her eyes*:
 As if her fatal-circled life thus ran,
 Her pride should end there where it first began.
 What, do you weep to hear your story read?
 Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no more.

Beliafront. O, yes, I pray proceed;
 Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep, indeed!

Hipolito. To give those tears a relish, this I add,
 Y'are like the Jews scatter'd; in no place certain;
 Your days are tedious, your hours burdensome:
 And wer't not for full suppers, midnight revels,
 Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drown
 And bury quite in you all virtuous thoughts,
 And on your eye-lids hang so heavily,
 They have no power to look so high as heaven,

* In a pamphlet attributed to Robert Greene, called "Theeves falling out Truemen come by their goods," printed in 1615, and probably earlier, there is a story entitled "The Conversion of an English Curtezan," which, in some points, bears a resemblance to a main incident in this play. Her conversion is wrought by a young man who visits her as in "the way of her trade:" at his request she takes him into a dark loft under pretence that he cannot bear to commit "the act of sin" in the light; but still the day peeps in thro' a hole in the roof: on his complaining that it was not quite dark, she replies, that "none but God could see them." Hence he takes occasion to read her a lecture very similar to that of Hipolito in Dekkar. "Oh! thou art made beautiful fair and well formed, and wilt thou then by thy filthy lust make thy body, which if thou be honest is the temple of God, the habitation of the Devil?" In one place he says, "But suppose while thou art young thou art favoured of thy companions; when thou waxest old, and that thy beauty is faded, then thou shalt be lothed and despised even of them that professed most love unto thee. After she has been thoroughly reformed he marries her. C.

You'd sit and muse on nothing, but despair;
 Curse that devil lust, that so burns up your blood;
 And in ten thousand shivers break your glass
 For his temptation. Say, you taste delight,
 To have a golden gull from rise to set,
 To meet you in his hot luxurious arms,
 Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dream
 Of warrants, whips, and beadles; and then start
 At a door's windy creak; think ev'ry weazle
 To be a constable; and every rat
 A long-tail'd officer: Are you now not slaves?
 Oh! you have damnation without pleasure for it!
 Such is the state of harlots. To conclude,
 When you are old, and can well paint no more,
 You turn bawd, and are then worse than before.
 Make use of this. Farewel.

Bellafront. Oh, I pray stay.

Hipolito. See, Matheo comes not: time hath barr'd me.
 Would all the harlots in the town had heard me. [*Exit.*]

Bellafront. Stay, yet a little longer!—no; quite gone?
 Curs'd be that minute, (for it was no more,
 So soon a maid is chang'd into a whore)
 Wherein I first fell! be it for ever black!
 Yet why should sweet Hipolito shun mine eyes;
 For whose true love I would become pure honest;
 Hate the world's mixtures, and the smiles of gold,
 Am I not fair? why should he fly me then?
 Fair creatures are desir'd, not scorn'd of men.
 How many gallants have drank healths to me,
³⁹ Out of their dagger'd arms, and thought them blest,
 Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigal feasts!
 And does Hipolito detest my love?
 Oh, sure their heedless lusts but flatter'd me;
 I am not pleasing, beautiful, nor young.
 Hipolito hath spied some ugly blemish,

³⁹ *Out of their dagger'd arms,*] To drink a mistress's health in wine mingled with one's own blood was antiently regarded as an act of gallantry. So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605:—"have I not been drunk to your health, swallowed flag—dragons, eat glasses, drank urine, *stabb'd arms*, and done all the offices of protested gallantry, for your sake?" S.

Eclipsing all my beauties. I am foul!
 Harlot! I, that's the spot that taints my soul!
 What! has he left his weapon here behind him,
 And gone forgetful? O fit instrument
 To let forth all the poison of my flesh!
 Thy master* hates me, 'cause my blood hath rang'd;
 But when 'tis forth, then he'll believe I'm chang'd.

Enter HIPOLITO.

Hipolito. Mad woman, what art doing?

Bellafront. Either love me,
 Or split my heart upon thy rapier's point.
 Yet do not neither; for thou then destroy'st
 That which I love thee for, thy virtues. Here, here,
 Th'art crueller, and kill'st me with disdain:
 To die so sheds no blood, yet 'tis worse pain.
[Exit Hipolito.]

Not speak to me! not bid farewell! a scorn!
 Hated! this must not be; some means I'll try;
 Would all whores were as honest now, as I! [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Enter CANDIDO, his WIFE, GEORGE, and two PRENTICES, in the shop: FUSTIGO enters, walking by.

George. See, gentlemen, what you lack; a fine holland, a fine cambrick: see what you buy.

1 Prentice. Holland for shirts, cambrick for bands; what is't you lack?

Fustigo. 'Sfoot, I lack 'em all; nay, more, I lack money to buy 'em. Let me see, let me look again: 'mass, this is the shop---What, cuz! sweet cuz! how do'st, i'faith, since last night after candlelight? We had good sport, faith; had we not? And when shall's laugh again?

Wife. When you will, cousin.

Fustigo. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian. I see yonder's thy husband.

Wife. Aye, there's the sweet youth, God bless him.

* All the editions read "thy M. hates me," but it is an abbreviation for *Master*. *Bellafront* is addressing *Hipolito's* sword. C.

Fustigo. And how is't, cousin? and how, how is't, thou squall?

Wife. Well, cousin, how fare you?

Fustigo. How fare I? troth, for six-pence a meal, wench, as well as heart can wish, with calves' ⁴⁰ chaldrons and chitterlings; besides, I have a punk after supper, as good as a roasted apple.

Candido. Are you my wife's cousin?

Fustigo. I am, sir, what hast thou to do with that?

Candido. O nothing, but y'are welcome.

Fustigo. The devil's dung in thy teeth! I'll be welcome whether thou wilt or no: aye, what ring's this, cuz? very pretty and fantastical i'faith, let's see it.

Wife. Puh! nay, you wrench my finger.

Fustigo. I ha' sworn I'll ha'it, and I hope you will not let my oaths be ⁴¹ crack'd in the ring, will you? I hope, sir, you are not melancholy at this, for all your great looks: are you angry?

Candido. Angry! not I, sir: nay, if she can part So easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

George. Suffer this, sir, and suffer all: a whoreson gull, to—

Candido. Peace, George; when she has reap'd what I have sown,

She'll say, one grain tastes better of her own,
Than whole sheaves gather'd from another's land:
Wit's never good till bought at a dear hand.

George. But in the mean time she makes an ass of somebody.

⁴⁰ *chaldron*] or as it is oftener spelt *chawdron*, i. e. says Mr. Steevens, (Note on *Macbeth*, A. 4. S. 1.) "entrails; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*. At the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII. among other dishes, one was "a swan with *chawdron*," meaning, "I suppose, roasted with entrails in it, or undrawn." See Ives's *Select Papers*, No. 3. p. 140.

⁴¹ *crack'd in the ring*] This phrase occurs in *Hamlet*, A. 2. S. 2. and Dr. Johnson explains it to be *crack'd too much for use*. See instances produced by Mr. Steevens. Again, in *Your five Gallants*, by Middleton, Sign. D 2: "Here's Mistress Rose noble has lost her maidenhead, *crackt in the ring*, shee's good enough for gaimsters, &c."

2 *Prentice*. See, see, see, sir, as you turn your back, they do nothing but kiss.

Candido. No matter, let 'em: ⁴² when I touch her lip, I shall not feel his kisses, no nor miss Any of her lip: no harm in kissing is. Look to your business, pray, make up your wares.

Fustigo. Troth, cuz, and well remember'd! I would thou wouldst give me five yards of lawn, to make my punk some falling bands o'th'fashion, three falling one upon another; for that's the new edition now: she's out of linen horribly too; troth, she's never a good smock to her back neither, but one that has a great many patches in't, and that I'm fain to wear myself for want of shift too: pr'ythee put me into wholesome napery⁴³, and bestow some clean commodities upon us.

Wife. Reach me those cambricks and the lawns hither.

Candido. What to do, wife? to lavish out my goods upon a fool?

Fustigo. Fools! 'Snails eat the fool, or I'll so batter your crown, that it shall scarce go for five shillings.

2 *Prentice*. Do you hear, sir? y'are best be quiet, and say a fool tells you so.

Fustigo. Nails, I think so, for thou tell'st me.

Candido. Are you angry, sir, because I nam'd thee fool?

Trust me, you are not wise, in mine own house
And to my face to play the antick thus:
If you'll needs play the madman, chuse a stage
Of lesser compass, where few eyes may note
Your action's error; but if still you miss,
As here you do, for one clap, ten will hiss.

⁴² — when I touch her lip,
I shall not feel his kisses,] Imitated by Shakspeare in *Othello*, A. 3. S. 3.

"I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

"I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips."

⁴³ napery] Napery signifies linen in general. So, in Dekker's *Belman of London*, Sign. G 4: "— at which time they lift away
"Goblets, or other pieces of plate, nappery, or any thing worth
"venturing for."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Othello*, A. 3. S. 3.

Fustigo. Zounds, cousin, he talks to me, as if I were a scurvy tragedian.

2 Prentice. Sirrah, George, I ha' thought upon a device, how to break his pate, beat him soundly, and ship him away.

George. Do't.

2 Prentice. I'll go in, pass through the house, give some of our fellow-prentices the watch-word when they shall enter, then come and fetch my master in by a wile*, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgel the gull out of his coxcomb.

George. Do't, away, do't.

Wife. Must I call twice for these cambricks and lawns?

Candido. Nay see, you anger her, George, pr'ythee dispatch.

2 Prentice. Two of the choicest pieces are in the warehouse, sir.

Candido. Go fetch them presently. [*Exit 1 Prentice*.]

Fustigo. I, do, make haste, sirrah.

Candido. Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wife's cousin?

Fustigo. Stranger! no, sir, I'm a natural Milaner born.

Candido. I perceive still it is your natural guise to mistake me; but you are welcome, sir, I much wish your acquaintance.

Fustigo. My acquaintance! I scorn that i'faith. I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold three and fifty times double: you know who I mean, cuz;
 44 the posts of his gate are a painting too.

* That is by an *artifice*. Mr. Reed printed it, "by a *while*," neglecting the old reading. C.

44 the posts of his gate are a painting too] i. e. he will soon be sheriff. At the door of that officer large posts, on which it was customary to stick Proclamations, were always set up. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632.

"If e'er I live to see thee Sheriff of London,
 "I'll gild thy posts—" S.

Enter the second Prentice.

2 *Prentice*. Signor Pandulfo, the merchant desires conference with you.

Candido. Signor Pandulfo? I'll be with him straight. Attend your mistress and the gentleman. [Exit.]

Wife. When do you shew those pieces?

Fustigo. I, when do you shew those pieces?

Omnes. Presently, sir, presently, we are but charging them.

Fustigo. Come, sirrah, you ⁴⁵ flat-cap, where be these whites?

George. Flat-cap? hark in your ear, sir, y'are a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrumb you: do you see this cambrick, sir?

Fustigo. 'Sfoot, cuz, a good jest, did you hear him?

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 3. S. 9:

"How long should I be, ere I should put off

To the Lord Chancellor's tomb, or the sheriff's posts?"

Mr. Whalley observes that it was usual, out of respect, to read the Proclamations fastened on the sheriff's post bareheaded.

⁴⁵ flat cap] Flat caps, like those now worn by the children belonging to Christ-Church Hospital, and to the apprentices of Bridewell, were, I apprehend, formerly part of the dress particularly confined to the Citizens of London. They are mentioned as such in several contemporary writers. As Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 1:

"Make their loose comments upon every word,

"Gesture, or look I use; mock me all over,

"From my flat-cap, unto my shining shoes."

Marton's *Dutch Curtezian*, A. 2. S. 1: "—who helped thee to thy custome, not of swaggering Ireland Captains, nor of 2s Innes-a-court men, but with honest art-caps, wealthy flat-caps, that pay for their pleasure the best of any men in Europe."

Dekker's *Wonderfull Yeare*, 1603: "For those misbeleieving Pagans, the plough-drivers, those worse than Infidels, that (like their swine) never looke up so high as heaven, when citizens boded them, they wrung their hands, and wisht rather they had falne into the hands of Spaniards: for the sight of a flat-cap was more dreadfull to a Lob, than the discharging of a caliver."

Dekker's *Newes from Hell*, 1606: "—you may eyther meete him at dicing ordinaries like a captayne, at cocke-pits like a young countrey gentleman; or else at a bowling-ally in a flat-cap, like a shopkeeper."

he told me in my ear, I was a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrumb you: do you see this cambrick, sir?

Wife. What, not my men, I hope?

Fustigo. No, not your men, but one of your men, i'faith.

1 Prentice. I pray, sir, come hither, what say you to this? here's an excellent good one.

Fustigo. Aye marry, ⁴⁶ this likes me well; cut me off some half score yards.

2 Prentice. Let your whores cut, y'are an impudent coxcomb, you get none, and yet I'll thrumb you.—A very good cambrick, sir.

Fustigo. Again, again, as God judge me: 'sfoot, cuz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

1 Prentice. A word I pray, sir, you must not be angry, prentices have hot bloods, young fellows.—What say you to this piece? look you, 'tis so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thread, that a lady may wear it.

Fustigo. 'Sfoot I think so, if a knight marry my punk, a lady shall wear it: cut me off twenty yards; thou art an honest lad.

1 Prentice. Not without money, gull, and I'll thrumb you too.

Omnes. Gull, we'll thrumb you.

Fustigo. O lord, sister, did you not hear something cry thrumb? zounds! your men here make a plain ass of me.

Wife. What to my face so impudent?

George. Aye, in a cause so honest; we'll not suffer Our master's goods to vanish moneyless.

Wife. You will not suffer them!

2 Prentice. No, and you may blush,
In going about to vex so mild a breast,
As is our master's.

Wife. Take away those pieces,
Cousin; I give them freely.

⁴⁵ this likes me well;] See note 8 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

Fustigo. Mass, and I'll take 'em as free.y.

Omnes. We'll make you lay 'em down again more freely.

Wife. Help! help! my brother will be murder'd.

Enter CANDIDO.

Candido. How now, what coil is here? forbear, I say.

George. He calls us flat-caps, and abuses us.

Candido. Why, sirs, do such examples flow from me?

Wife. They are of your keeping, sir: alas, poor brother!

Fustigo. I'faith they ha' pepper'd me, sister! look, does it not spin? call you these prentices? I'll ne'er play at cards more when clubs is trump. I have a goodly coxcomb, sister, have I not?

Candido. Sister, and brother! brother to my wife?

Fustigo. If you have any skill in heraldry, you may soon know that; break but her pate, and you shall see her blood and mine is all one.

Candido. A surgeon! run, a surgeon! Why then wore you that forg'd name of cousin?

Fustigo. Because it is a common thing to call cuz, and mingle now a-days all the world over.

Candido. Cousin! a name of much deceit, folly, and sin;

For under that common abused word,
Many an honest-temper'd citizen
Is made a monster, and his wife train'd out
To foul adulterous action, full of fraud.
I may well call that word a city's bawd.

Fustigo. Troth, brother, my sister would needs ha' me take upon me to gull your patience a little: but it has made double ⁴⁶gules on my coxcomb.

Wife. What, playing the women? blabbing now, you fool?

Candido. O, my wife did but exercise a jest upon your wit.

Fustigo. 'Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, methinks.

⁴⁶gules] gulls in the Editions of 1615, 1616, 1635.

Candido. Then let this warning more of sense afford ;

The name of cousin is a bloody word.

Fustigo. I'll ne'er call cuz again whilst I live, to have such a coil about it : this should be a coronation-day : for my head runs claret lustily. [Exit.

Enter an OFFICER.

Candido. ⁴⁷ Go, wish the surgeon to have great respect.

How now, my friend ? what, do they sit to-day ?

Officer. Yes, sir, they expect you at the senate-house.

Candido. I thank your pains, I'll not be last man there. [Exit Officer.

My gown, George, go, my gown. A happy land,
Where grave men meet each cause to understand,
Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes,
To gull the poor man's right ; but in even scales
Peize rich and poor, without corruption's veils.
Come, where's the gown ?

George. I cannot find the key, sir.

Candido. Request it of your mistress.

Wife. Come not to me for any key ;

I'll not be troubled to deliver it.

Candido. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needful trouble ;

But for my gown.

Wife. Moths swallow down your gown :

You set my teeth an edge with talking on't.

Candido. Nay pr'ythee, sweet, I cannot meet without it ;

I should have a great fine set on my head.

Wife. Set on your coxcomb : tush fine me no fines.

Candido. Believe me (sweet) none greets the senate-house

Without his robe of reverence, that's his gown.

⁴⁷ *Go wish the surgeon, &c.*] *To wish*, was, in the language of the times, *to recommend or desire*. So, in *The City Night Cap*. vol. XI. p. 305 : " She looks for one, they call father Antony, sir ; and he's " *wish'd* to her by Madona Lussuriosa."

Wife. Well, then y'are like to cross that custom
once,

You get nor key, nor gown; and so depart.

This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart. [*Exit.*]

Candido. Stay, let me see, I must have some device,
My cloak's too short: fie, fie, no cloak will do't;
It must be something fashion'd like a gown,
With my arms out.—Oh, George, come hither George,
I pr'ythee lend me thine advice.

George. Troth, sir, were it any but you, they would
Break open chest.

Candido. O no, break open chest! that's a thief's
office;

Therein you counsel me against my blood:

'Twould shew impatience that. Any meek means
I would be glad to embrace. Mass, I have got it:

Go, step up, fetch me down one of the carpets,
The saddest colour'd carpet, honest George;

Cut thou a hole i'th'middle for my neck,
Two for mine arms.—Nay, pr'ythee look not strange:

George. I hope you do not think, sir, as you mean.

Candido. Pr'ythee about it quickly, the hour chides
me:

Warily, George, softly, take heed of eyes.

[*Exit George.*]

Out of two evils he's accounted wise,
That can pick out the least; the fine impos'd

For an ungown'd senator, is about

Forty ⁴⁸ cruzadoes, the carpet not 'bove four.

Thus have I chosen the lesser evil yet;

Preserv'd my patience, foil'd her desperate wit.

Enter GEORGE.

George. Here, sir, here's the carpet.

Candido. O, well done, George, we'll cut it just
i'th'midst.

⁴⁸ *cruzadoes*] A cruzado is a Portugeze coin, struck under
Alphonsus V. about the year 1457, at the time when Pope Calixtus
sent thither a bull for a croisade against the Infidels. It had its
name from a cross which it bears on one side; the arms of Poru-
gal being on the other. The value of it is 40 French sols, or
upwards of 2s. 10d. sterling.

'Tis very well, I thank thee ; help it on.

George. It must come over your head, sir, like a wench's petticoat.

Candido. Th'art in the right, good George ; it must indeed.

Fetch me a night-cap : for I'll gird it close,
As if my health were queasy : t'will show well
For a rude careless night-gown ; will't not, think'st ?

George. Indifferent well, sir, for a night-gown, being girt and plaited..

Candido. I, and a night-cap on my head.

George. That's true, sir ; I'll run and fetch one, and a staff. [*Exit George.*]

Candido. For thus they cannot chuse but construe it :

One that is out of health takes no delight,
Wears his apparel without appetite,
And puts on heedless raiment without form.

Enter GEORGE.

So, so, kind George, be secret now ; and, pr'ythee,
Do not laugh at me, till I'm out of sight.

George. I laugh ! not I, sir.

Candido. Now to the senate-house :

Methinks I'd rather wear, without a frown,
A patient carpet than an angry gown. [*Exit.*]

George. Now looks my master just like one of our carpet ⁴⁹ knights, only he's somewhat the honestest of the two.

⁴⁹ *carpet knights*] The following account of this Order of Knighthood, is taken from a Note, by Sir James Burrows, on *Twelfth Knight*, A. 3. S. 4 : " There was an Order of Knighthood of the " appellation of KNIGHTS OF THE CARPET, though few or no " persons (at least among those whom I have consulted) seem to " know any thing about it, or even to have heard of it. I have " taken some memorandum concerning the institution, and know " that William Lord Burgh, of Scarborough-castle in the County " of Surry, father to Thomas Lord Burgh, Deputy of Ireland, and " to Sir John Burgh (who took the great Caracca ship in 1592) " was made a *Knight of the Carpet*, at Westminster, on the 2d of " October, 1553, the day after Queen Mary's coronation : and I " met with a list of all who were made so at the same time, in " Strype's *Memorials*, vol. III. Appendix, p. 11. See Anstis's

Enter CANDIDO'S WIFE.

Wife. What, is your master gone?

George. Yes, forsooth, his back is but new turn'd.

Wife. And in his cloak? Did he not vex and swear?

George. No; but he'll make you swear anon: no, indeed, he went away like a lamb.

Wife. Key, sink to hell: still patient, patient still! I am with child to vex him. Pr'ythee, George, If e'er thou look'st for favour at my hands, Uphold one jest for me.

George. Against my master?

Wife. 'Tis a mere jest, in faith: say wilt thou do't?

George. Well, what is't?

" *Observations on the Knighthood of the Bath*, (Lond. 1725.) p. 50.
 " Upon the accession of Queen Mary to the throne, a commission
 " was granted to the Earl of Arundel, empowering him to make
 " Knights but without any additional title, within two days after
 " the date of that patent; which were the two days preceding her
 " coronation. In pursuance hereof, we find the names of the
 " Knights, created by him, according to the stated form of creating
 " Knights of the Bath; and the variety of the ceremonies used so
 " distinctly related, that it particularly deserves to be consulted in
 " the Appendix.

" So that Mr. Anstis plainly considers them as being only a
 " species of Knights of the Bath, though without any additional
 " title.

" If so, the appellation of *Knights of the Carpet* might be only
 " popular; not their strict or proper title. This, however, was
 " sufficient to induce Shakspeare (who wrote whilst they were
 " commonly spoken of by such an appellation) to use that term in
 " contrast to a knighthood conferred upon a real soldier, as a
 " reward of military valour."

These Carpet Knights are spoken of with great contempt by many contemporary writers.

Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, A. 2. S. 5:

" To men I had forborn it; you are women,

" Or at the best, loose *Carpet Knights*."

The Unnatural Combat, A. 3. S. 3:

" — There your *Carpet Knights*,

" That never charg'd beyond a mistress' lips,

" Are still most keen, and valiant."

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *The Twelfth Night*, vol. IV. p. 245. and Note to Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. IX. p. 349. edit. 1778.

Wife. Here, take this key; thou know'st where all things lie;

Put on thy master's best apparel, gown,
Chain, cap, ruff, every thing; be like himself;
And, 'gainst his coming home, walk in the shop:
Feign the same carriage and his patient look;
'Twill breed but a jest, thou know'st: speak, wilt thou?

George. 'Twill wrong my master's patience.

Wife. Pr'ythee, George.

George. Well, if you'll save me harmless, and put me under covert baron, I am content to please you; provided it may breed no wrong against him.

Wife. No wrong at all: here take the key, be gone:
I any vex him, this; if not this, none. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Enter a BAWD and ROGER.

Bawd. O Roger, Roger, where's your mistress? where's your mistress? there's the finest neatest gentleman at my house, but newly come over; O where is she, where is she, where is she?

Roger. My mistress is abroad, but not amongst 'em: my mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.

Bawd. How! is she not a whore? do you go about to take away her good name, Roger? you are a fine pander, indeed.

Roger. I tell you, Madona Finger-lock, I am not sad for nothing; I ha' not eaten one good meal this three and thirty days: I had wont to get sixteen-pence by fetching a pottle of Ipocras; but now those days are past: we had as good doings, Madona Finger-lock, she within doors, and I without, as any poor young couple in Milan.

Bawd. God's my life, and is she chang'd now?

Roger. I ha' lost by her squeamishness more than would have builded twelve bawdy houses.

Bawd.* And had she no time to turn honest but

* Omitted: Edit. 1604.

now? what a vile woman is this! twenty pound a night, I'll be sworn, Roger, in gold and no silver: why, here was a time! if she should ha' pick'd out a time, it could not be better! gold enough stirring; choice of men, choice of hair, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, every thing: it cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an ass. Roger, I never believe it.

Roger. Here she comes now.

Enter BELLAFRONT.

Bawd. O sweet Madona, on with your loose gown, your felt and your feather! there's the sweetest, prop'rest, gallantest gentleman at my house; he smells all of musk and ambergrise, his pocket full of crowns, flame-colour'd doublet, red sattin hose, carnation silk stockings, and a leg, and a body, oh!—

Bellafront. Hence thou, our sex's monster, poisonous bawd,

Lust's factor, and damnation's orator!
Gossip of hell, were all the harlots sins,
Which the whole world contains, number'd together,
Thine far exceeds them all: of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art basest.
What serpent would beguile thee of thy office?
It is detestable; for thou liv'st
Upon the dregs of harlots; guard'st the door,
Whilst couples go to dancing. O, coarse devil!
Thou art the bastard's curse, thou brand'st his birth;
The letcher's French disease; for thou dry-suck'st him;
The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.

Bawd. Marry come up, with a pox! have you nobody to rail against, but your bawd, now?

Bellafront. And you, knave, pander, kinsman to a bawd!

Roger. You and I, Madona, are cousins.

Bellafront. Of the same blood and making, near allied;

Thou that art* slave to six-pence; base metal'd villain!

* *Art* is omitted in all the editions.

Roger. Six-pence! nay, that's not so; I never took under two shillings and four-pence. I hope, I know my fee.

Bellafront. I know not against which most to inveigh; For both of you are damn'd so equally.

Thou never spar'st for oaths; swear'st any thing,

As if thy soul were made of shoe-leather,

God damn me, gentleman, if she be within,

When, in the next room, she's found dallying.

Roger. If it be my vocation to swear, every man in his vocation: I hope my betters swear, and damn themselves; and why should not I?

Bellafront. Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen.

Roger. The more gulls they.

Bellafront. Slave, I cashier thee.

Bawd. And you do cashier him, he shall be entertain'd.

Roger. Shall I? then ⁵⁰ blurt o' your service.

Bellafront. As hell would have it, entertain'd by you! I dare the devil himself to match those two. [*Exit.*

Bawd. Marry gup, are you grown so holy, so pure, so honest, with a pox?

Roger. Scurvy, honest punk!—But stay, Madona, how must our agreement be now? for, you know, I am to have all the comings-in at the hall-door, and you at the chamber-door.

Bawd. True, Roger, except my vails.

Roger. Vails, what vails?

Bawd. Why, as thus; if a couple come in a coach, and light, to lie down a little, then, Roger, that's my fee, and you may walk abroad; for the coachman himself is their pander.

Roger. Is he so? In truth, I have almost forgot, for

⁵⁰ *blurt o' your service.*] An expression of contempt very frequent in writers of the times.

Marston's First Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 4:

"Blurt on your Aye mees, guard her safely hence."

And in *Edward III.* A. 4. S. 6:

"This day hath set derision on the French,

"And all the world will blurt and scorn at us."

want of exercise. But how if I fetch this citizen's wife to that gull, and that Madona to that gallant; how then?

Bawd. Why then, Roger, you are to have six-pence a lane; so many lanes, so many six-pences.

Roger. Is't so? then I see we two shall agree, and live together.

Bawd. Aye, Roger, so long as there be any taverns and bawdy-houses in Milan. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Enter BELLAFRONT, with a lute; pen, ink, and paper being placed before her.

SONG.

*The courtier's flattering jewels,
(Temptation's only fewels)
The lawyer's ill-got moneys,
That suck up poor bees' honeys,
The citizen's son's riot,
The gallant's costly diet,
Silks and velvets, pearls and ambees,
Shall not draw me to their chambers.
Silks and velvets, &c.*

[She writes.]

Oh, 'tis in vain to write: it will not please.
Ink, on this paper, would ha' but presented
The foul black spots that stick upon my soul;
And rather make me loathsomer, than wrought
My love's impression in Hipolito's thought.
No, I must turn the chaste leaves of my breast,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.
Hipolito, believe me, I will be
As true unto thy heart, as thy heart to thee;
And hate all men, their gifts, and company.

Enter MATHEO, CASTRUCHIO, FLUELLO, PIORATTO.

Matheo. You, goody punk, *subaudi* ⁵¹cockatrice, O, y'are a sweet whore of your promise; are you not, think you? how well you came to supper to us last

⁵¹ cockatrice,] See Note 41 to *The Antiquary*.

night! Mew, a whore, and break her word! nay, you may blush, and hold down your head at it well enough: s'foot, ask these gallants if we staid not till we were as hungry as serjeants.

Fluello. I, and their yeomen too.

Castruchio. Nay, faith, acquaintance, let me tell you, you forgot yourself too much: we had excellent cheer, rare vintage, and were drunk after supper.

Pioratto. And when we were in our wood-cocks, (sweet rogue) a brace of gulls, dwelling here in the city, came in, and paid all ⁵² the shot.

Matheo. Pox on her, let her alone.

Bellafront. O, I pray do; if you be gentlemen, I pray depart the house. Beshrew the door
For being so easily intreated: faith,
I lent but little ear unto your talk;
My mind was busied otherwise, in troth,
And so your words did unregarded pass:
Let this suffice; I am not as I was.

Fluello. I am not what I was! no, I'll be sworn thou art not: for thou wert honest at five, and now th'art a punk at fifteen: thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now th'art a cunning cony-catching baggage to-day.

Bellafront. I'll say I'm worse; I pray forsake me,
then:

I do desire you leave me, gentlemen,
And leave yourselves: O, be not what you are,
(Spendthrifts of soul and body:)
Let me persuade you to forsake all harlots,
Worse than the deadliest poisons: they are worse;
For o'er their souls hangs an eternal curse.
In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish;
Th'are seldom blest with fruit: for ere it blossoms,
Many a worm confounds it.
They have no issue, but foul ugly ones,
That run along with them, e'en to their graves;

⁵² the shot.] i. e. the reckoning, a term still used in many parts of the kingdom.

For, 'stead of children, they breed rank diseases ;
And all your gallants can bestow on them,
Is that French infant, which ne'er acts, but speaks.
What shallow son and heir, then, foolish gallant,
Would waste all his inheritance to purchase
A filthy loath'd disease, and pawn his body
To a dry evil ? That usury's worst of all,
When th' interest will eat out the principal.

Matheo. 'Sfoot, she gulls 'em, the best : this is
always her fashion, when she would be rid of any
company, that she cares not for, to enjoy mine alone.

Fluello. What's here ? instructions, admonitions,
and caveats ; come out you scabbard of vengeance.

Matheo. Fluello, spurn your hounds when they
foist : you shall not spurn my punk, I can tell you :
my blood is vext.

Fluello. Pox o' your blood : make it a quarrel.

Matheo. Y'are a slave, will that serve turn ?

Omnes. S'blood, hold, hold.

Castruchio. Matheo, Fluello, for shame put up.*

Matheo. Spurn my sweet varlet !

Bellafront. O how many thus,
Mov'd with a little folly, have let out
Their souls in brothel-houses ! fell down and dy'd
Just at their harlot's foot, as 'twere in pride.

Fluello. Matheo, we shall meet.

Matheo. I, I, any where, saving at church : pray
take heed we meet not there.

Fluello. Adieu, damnation !

Castruchio. Cockatrice, farewell.

Pioratto. There's more deceit in women, than in hell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Matheo. Ha, ha, thou dost gull 'em so rarely, so
naturally ! if I did not think thou hadst been in earnest.
Thou art a sweet rogue for't, i'faith.

* It stood formerly as if Castruchio, Matheo, Fluello, all said at once, " For shame put up " This is absurd, as Matheo and Fluello are the disputants. None of the editions authorize the confusion thus introduced, and the old reading is restored. C.

Bellafront. Why are not you gone too, signior Matheo?

I pray, depart my house : you may believe me ;
In troth, I have no part of harlot in me.

Matheo. How's this ?

Bellafront. Indeed, I love you not ; but hate you worse

Than any man, because you were the first
Gave money for my soul. You brake the ice,
Which after turn'd a puddle : I was led
By your temptation to be miserable :
I pray, seek out some other that will fall,
Or rather (I pray) seek out none at all.

Matheo. Is't possible to be? Impossible! An honest whore! I have heard many honest wenches turn strumpets with a wet finger; but for a harlot to turn honest, is one of Hercules's labours. It was more easy for him in one night to make fifty queans, than to make one of them honest again in fifty years. Come, I hope, thou dost but jest.

Bellafront. 'Tis time to leave off jesting, I had almost Jested away salvation : I shall love you,
If you will soon forsake me.

Matheo. God be with thee.*

Bellafront. Oh, tempt no more women : shun their weighty curse !

Women (at best) are bad, make them not worse.
You gladly seek our sex's overthrow,
But not to raise our states. For all your wrongs,
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompence,
To marry with me ?

Matheo. How, marry with a punk, a cockatrice, a harlot ? marry, foh ; I'll be burnt thorough the nose first.

Bellafront. Why lah ? these are your oaths : you love to undo us,
To put heaven from us, whilst our best hours waste :

* " God buy thee," 1604 ; but the other editions, " God be with thee." C.

You love to make us lewd, but never chaste.

Matheo. I'll hear no more of this: this ground
upon,

Th'art damn'd, for alt'ring thy religion. [Exit.

Bellafront. Thy lust and sin speak so much: go
thou, my ruin!

The first fall my soul took. By my example,
I hope few maidens now will put their heads
Under men's girdles: who least trusts is most wise:
Men's oaths do cast a mist before our eyes.

My best of wit be ready: now I go,
By some device to greet Hipolito. [Exit.

SCENE X.

*Enter a SERVANT, setting out a table; on which he
places a skull, a picture, a book, and a taper.*

Servant. So, this is Monday morning; and now
must I to my housewifry. Would I had been created
a shoemaker; for all the gentle craft are gentlemen
every Monday by their copy, and scorn (then) to work
one true stitch. My master means sure to turn me
into a student; for here's my book, here my desk, here
my light, this my close chamber, and here my punk: so
that this dull drowzy first day of the week makes me half
a priest, half a chandler, half a painter, half a sexton,
aye and half a bawd: for all this day my office is to do
nothing but keep the door. To prove it, look you, this
good face, and yonder gentleman, (so soon as ever
my back's turned,) will be naught together.

Enter HIPOLITO.

Hipolito. Are all the windows shut?

Servant. Close, sir, as the fist of a courtier that
hath stood in three reigns.

Hipolito. Thou art a faithful servant, and observ'st
The calendar both of my solemn vows
And ceremonious sorrow: Get thee gone;
I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound
Of any woman's voice pierce through that door.

Servant. If they do, my lord, I'll pierce some of them.

What will your lordship have to breakfast?

Hipolito. Sighs.

Servant. What to dinner?

Hipolito. Tears.

Servant. The one of them, my lord, will fill you too full of wind; the other wet you too much. What to supper?

Hipolito. That which, now, thou canst not get me; the constancy of a woman.

Servant. Indeed, that's harder to come by, than ever was ⁵³ Ostend.

Hipolito. Pr'ythee, away.

Servant. I'll make away myself presently, which few servants will do for their lords; but rather help to make them away. Now to my door-keeping; I hope to pick something out of it. [Exit.

Hipolito. My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las! now I see,
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion; here 'tis read;
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the musick set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
In her white bosom; look, a painted board,
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford:
Nothing of her, but this! This cannot speak;

⁵³ *Ostend.*] The siege of this place is frequently alluded to in our ancient writers. It was taken by the Marquis of Spinola on the 8th of September, 1604, after it had held out three years and ten weeks. See "A true History of the memorable Siege of OSTEND, and what passed on either side from the beginning of the Siege unto the yielding up of the town." 4to, 1604.

It has no lap for me to rest upon;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence then, idle art!
True love's best pictur'd in a true-love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead!
So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here?
Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's.
'Las! say it were; I need not fear him now:
For all his braves, his contumelious breath;
His frowns, tho' dagger-pointed; all his plot,
Tho' ne'er so mischievous, his Italian pills,
His quarrels, and that common fence, his law:
See, see, they're all eaten out: here's not left one;
How clean they're pickt away to the bare bone!
How mad are mortals then to rear great names
On tops of swelling houses! or to wear out
Their fingers ends in dirt, to scrape up gold!
Not caring, so that ⁵⁴sumpter-horse, the back,
Be hung with gawdy trappings, with what coarse,
Yea rags most beggarly, they cloath the soul;
Yet, after all, their gayness looks thus foul.
What fools are men, to build a ⁵⁵garish tomb,
Only to save the carcass whilst it rots;
To maintain't long in stinking, make good carion;
But leave no good deeds to preserve them sound;
For good deeds keep men sweet long above ground.
And must all come to this? fools, wise all hither?
Must all heads thus at last be laid together?
Draw me my picture, then, thou grave near workman,
After this fashion, not like this; these colours,
In time, kissing but air will be kiss'd off;
But here's a fellow, that which he lays on,
Till doom's day alters not complexion.
Death's the best painter then. They that draw
shapes,

⁵⁴ *sumpter-horse*] A horse that carries the necessaries and expences for a journey.

⁵⁵ *garish*] See Note 34 to *Edward II.* vol. II.

And live by wicked faces, are but God's apes;
 They come but near the life, and there they stay;
 This fellow draws life too; his art is fuller,
 The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his SERVANT.

Servant. Here's a person would speak with you, sir,

Hipolito. Hah!

Servant. A parson, sir, would speak with you.

Hipolito. Vicar?

Servant. Vicar! no, sir, h'as too good a face to be a vicar yet; a youth, a very youth.

Hipolito. What youth? of man or woman? lock the doors.

Servant. If it be woman, marrow-bones and ⁵⁶ potatoe-pies keep me from meddling with her, for the thing has got the breeches; 'tis a ⁵⁷ male-varlet, sure, my lord, for a woman's taylor ne'er measur'd him.

Hipolito. Let him give thee his message, and be gone.

Servant. He says he's signor Matheo's man; but I know he lies.

Hipolito. How dost thou know it?

Servant. 'Cause he has ne'er a beard: 'tis his boy, I think, sir, whosoe'er paid for his nursing.

Hipolito. Send him in, and keep the door. [*Reads.*

Fata si liceat mihi,

Fingere arbitrio me,

Temperem Zephyro levi vela.

I'd sail, were I to choose, not in the Ocean;
 Cedars are shaken, when shrubs do feel no bruise,

Enter BELLAFRONT like a Page.

How! from Matheo?

Bellafront. Yes, my lord.

⁵⁶ potato-pies] See note to *Troilus and Cressida*, p. 166. edit. 1778.

G. Wither in his *Abuses stript and whipt*, 1613, has the following apposite lines referring to the supposed virtues of marrow and potatoes.

"These to hold out the game, maintaine the back
 With marrow pies, potato rootes and sack." C.

⁵⁷ male-varlet] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 5. S. 1: "thou art thought to be Achilles' male-varlet."

Hipolito. Art sick?

Bellafront. Not all in health, my lord.

Hipolito. Keep off.

Bellafront. I do:

Hard fate, when women are compell'd to woe. [*Aside.*

Hipolito. This paper does speak nothing.

Bellafront. Yes, my lord,

Matter of life it speaks, and therefore writ
In hidden character; to me instruction
My master gives, and ('less you please to stay
Till you both meet) I can the text display.

Hipolito. Do so: read out.

Bellafront. I am already out:

Look on my face, and read the strangest story!

Hipolito. What, villain, ho?

*Enter his SERVANT.**

Servant. Call you, my lord?

Hipolito. Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil.

Servant. Lord bless us, where? he's not cloven, my
lord, that I can see: besides, the devil goes more like
a gentleman than a page: good my lord, *boon couragio.*

Hipolito. Thou hast let in a woman in man's shape,
And thou art damn'd for't.

Servant. Not damn'd, I hope, for putting in a woman
to a lord.

Hipolito. Fetch me my rapier,—do not: I shall kill
thee.

Purge this infected chamber of that plague,
That runs upon me thus: Slave, thrust her hence.

Servant. Alas! my lord, I shall never be able to
thrust her hence without help.—Come, mermaid, you
must to sea again.

Bellafront. Hear me but speak, my words shall be
all musick:

Hear me but speak.

Hipolito. Another beats the door,
T'other she-devil, look.

* The servant ought not to enter until after his master has called him. The direction was inserted by Mr. Reed, too early according to all the copies. C.

Servant. Why, then, hell's broke loose. [Exit.

Hipolito. Hence, guard the chamber: let no more come on,

One woman serves for man's damnation.
Beshrew thee, thou dost make me violate
The chastest and most sanctimonious vow,
That e'er was enter'd in the court of heav'n:

⁵⁷ I was on meditation's spotless wings,
Upon my journey thither: like a storm
Thou beats my rip'ned cogitations
Flat to the ground; and like a thief dost stand,
To steal devotion from the holy land.

Bellafront. If woman were thy mother; if thy heart
Be not all marble; or, if't marble be,
Let my tears soften it, to pity me.
I do beseech thee, do not thus with scorn
Destroy a woman.

Hipolito. Woman, I beseech thee,
Get thee some other suit, this fits thee not;
I would not grant it to a kneeling queen.
I cannot love thee, nor I must not: See
The copy of that obligation,
Where my soul's bound in heavy penalties.

Bellafront. She's dead you told me, she'll let fall her suit.

Hipolito. My vows to her fled after her to heav'n:
Were thine eyes clear as mine, thou might'st behold
her,

Watching upon yon battlements of stars,
How I observe them! should I break my bond,
This board would rive in twain, these wooden lips
Call me most perjur'd villain. Let it suffice,
I ha' set thee in the path: is't not a sign
I love thee, when with one so most most dear,
I'll have thee fellow? all are fellows there.

Bellafront. Be greater than a king; save not a body,

⁵⁷ I was on meditation's spotless wings, So, in *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 1:

"Haste, let me know it; that I, with wings as swift

"As meditation, or the thoughts of love,

"May sweep to my revenge."

But from eternal shipwreck keep a soul;
If not, and that again sin's path I tread,
The grief be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

Hipolito. Stay, and take physick for it; read this book;

Ask counsel of this head, what's to be done,
He'll strike it dead that 'tis damnation,
If you ⁵⁸ turn Turk again. Oh, do it not!
Tho' heav'n cannot allure you to do well,
From doing ill let hell fright you: and learn this,
The soul whose bosom lust did never touch,
Is God's fair bride; and maiden's souls are such:
The soul, that leaving chastity's white shore,
Swims in hot sensual streams, is the devil's whore.
How now! who comes?

Enter his SERVANT.

Servant. No more knaves, my lord, that wear smocks:
here's a letter from Doctor Benedict; I would not enter
his man, tho' he had hairs at his mouth, for fear he
should be a woman, for some women have beards;
marry, they are ⁵⁹ half witches. 'Slid, you are a sweet
youth to wear a ⁶⁰ codpiece, and have no pins to stick
upon't.

Hipolito. I'll meet the Doctor; tell him, yet to-night

⁵⁸ turn Turk again.] To turn Turk, seems to have been a cant phrase for departing from the rules of chastity. So children born out of wedlock are frequently termed *Pagans*; as in the *Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 4. S. 1. vol. VI. p. 67. edit. 1778.

"Three little children; one of them was mine

"Upon my conscience; th' other two are *Pagans*."

⁵⁹ half witches.] One of the distinguishing qualities of a witch is supposed to have been hair on her chin.

⁶⁰ codpiece] "Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dress, may consult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which such matters are very amply discussed. Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shewn as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. The same fashion appears to have been no less offensive in France. See *Montaigne*, chap. 22. "The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency was continued by the illiberal wardens of the Tower, till forbidden by authority." Mr. Steevens's Note to *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 2. S. 7. See also Figure 8, in Plate 20, of Strutt's *View of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the Inhabitants of England*, vol. III.

I cannot: but at morrow rising sun
I will not fail: go, woman, fare thee well. [Exeunt.

Bellafront. The lowest fall can be but into hell.
It does not move him. I must therefore fly
From this undoing city, and with tears
Wash off all anger from my father's brow.
He cannot sure but joy, seeing me new-born.
A woman honest first, and then turn whore,
Is (as with me) common to thousands more;
But from a strumpet to turn chaste; that sound
Has oft been heard, that woman hardly found. [Exit.

SCENE XI.

*Enter FUSTIGO, CRAMBO, and POH.**

Fustigo. Hold up your hands, gentlemen: here's one,
two, three.—Nay, I warrant they are ⁶¹ sound pistols,
and without flaws; I had them of my sister, and I know
she uses to put nothing that's crack't.—Three, four,
five, six, seven, eight, and nine; by this hand, bring
me but a piece of his blood, and you shall have nine
more. I'll lurk in a tavern not far off, and provide
supper to close up the end of the tragedy. The linen-
drapers, remember. Stand to't, I beseech you; and
play your parts perfectly.

Crambo. Look you, signior, 'tis not your gold that
we weigh.

Fustigo. Nay, nay, weigh it, and spare not; if it
lack one grain of corn,
I'll give you a bushel of wheat to make it up.

Crambo. But by your favour, signior, which of the
servants is it? because we'll punish justly.

Fustigo. Marry, 'tis the head-man; you shall taste
him by his tongue.

A pretty tall, prating fellow, with a Tuscalonian beard.

Poh. Tuscalonian! very good.

* The name is *Poh*, as it is generally printed in the edition of
1604, and as is evident from the way in which Fustigo plays upon
it at the end of the scene. It has hitherto been misprinted *Poli*. C.

⁶¹ sound pistols] I suppose Fustigo means the Spanish coin
pistoles. S.

Fustigo. Cods life, I was ne'er so thrumb'd since I was a gentleman: my coxcomb was dry-beaten, as if my hair had been hemp.

Crambo. We'll dry-beat some of them.

Fustigo. Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cry'd murder out very manfully: I have her consent in a manner to have him pepper'd, else I'll not do't to win more than ten cheaters do at a rifling: break but his pate or so, only ⁶² his mazer, because I'll have his head in a cloth as well as mine; he's a linen-draper, and may take enough. I could enter my action of battery against him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the lawyers would end it.

Crambo. No more to do, but insconce yourself i'th'-tavern; provide no great cheer; a couple of capons, some pheasants, plovers, and orangado-pie, or so: but how bloody so e'er the day be, sally you not forth.

Fustigo. No, no: nay, if I stir, somebody shall stink; I'll not budge; I'll lie like a dog in a manger.

Crambo. Well, well, to the tavern; let not our supper be raw, for you shall have blood enough; your belly full.

Fustigo. That's all, so God sa' me I thirst after; blood for blood, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaster for plaster, and so farewell. What shall I call your names? because I'll leave word, if any such come to the bar.

Crambo. My name is corporal Crambo.

Poh. And mine, lieutenant Poh.

Crambo. Poh is as tall a man as ever open'd oysters: I would not be the devil to meet Poh. Farewel.

Fustigo. Nor I, by this light, if Poh be such a Poh.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CANDIDO'S WIFE, in her shop, and the two
'PRENTICES.

Wife. What's a clock now?

⁶⁴ *only his mazer*] So, in Dekker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603: "—thinking the cannes had flyen about, cryed Zoundes! what do "you mean to cracke my mazer?" The term is even yet in vulgar use, for the face.

And in Middleton's *Game at Chess*:

"And the red hat fit for the guilty mazure." Sig. F 4. O. G.

2 'Prentice. 'Tis almost twelve.

Wife. That's well.

The senate will leave wording presently:
But is George ready?

2 'Prentice. Yes, forsooth, he's furbisht.

Wife. Now, as you ever hope to win my favour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him
With the like awe, as if he were your master;
Let not your looks betray it with a smile,
Or jeering glance, to any customer.
Keep a true settled countenance; and beware
You laugh not, whatsoever you hear or see.

2 'Prentice. I warrant you, mistress, let us alone for
keeping our countenance: for, if I list, there is never a
fool in all Milan shall make me laugh; let him play
the fool never so like an ass; whether it be the fat
court-fool, or the lean city fool.

Wife. Enough then, call down George.

2 'Prentice. I hear him coming.

Enter GEORGE.

Wife. ⁶³ Be ready with your legs, then let me see
How courtesy would become him.—Gallantly!
Beshrew my blood, a proper seemly man;
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

George. I thank you, mistress; my back's broad
enough, now my master's gown's on.

Wife. Sure I should think it were the least of sin,
To mistake the master, and to let him in.

George. 'Twere a good comedy of errors * that,
i'faith.

2 'Prentice. ⁶⁴ Whist, whist, my master!

Enter CANDIDO, and exit presently.

Wife. You all know your task.—God's my life,

⁶³ Be ready with your legs,] i. e. with your bows See Note 20 to
The Parsons's Wedding.

* This allusion to Shakespeare's play, seems to have escaped
the commentators, although Mr. Malone in his *Chronology* quotes
a tract, by Dekkar, printed two years after the date of the *Honest*
Whore. It was at first supposed that the *Taming of the Shrew*,
was written in 1606.

⁶⁴ Whist, whist] Be silent. See Mr. Steevens's Note to *Tempest*.
A. 1. S. 2.

what's that he has got upon his back? who can tell?

George. That can I, but I will not.

Wife. Girt about him like a mad-man! What, has he lost his cloak too? This is the maddest fashion that e'er I saw.

What said he, George, when he pass'd by thee?

George. Troth, mistress, nothing: not so much as a bee, he did not hum; not so much as a bawd, he did not hem; not so much as a cuckold, he did not ha; neither hum, hem, nor ha: only star'd me in the face, past along, and made haste in, as if my look's had work'd with him to give him a stool.

Wife. Sure he's vext now, this trick has mov'd his spleen;

He's anger'd now, because he utter'd nothing:

And wordless wrath breaks out more violent.

May be he'll strive for place, when he comes down;

But if thou lov'st me, George, afford him none.

George. Nay, let me alone to play my master's prize, as long as my mistress warrants me: I am sure I have his best clothes on, and I scorn to give place to any that is inferior in apparel to me: that's an axiom, a principle! and is observed as much as the fashion: let that persuade you then, that I'll shoulder with him for the upper-hand in the shop, as long as this chain will maintain it.

Wife. Spoke with the spirit of a master, tho' with the tongue of a 'prentice.

Enter CANDIDO like a 'Prentice.

Why, how now, mad-man? what in your tricksicoats?

Candido. O, peace, good mistress.

Enter CRAMBO and POH.

See what you lack, what is't you buy? pure callicoes, fine hollands, choice cambricks, neat lawns: see, what you buy. Pray come near, my master will use you well, he can afford you a pennyworth.

Wife. I, that he can, out of a whole piece of lawn, i'faith.

Candido. Pray, see your choice here, gentlemen.

Wife. O fine fool! what a mad-man? a patient

mad-man? who ever heard of the like! Well, sir, I'll fit you and your humour presently: what, cross-points? I'll untie 'em all in a trice, I'll vex you, faith. Boy, take your cloak, quick, come.

[Exit.

Candido. Be covered, George; this chain and ⁶⁵ wel-
ted gown,

Bare to this coat? Then the world's upside down.

George. Umh, umh, hum.

Crambo. That's the shop, and there's the fellow.

Poh. Aye, but the master is walking in there.

Crambo. No matter, we'll in.

Poh. 'Sblood, dost long to lie in limbo?

Crambo. And limbo be in hell, I care not.

Candido. Look you, gentlemen, your choice: cam-
bricks?

Crambo. No, sir, some shirting.

Candido. You shall.

Crambo. Have you none of this strip'd canvass for
doublets?

Candido. None strip'd, sir, but plain.

2 *'Prentice*. I think there be one piece strip'd within.

George. Step, sirrah, and fetch it; hum, hum, hum.

Candido. Look you, gentlemen, I'll make but one
spreading; here's a piece of cloth, fine, yet shall wear
like iron: 'tis without fault; take this upon my word;
'tis without fault.

⁶⁵ *welted gown*] Barret, in his *Alvearie*, voce *gard*, explains the
word as synonymous with *purfle*, or *welt*. A *welted gown* is, there-
fore, one ornamented with *purples* or *fringe*. They are often men-
tioned in ancient writers.

Green's *History of Fryer Bacon*, 1630, Sign. H 3: "I warrant
"you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see, marke, you
"masters, here's a plain honest man without *welt* or *gard*."

Ben Jonson's *Epicane*, A. 4. S. 7: "Do not fear me. Clap but
"a civil gown with a *welt* o'the one, and a canonical cloke with
"sleeves o'the other, &c."

Green's *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1592: "Presentlie, loking
"about for more, comes stalking down an aged grave Sir, in a
"blacke velvet coat, and a black cloth gowne *welted* and faced."

Ibid. "I saw five fat fellowes, all in damaske cotes and
"gownes, *welted* with velvet verie brave."

Dekkar's *Bel-man's Night-walkes*, Sign. D 4: "—thou shalt
"meete rich drunkards under *welted* gownes."

Crambo. Then 'tis better than you, sirrah.

Candido. Aye, and a number more. O that each soul
Were but as spotless as this innocent white,
And had as few breaks in it!

Crambo. 'Twould have some then: there was a fray
here last day in this shop.

Candido. There was indeed a little flea-biting.

Poh. A gentleman had his pate broke, call you that
but a flea-biting?

Candido. He had so.

Crambo. Zounds, do you stand in't? [*He strikes him.*]

George. 'Sfoot, clubs! clubs! 'prentices, down with
'em! ah you rogues, strike a citizen in's shop?

Candido. None of you stir, I pray; forbear, good
George.

Crambo. I beseech you, sir; we mistook our marks;
deliver us our weapons.

George. Your head bleeds, sir; cry, clubs.

Candido. I say you shall not, pray be patient.
Give them their weapons: sirs, you'd best be gone;
I tell you, here are boys more tough than bears:
Hence, lest more fists do walk about your ears.

Both. We thank you, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Candido. You shall not follow them:
Let them alone pray, this did me no harm;
Troth, I was cold, and the blow made me warm;
I thank 'em for't: besides I had decreed
To have a vein prick't, I did mean to bleed,
So that there's money sav'd: they are honest men,
Pray use 'em well, when they appear again.

George. Yes, sir, we'll use 'em like honest men.

Candido. I, well said, George, like honest men, tho'
they be arrant-knaves; for that's the praise of the city:
help to lay up these wares.

Enter his WIFE, with OFFICERS.

Wife. Yonder he stands.

Officer. What, in a 'prentice-coat?

Wife. Aye, aye, mad, mad; pray take heed.

Candido. How now? what news with them? what

make they with my wife? Officers! is she attach'd? look to your wares.

Wife. He talks to himself! Oh, he's much gone, indeed!

Officer. Pray, pluck up a good heart, be not so fearful; Sirs, heark, we'll gather to him by degrees.

Wife. I, I, by degrees, I pray: oh me! what makes he with the lawn in his hand? he'll tear all the ware in my shop.

Officer. Fear not, we'll catch him on a sudden.

Wife. O you had need do so: pray take heed of your warrant.

Officer. I warrant, mistress.—Now, signior Candido.

Candido. Now, sir, what news with you, sir?

Wife. What news with you, he says. Oh, he's far gone!

Officer. I pray, fear nothing, let's alone with him.

Signior, you look not like yourself, methinks,
(Steal you at t'other side) you are chang'd, y'are alter'd.

Candido. Chang'd, sir? why, true, sir. Is change strange? 'tis not the fashion, unless it alter: monarchs turn to beggars; beggars creep into the nests of princes; masters serve their prentices; ladies their serving-men; men turn to women.

Officer. And women turn to men.

Candido. Aye, and women turn to men; you say true; ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world.

Officer. Have we caught you, sir?

Candido. Caught me? well, well; you have caught me.

Wife. He laughs in your faces.

George. A rescue, 'prentices! my master's catch-pol'd.

Officer. I charge you keep the peace, or have your legs gartered with irons. We have from the duke a warrant strong enough for what we do.

Candido. I pray, rest quiet; I desire no rescue.

Wife. La: he desires no rescue; 'las, poor heart! He talks against himself.

Candido. Well, what's the matter;

Officer. Look to that arm;
Pray make sure work; double the cord.

Candido. Why, why?

Wife. Look, how his head goes! should he get but loose,

Oh 'twere as much as all our lives were worth.

Officer. Fear not, we'll make sure for our own safety.

Candido. Are you at leisure now? well, what's the matter?

Why do I enter into bonds thus? ha!

Officer. Because y'are mad; put fear upon your wife.

Wife. Oh, ay; I went in danger of my life every minute!

Candido. What? am I mad say you, and I not know it?

Officer. That proves you mad, because you know it not.

Wife. Pray talk as little to him as you can; You see he's too far spent,

Candido. Bound with strong cord?

A silver thread, i'faith, had been enough

To lead me any where. *Wife,* do you long?

You are mad too, or else you do me wrong.

George. But are you mad, indeed, master?

Candido. My wife says so;

And what she says, *George,* is all truth, you know:

And whither now? to Bethlem monast'ry?—ha! whither?

Officer. Faith, e'en to the madmen's pound.

Candido. A God's name: still I feel my patience sound. [Exeunt.

George. Come, we'll see whither he goes. If the master be mad, we are his servants, and must follow his steps; we'll be mad-caps too. Farewel, mistress; you shall have us all in Bedlam. [Exeunt.

Wife. I think I ha' fitted now you and your cloaths; If this move not his patience, nothing can; I'll swear then I have a saint, and not a man. [Exit.

SCENE XII.

*Enter DUKE, DOCTOR, FLUELLO, CASTRUCHIO,
PIORATTO.*

Duke. Give us a little leave.—Doctor, your news.

Doctor. I sent for him, my lord: at last he came,
And did receive all speech that went from me,
As gilded pills made to prolong his health.
My credit with him wrought it. For some men
Swallow even empty hooks; like fools, that fear
No drowning where 'tis deepest, 'cause 'tis clear.
In th'end we sat, and eat: a health I drank
To Infelice's sweet departed soul;
—This train I knew would take.

Duke. 'Twas excellent.

Doctor. He fell with such devotion on his knees,
To pledge the same—

Duke. Fond superstitious fool!

Doctor. That had he been inflam'd with zeal of
prayer,

He could not pour't out with more reverence.
About my neck he hung, wept on my cheek;
Kiss'd it, and swore he would adore my lips,
Because they brought forth Infelice's name.

Duke. Ha, ha, alack, alack!

Doctor. The cup he lifts up high, and thus he said,
Here, noble maid! drinks, and was poisoned:

Duke. And died?

Doctor. And died, my lord.

Duke. Thou in that word
Hast piec'd mine aged hours out with more years
Than thou hast taken from Hipolito.
A noble youth he was; but lesser branches
Hindering the greater's growth, must be lopt off,
And feed the fire. Doctor, w'are now all thine;
And use us so; be bold.

Doctor. Thanks, gracious lord:
My honoured lord—

Duke. Hum.

Doctor. I do beseech your grace, to bury deep
This bloody act of mine.

Duke. Nay, nay, for that,
Doctor, look you to't; me it shall not move;
They're curst that ill do, not that ill do love.

Doctor. You throw an angry forehead on my face;
But be you pleas'd backward thus far* to look,
That for your good this ill I undertook.

Duke. I, I, we construe so.

Doctor. And only for your love.

Duke. Confest; 'tis true.

Doctor. Nor let it stand against me as a bar,
To thrust me from your presence: nor believe
(As princes have quick thoughts) that now my finger
Being dipt in blood, I will not spare the hand;
But that for gold (as what can gold not do?)
I may be hir'd to work the like on you.

Duke. Which to prevent—

Doctor. 'Tis from my heart as far—

Duke. No matter, Doctor; 'cause I'll fearless sleep,
And that you shall stand clear of that suspicion,
I banish thee for ever from my court.
This principle is old, but true as fate;
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate. [Exit.]

Doctor. Is't so? Nay then, Duke, your stale prin-
ciple

With one as stale the Doctor thus shall quit;
He falls himself that digs another's pit.
How now? where is he? will he meet me?

Enter the DOCTOR'S MAN.

Doctor's man. Meet you, sir? He might have met
with three fencers in this time, and have receiv'd less
hurt than by meeting one doctor of physick. Why,
sir, he has walk'd under the old Abby-wall yonder this
hour, till he's more cold than a citizen's country-house
in January. You may smell him behind, sir: la, you,
yonder he comes!

Doctor. Leave me.

* Far in all the editions but 1604, which reads "backward thus
for to look." C.

Enter HIPOLITO.

Doctor's man. I'th'lurch, if you will. [Exit.

Doctor. O, my most noble friend!

Hipolito. Few but yourself

Could have intic'd me thus, to trust the air
With my close sighs. You sent for me, what news?

Doctor. Come, you must ⁶⁶d'off this black; dye that
pale cheek

Into his own colour. Go, attire yourself
Fresh as a bridegroom, when he meets his bride.

The duke has done much treason to thy love:

'Tis now reveal'd; 'tis now to be reveng'd,

Be merry, honour'd friend; thy lady lives.

Hipolito. What lady?

Doctor. Infelice, she's reviv'd.

Reviv'd! alack, death never had the heart
To take breath from her.

Hipolito. Umh, I thank you, sir;

Physick prolongs life, when it cannot save;

This helps not my hopes; mine are in their grave:

You do some wrong to mock me.

Doctor. By that love,

Which I have ever born you, what I speak

Is truth; the maiden lives: that funeral,

Duke's tears, the morning was all counterfeit;

A sleepy draught cozen'd the world and you.

I was his minister; and then chamber'd up,

To stop discovery.

Hipolito. O treacherous Duke!

Doctor. He cannot hope so certainly for bliss,

As he believes that I have poison'd you.

He woo'd me to't; I yielded, and confirm'd him

In his most bloody thoughts.

Hipolito. A very devil!

Doctor. Her did he closely coach to Bergamo;

And thither——

⁶⁶ doff] To doff, is to do off, to put off. So, in *King John*, A.3. S.1:

"Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame."

See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Macbeth*, A. 4 S. 3.

Hipolito. Will I ride: stood Bergamo
In the low countries of black hell, I'll to her.

Doctor. You shall to her, but not to Bergamo.
How passion makes you fly beyond yourself!
Much of that weary journey I ha' cut off;
For she by letters hath intelligence
Of your supposed death, her own interment,
And all those plots which that false duke her father
Has wrought against you; and she'll meet you—

Hipolito. O, when?

Doctor. Nay, see, how covetous are your desires!
Early to-morrow morn.

Hipolito. O where, good father?

Doctor. At Bethlem monastery. Are you pleas'd
now?

Hipolito. At Bethlem monastery! the place well
fits,

It is the school where those that lose their wits
Practise again to get them. I am sick
Of that disease; all love is lunatick.

Doctor. We'll steal away this night in some disguise.
Father Anselmo, a most reverend frier,
Expects our coming; before whom we'll lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yield in bonds
Of holy wedlock to tie both your hands.

Hipolito. This is such happiness,
That to believe it,—'tis impossible.

Doctor. Let all your joys then die in misbelief;
I will reveal no more.

Hipolito. O yes, good father!
I am so well acquainted with despair,
I know not how to hope; I believe all.

Doctor. We'll hence this night; much must be done,
much said:

But, if the doctor fail not in his charms,
Your lady shall ere morning fill those arms.

Hipolito. Heavenly physician! for thy fame shall
spread;
That mak'st two lovers speak, when they be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

CANDIDO'S WIFE, and GEORGE, PIORATTO meets them.

Wife. O watch, good George, watch which way the duke comes.

George. Here comes one of the butterflies; ask him.

Wife. Pray, sir, comes the duke this way?

Pioratto. He's upon coming, mistress. [Exit.

Wife. I thank you, sir.—George, are there many mad folks where thy master lies?

George. O, yes; of all countries some, but especially mad Greeks; they swarm. Troth, mistress, the world is alter'd with you: you had not wont to stand thus, with a paper, humbly complaining: but you're well enough serv'd. Provinder prickt you, as it does many of our city-wives besides.

Wife. Do'st think, George, we shall get him forth?

George. Truly, mistress, I cannot tell; I think you'll hardly get him forth. Why, 'tis strange! 'Sfoot, I have known many women that have had mad rascals to their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means possible to keep 'em in their right wits; but of a woman to long to turn a tame man into a madman—why the devil himself was never used so by his dam.

Wife. How does he talk, George? ha, good George, tell me.

George. Why, you'd best go see.

Wife. Alas, I'm afraid!

George. Afraid! you had more need be asham'd: he may rather be afraid of you.

Wife. But, George, he's not stark-mad, is he? he does not rave? he's not horn-mad, George, is he?

George. Nay, I know not that; but he talks like a justice of peace, of a thousand matters, and to no purpose.

Wife. I'll to the monastery. I shall be mad till I enjoy him; I shall be sick, till I see him; yet when I do see him, I shall weep out mine eyes.

George. I'd fain see a woman weep out her eyes; that's as true, as to say a man's cloak burns when it

hangs in the water. I know you'll weep, mistress;
⁶⁷ but what says the painted cloth?

*Trust not a woman when she cries;
For she'll pump water from her eyes,
With a wet finger; and in faster showers,
Than April when he rains down flowers.*

Wife. I, but George, that painted cloth is worthy to
be hang'd up for lying: all women have not tears at
will, unless they have good cause.

George. Aye, but mistress, how easily will they find
a cause? and as one of our cheese-trenchers says, very
learnedly,

*As out of wormwood bees suck honey;
As from poor clients lawyers firk money;
As parsley from a roasted coney;
So, tho' the day be ne'er so sunny,
If wives will have it rain, down then it drives;
The calmest husbands make the stormyest wives.*

Wife. Tame, George! but I ha' done storming now.

George. Why, that's well done, good mistress; throw
aside this fashion of your humour; be not phantastical
in wearing it; storm no more, long no more.—This
longing has made you come short of many a good thing
that you might have had from my master. Here comes
the duke!

Enter DUKE, FLUELLO, PIORATTO, SINEZI.

Wife. Oh, I beseech you pardon my offence,
In that I durst abuse your Grace's warrant;
Deliver forth my husband, good my lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Fluello. Candido, my lord.

Duke. Where is he?

Wife. He's among the lunaticks.

⁶⁷ but what says the painted cloth?] This alludes to the fashion in
the old tapestry-hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the
mouths of the figures worked or printed in them. See notes by
Mr. Theobald and Mr. Steevens on *As you like it*, A. 3. S. 1. where
several instances are given of the use of the words.

He was a man made up without a gall;
 Nothing could move him, nothing could convert
 His meek blood into fury; yet like a monster,
 I often beat at the most constant rock
 Of his unshaken patience, and did long
 To vex him.—

Duke. Did you so?

Wife. And for that purpose,
 Had warrant from your grace to carry him
 To Bethlem-monastery; whence they will not free him
 Without your grace's hand that sent him in.

Duke. You have long'd fair; 'tis you are mad, I fear:
 'Tis fit to fetch him thence, and keep you there.
 If he be mad, why would you have him forth?

George. And please your grace, he's not stark mad;
 but only talks like a young gentleman, somewhat phan-
 tastically; that's all: there's a thousand about your
 court, city, and country, madder than he.

Duke. Provide a warrant, you shall have our hand.

George. Here's a warrant ready drawn, my lord.

⁶⁸ *Duke.* Get pen and ink, get pen and ink.

Enter CASTRUCHIO.

Castruchio. Where is my lord the duke?

Duke. How now? more mad-men!

Castruchio. I have strange news, my lord.

Duke. Of what? of whom?

Castruchio. Of Infelice, and a marriage.

Duke. Ha! where? with whom?

Castruchio. Hipolito.

George. Here, my lord.

Duke. Hence with that woman! void the room!

Fluello. Away! the duke's vex'd.

George. Whoop! come, mistress, the duke's mad too.

[*Exeunt.*]

Duke. Who told me that Hipolito was dead?

Castruchio. He that can make any man dead, the
 Doctor. But, my lord, he's as full of life as wild-fire,
 and as quick. Hipolito, the doctor, and one more, rid
 hence this evening; the inn at which they light is

⁶³ *Duke* The first edition gives this speech to *Castruchio*.

Bethlem-monastery. Infelice comes from Bergamo, and meets them there. Hipolito is mad, for he means this day to be married. The afternoon is the hour, and frier Anselmo is the knitter.

Duke. From Bergamo! is't possible? it cannot be, It cannot be.

Castruchio. I will not swear, my lord;
But this intelligence I took from one
Whose brains work in the plot.

Duke. What's he?

Castruchio. Matheo.

Fluello. Matheo knows all.

Pioratto. He's Hipolito's bosom.

Duke. How far stands Bethlem hence?

Omnes. Six or seven miles.

Duke. Is't even so?

Not married till the afternoon you say?
Stay, stay, let's work out some prevention.
How! this is most strange; can none
But mad-men serve to dress their wedding-dinner?
All of you get presently to horse,
Disguise yourselves like country gentlemen,
Or riding citizens, or so; and take
Each man a several path, but let us meet
At Bethlem-manastery, some space of time
Being spent between the arrival each of other,
As if we came to see the lunaticks.
To horse! away! be secret on your lives;
Love must be punish'd, that unjustly thrives. [*Exeunt.*]

Fluello. Be secret on your lives! Castruchio
Y'are but a scurvy spaniel. Honest lord!
Good lady! zounds, their love is just, 'tis good;
And I'll prevent you, tho' I swim in blood. [*Exit.*]

Enter Frier ANSELMO, HIPOLITO, MATHEO, INFELICE.

Hipolito. Nay, nay, resolve good father, or deny.

Anselmo. You press me to an act, both full of danger
And full of happiness; for I behold
Your father's frowns, his threats: nay, perhaps death,
To him that dare do this: yet, noble lord,
Such comfortable beams break thro' these clouds

By this blest marriage, that (your honour'd word
Being pawn'd in my defence) I will tie fast
The holy wedding knot.

Hipolito. Tush, fear not the duke.

Anselmo. O son, wisely to fear, is to be free from fear.

Hipolito. You have our words, and you shall have
our lives

To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Matheo. I, I, chop 'em up and away.

Anselmo. Stay when is't fit for me, safest for you,
To entertain this business?

Hipolito. Not till the evening.

Anselmo. Be't so: there's a chapel stands hard by,
Upon the west end of the abbey-wall,
Thither convey yourselves, and when the sun
Hath turn'd his back upon this upper world,
I'll marry you; that done, no thund'ring voice
Can break the sacred bond; yet, lady, here you are
most safe.

Infelice. Father, your love's most dear.

Matheo. I, well said; lock us into some little room
by ourselves, that we may be mad for an hour or two.

Hipolito. O, good Matheo, no; let's make no noise.

Matheo. How! no noise! do you know where you
are? 'sfoot, amongst all the mad-caps in Milan: so
that to throw the house out at window will be the
better, and no man will suspect that we lurk here ⁶⁸ to
steal mutton. The more sober we are, the more scurvy

⁶⁸ to steal mutton] i. e. to steal a wench. *Mutton*, in the language
of the times, signified a *fille de joye*. So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, by
Massinger and Dekkar, A. 2. S. 2: "She'll do well enough there;
"for prisoners are more hungry after *mutton*, than catch-poles after
"prisoners."

Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, A. 5: "I have a *piece of mutton* and
"a feather-bed for you at all times."

Green's *Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bungay*, Sign. H 1: "The old
"lecher hath gotten *holy mutton* to him, a nunne, my lord."

Again, Bellafont says in the present Scene: "Baa! lamb,
"there you lie; for I am *mutton*."

Laced mutton is frequently mentioned in Shakspeare and other
writers. See the Notes of Mr. Theobald, Mr. Steevens, and Mr.
Malone, on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 1. S. 1.

'tis; and tho' the frier tells us, that here we are safest, I'm not of his mind; for, if those lay here that had lost their money, none would ever look after them: but here are none but those that have lost their wits; so that if hue and cry be made, hither they'll come, and my reason is, because none goes to be married till he be stark-mad.

Hipolito. Muffle yourselves; yonder's Fluello.

Enter FLUELLO.

Matheo. Zounds!

Fluello. O, my lord, these cloaks are not for this rain: the tempest is too great; I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Matheo. Why, what's the matter?

Fluello. What's the matter! you have matter'd it fair: the duke's at hand.

Omnes. The duke!

Fluello. The very duke.

Hipolito. Then all our plots are turn'd upon our heads; and we are blown up with our own underminings. 'Sfoot, how, how comes he? what villain durst betray our being here?

Fluello. Castruchio; Castruchio told the duke, and Matheo here told Castruchio.

Hipolito. Would you betray me to Castruchio?

Matheo. 'Sfoot, he damn'd himself to the pit of hell, if he spake on't again.

Hipolito. So did you swear to me; so were you damn'd.

Matheo. Pox on 'em! and there be no faith in men, if a man shall not believe oaths. ⁶⁹ He took bread and salt by this light, that he would never open his lips.

Hipolito. O god, O god!

Anselmo. Son, be not desperate, have patience, you shall trip your enemy down by his own sleights. How far is the duke hence?

⁶⁹ *He took bread and salt*] See Note 41 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. II.

Again, in Barnaby Rich's *Description of Ireland*, 1610, p. 29: "I will trust him better, that offereth to sweare by bread and salt, than him that offereth to sweare by the Bible."

Fluello. He's but new set out : Castruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi, come along with him : you have time enough yet to prevent them, if you have but courage.

Anselmo. You shall steal secretly into the chapel, And presently be married. If the duke Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes, You shall 'scape hence like friers.

Hipolito. O blest disguise ! O happy man !

Anselmo. Talk not of happiness, till your clos'd hand Have her by th' forehead like the lock of time. Be not too slow, nor hasty, now you climb Up to the tow'r of bliss ; only be wary And patient, that's all. If you like my plot, Build my dispatch ; if not, (farewel) then not.

Hipolito. O, yes, we do applaud it ; we'll dispute No longer, but will hence and execute. *Fluello,* you'll stay here ; let us be gone. The ground that freighted lovers tread upon Is stuck with thorns.

Anselmo. Come, then, away. 'Tis meet, To escape those thorns, to put on winged feet.

[*Exeunt Anselmo, Hipolito, and Infelice.*]

Matheo. No words, I pray, *Fluello* ; for it stands us upon

Fluello. Oh, sir, let that be your lesson.

Alas, poor lovers ! on what hopes and fears Men toss themselves for women ! when she's got, The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

Enter the Duke, Castruchio, Pioratto, and Sinezi,
from several doors, muffled.

Duke. Who's there ?—

Castruchio. My lord !

Duke. Peace, send that lord away ;
A lordship will spoil all : let's be all fellows.
What's he ?

Castruchio. *Fluello* ; or *Sinezi*, by his little legs.

Omnes. All friends, all friends.

Duke. What ! met upon the very point of time.
Is this the place ?

Pioratto. This is the place, my lord.

Duke. Dream you on lordships! come, no more lords,
pray,

You have not seen these lovers yet?

Omnes. Not yet.

Duke. Castruchio, art thou sure this wedding feat
Is not till afternoon?

Castruchio. So 'tis given out, my lord.

Duke. Nay, nay, 'tis like; thieves must observe their
hours:

Lovers watch minutes like astronomers.

How shall the interim hours by us be spent?

Fluello. Let's all go see the mad men.

Omnes. Mass! content.

Enter TOWN like a sweeper.

Duke. Oh, here comes one; question him, question
him.

Fluello. How now, honest fellow? dost thou belong
to the house?

Town. Yes, forsooth, I am one of the implements; I
sweep the mad men's rooms, and fetch straw for 'em;
and buy chains to tie 'em, and rods to whip 'em. I
was a mad wag myself here once; but I thank father
Anselmo, he lash'd me into my right mind again.

Duke. Anselmo is the frier must marry them;
Question him where he is.

Castruchio. And where is father Anselmo, now?

Town. Marry, he's gone but e'en now.

Duke. Aye, well done: tell me, whither is he gone?

Town. Why, to God a'mighty.

Fluello. Ha, ha, this fellow is a fool, talks idly.

Pioratto. Sirrah, are all the mad folks in Milan
brought hither?

Town. How, all? there's a question, indeed! Why,
if all the mad folks in Milan should come hither, there
would not be left ten men in the city.

Duke. Few gentlemen or courtiers here, ha?

Town. Oh yes, abundance, abundance! lands no
sooner fall into their hands, but strait they run out
o' their wits. Citizens' sons and heirs are free of the

house by their fathers' copy. Farmers' sons come hither like geese, in flocks; and, when they ha' sold all their corn-fields, here they sit and pick the straws.

Sinezi. Methinks you should have women here, as well as men.

Town. Oh, I: a plague on 'em ⁷⁰there's no ho with them; they are madder than march-hares.

Fluello. Are there no lawyers here amongst you?

Town. Oh no, not one: never any lawyer. We dare not let a lawyer come in; for he'll make 'em mad faster than we can recover 'em.

Duke. And how long is't ere you recover any of these?

Town. Why, according to the quantity of the moon that's got into 'em. An alderman's son will be mad a great while, a very great while; especially if his friends left him well. A whore will hardly come to her wits again. A puritan, there's no hope of him, unless he may pull down the steeple, and hang himself i'the bell-ropes.

Fluello. I perceive all sorts of fish come to your net.

Town. Yes, in truth: we have ⁷¹blocks for all heads; we have good store of wild oats here. For the courtier is mad at the citizen; the citizen is mad at the countryman; the shoemaker is mad at the cobbler; the cobbler at the carman; the punk is mad, that the merchant's wife is no whore; the merchant's wife is mad, that the punk is so common a whore.—God's-so, here's

⁷⁰ *there's no ho with them*] i. e. there are no bounds or restraints with them. So, in Green's *Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bungay*, Sign. G 3: "— for he once loved the fair maid of Fresing field out of all hoe."

Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "— there is no ho with him, but once heartened thus, &c."

Again in the *Woman turn'd Bully* 1675, p. 67. "There will be no ho with him." I. R.

⁷¹ *blocks for all heads*;) i. e. hats. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *King Lear*, A. 1. S. 6.

Again, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, p. 51:—" which varietie of chaunging being oftentimes noted of a grave gentleman of Naples, who having bought a hat of the newest fashion and best blocke in all Italy, and wearing it but one daie, it was told him that it was stale, &c."

father Anselmo! Pray say nothing, that I tell tales out of the school.

[Exit.]

Omnes. God bless you, father!

Enter ANSELMO.

Anselmo. Thank you, gentlemen.

Castruchio. Pray may we see some of those wretched souls,

That here are in your keeping?

Anselmo. Yes, you shall:

But, gentlemen, I must disarm you then.
There are of madmen, as there are of tame,
All humour'd not alike. We have here some
So apish and fantastick, play with a feather;
And, tho' 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act
Such antick, and such pretty lunacies,
That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.
Others, again, we have, like hungry lions,
Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies;
And these have oftentimes from strangers' sides
Snatch'd rapiers suddenly, and done much harm,
Whom, if you'll see, you must be weaponless.

Omnes. With all our hearts.

Anselmo. Here take these weapons in.
Stand off a little, pray; so, so, 'tis well.
I'll shew you here a man, that was sometimes
A very grave and wealthy citizen;
Has served a 'prenticeship to this misfortune,
Been here seven years, and dwelt in Bergamo.

Duke. How fell he from his wits?

Anselmo. By loss at sea.
I'll stand aside, question him you alone;
For, if he spy me, he'll not speak a word,
Unless he's thoroughly vexed.

[Discovers an old man, wrapt in a net.]

Fluello. Alas, poor soul!

Castruchio. A very old man.

Duke. God speed, father.

1. *Madman.* God speed the plough: thou shalt not speed me.

Pioratto. We see you, old man, for all you dance in a net.

1 *Madman.* True; but thou wilt dance in a halter, and I shall not see thee.

Anselmo. O, do not vex him, pray.

Castruchio. Are you a fisherman, father?

1 *Madman.* No, I'm neither fish nor flesh.

Fluello. What do you with that net, then?

1 *Madman.* Do'st not see, fool! there's a fresh salmon in't. If you step one foot further, you'll be over shoes; for you see I'm over head and ears in the salt water: and if you fall into this whirlpool, where I am, y'are drown'd! y'are a drown'd rat!—I am fishing here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught; for my net breaks still, and breaks; but I'll break some of your necks, and I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay, stay: where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind? Out, you gulls, you goosescaps. you gudgeon-eaters! Do you look for the wind in the heavens? ha, ha, ha, ha! no, no! Look there, look there, look there! the wind is always at that door. Hark, how it blows! pooff, pooff, pooff.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

1 *Madman.* Do you laugh at God's creatures? Do you mock old age, you rogues? Is this grey beard and head counterfeit, that you cry ha, ha, ha?—Sirrah, art not thou my eldest son?

Pioratto. Yes, indeed, father.

1 *Madman.* Then th'art a fool: for my eldest son had a ⁷²polt foot, crooked legs, a verjuice face, and a

⁷² a polt foot,] a polt foot seems to be the same we now call a splay foot. So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, A. 4. S. 7:

"What's become of my little punk Venus, and the poult foot stinkard her husband? ha!"

Dedication to Euphues:

"Vulcan was painted curiously, yet with a a polt foote."

Ibid. p. 35.

"Venus was content to take the black-smith with his powlt foote."

Dekkar's *Villainies discovered*, 1620. Sign. C.

"new bootes to hide his polt foote."

⁷³ pear-colour'd beard : I made him a scholar, and he made himself a fool.—Sirrah ! thou, there, hold out thy hand.

Duke. My hand ? well, here 'tis.

I Madman. Look, look, look, look ! has he not long nails, and short hair ?

Fluello. Yes, monstrous short hair, and abominable long nails.

I Madman. Ten-penny nails, are they not ?

Fluello. Yes, ten-penny nails.

I Madman. Such nails had my second boy. Kneel down, thou varlet, and ask thy father blessing. Such nails had my middlemost son, and I made him a promoter : and he scrap'd, and scrap'd, and scrap'd, till he got the devil and all ; but he scrap'd thus, and thus, and thus, and it went under his legs ; till, at length, a company of kites, taking him for carrion, swept up all, all, all, all, all, all !—If you love your lives, look to yourselves ! see, see, see, see ! the Turk's gallies are fighting with my ships ! bounce goes the guns : oh ! cry the men : romble, romble go the waters.—Alas ! there ! 'tis sunk,—'tis sunk : I am undone ! I am undone ! you are the damn'd pirates have undone me,—you are, by th' lord ! you are ! stop 'em ; you are !

Anselmo. Why how now, sirrah, must I fall to tame you ?

I Madman. Tame me ! no : I'll be madder than a roasted cat : see, see ! I am burnt with gunpowder ! these are our close fights !

Anselmo. I'll whip you, if you grow unruly thus.

I Madman. Whip me ! out, you toad ! whip me ! what justice is this, to whip me because I am a beggar ?—Alas ! I am a poor man ; a very poor man : I am starved, and have had no meat, by this light, ever since the great flood : I am a poor man !

Anselmo. Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have meat.

I Madman. I, I, pray do ; for, look you, here be my guts : these are my ribs ;—you may look thro' my ribs ;

⁷³ pear-colour'd-beard :] See Note 211 to the *Spanish Tragedy*.

see how my guts come out—these are my red guts, my very guts ; oh, oh !

Anselmo. Take him in there.

Omnes. A very piteous sight.

Castruchio. Father, I see you have a busy charge.

Anselmo. They must be us'd like children ; pleas'd with toys,

And anon whipt for their unruliness.

I'll shew you now a pair quite different

From him that's gone ; he was all words : and these,

Unless you urge 'em, seldom spend their speech ;

But have their tongues. La, you ; this hithermost

Fell from the happy quietness of mind,

About a maiden, that he lov'd, who died :

He follow'd her to church, being full of tears,

And, as her body went into the ground,

He fell stark-mad. That is a married man,

Was jealous of a fair, but (as some say)

A very virtuous wife ; and that spoil'd him.

2 *Madman.* All these are whore-mongers, and lay with my wife : whore, whore, whore, whore !

Fluello. Observe him.

2 *Madman.* Gaffer shoe-maker, you pull'd on my wife's pumps, and then crept into her pantofles : lie there, lie there !---This was her taylor ; you cut out her loose-bodied gown, and put in a yard more than I allow'd her : lie there, by the shoe-makers.---O, master doctor, are you here ? you gave me a purgation, and then crept into my wife's chamber, to feel her pulses ; and you said, and she said, and her maid said, that they went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat : doctor, I'll put you anon into my wife's urinal.---Heigh, come aloft, Jack : this was her school-master, and taught her to play upon the ⁷⁴ virginals : and still his Jacks leapt up,

⁷⁴ *virginals* ;] " A *virginal*, says Mr. Steevens, as I am informed, " is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* " is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so " difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord." See Note on the *Winter's Tale*, A. 1. S. 2. Blount, in his *Glossographia*, says, this musical instrument is called *virginals*, because maids and virgins do most commonly play on them.

up: you prick'd her out nothing but bawdy lessons; but I'll prick you all! fiddler---doctor---taylor---shoemaker,---shoemaker---fiddler---doctor---taylor---so!---lie with my wife again, now!

Castruchio. See how he notes the other now he feeds.

2 *Madman.* Give me some porridge.

3 *Madman.* I'll give thee none.

2 *Madman.* Give me some porridge.

3 *Madman.* I'll not give thee a bit.

2 *Madman.* Give me that ⁷⁵ flap-dragon.

3 *Madman.* I'll not give thee a spoonful! thou liest, it's no dragon; 'tis a parrot, that I bought for my sweetheart, and I'll keep it.

2 *Madman.* ⁷⁶ Here's an almond for parrot.

3 *Madman.* Hang thyself.

2 *Madman.* Here's a rope for parrot.*

3 *Madman.* Eat it, for I'll eat this.

2 *Madman.* I'll shoot at thee, an' thou'lt give me none.

3 *Madman.* Wo't thou?

2 *Madman.* I'll run a tilt at thee, an' thou'lt give me none.

3 *Madman.* Wo't thou? do, an' thou dar'st.

2 *Madman.* Bounce.

3 *Madman.* Oh! I am slain!--murder, murder, murder! I am slain; my brains are beaten out.

Anselmo. How now, you villains! bring me whips: I'll whip you.

3 *Madman.* I am dead! I am slain! ring out the bell, for I am dead.

⁷⁵ *flap-dragon.*] A *flap-dragon*, says Dr. Johnson, Note to the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4. "is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief." To swallow a *flap-dragon*, or a raw egg, were formerly among the cant proverbs among Drunkards. *Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 65.

⁷⁶ *Here's an almond for parrot.*] The title of a Pamphlet, called, "An Almond for a Parrot, or Cuthbert Curry-knives Almes." B. L. No date is here alluded to.

* It is doubtful if Nash's Tract be here alluded to. The very same words are to be found in "Englishmen for my Money." 1616.

"An almond for parret—a rope for parret." C.

Duke. How will you do now, sirrah? you ha' kill'd him.

2 Madman. I'll answer't at sessions. He was eating of almond-butter, and I long'd for't: the child had never been deliver'd out of my belly, if I had not kill'd him. I'll answer't at sessions, so my wife may be burnt i' th' hand too.

Anselmo. Take 'em in both; bury him, for he's dead.

3 Madman. Aye, indeed, I am dead; put me, I pray, into a good pit-hole.

2 Madman. I'll answer't at sessions. [Exeunt.

Enter BELLAFRONT mad.

Anselmo. How now, huswife, whither gad you?

Bellafront. A nutting, forsooth. How do you, gaffer? how do you, gaffer? there's a French curt'sy for you too.

Fluello. 'Tis Bellafront.

Pioratto. 'Tis the punk, by th' lord.

Duke. Father, what's she, I pray?

Anselmo. As yet I know not:

She came in but this day: talks little idly,
And therefore has the freedom of the house.

Bellafront. Do not you know me? nor you? nor you? nor you?

Omnes. No, indeed.

Bellafront. Then you are an ass,—and you are an ass,—and you are an ass; for I know you.

Anselmo. Why, what are they? come, tell me, what are they?

Bellafront. They're fish-wives: will you buy any gudgeons? ⁷⁷ God's-santy, yonder come friers! I know them too: how do you, frier?

Enter HIPOLITO, MATHEO, and INFELICE, disguised in the habits of friers.

Anselmo. Nay, nay, away; you must not trouble friers:

The duke is here, speak nothing.

⁷⁷ God's-santy,] See a Note on *The Merchant of Venice*, vol. III. p. 157. edit. 1778. Perhaps, however, God's-santy is only a corruption of God's sanctity, or God's Saints. S.

Bellafront. Nay, indeed, you shall not go; we'll run at barlibreak first; and you shall be in hell.

Matheo. My punk turn'd mad whore, as all her fellows are!

Hipolito. Speak nothing; but steal hence, when you spy time. [aside.]

Anselmo. I'll lock you up, if y'are unruly; fie!

Bellafront. Fie! marry, foh! they shall not go, indeed, till I ha' told 'em their fortunes.

Duke. Good father, give her leave.

Bellafront. I pray, good father; and I'll give you my blessing.

Anselmo. Well, then, be brief; but, if you are thus unruly,

I'll have you lock'd up fast.

Pioratto. Come, to their fortunes.

Bellafront. Let me see, one, two, three and four. I'll begin with the little finger first. Here's a fine hand, indeed! I never saw frier have such a dainty hand: here's a hand for a lady! here's your fortune:

You love a friar better than a nun;

Yet long you'll love no frier, nor no frier's son.

Bow a little: the line of life is out; yet, I'm afraid, For all you're holy, you'll not die a maid.

⁷⁹ Now to you, frier Tuck.

Matheo. God send me good luck.

Bellafront. You love one, and one loves you; You are a false knave, and she's a Jew: Here is a dial, that false ever goes.—

Matheo. O, your wit⁸⁰ drops.—

Bellafront. Troth, so does your nose;

⁷⁸ we'll run at barlibreak.] Littleton explains *chorus circularis*, barley break, when they dance taking their hands round. So in *The Virgin Martyr*, A. 5. S. 1.

"He is at barli-break, and the last couple are now in hell."

The Guardian, A. 1. S. 1.

Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids At barli-break.

⁷⁹ Now to you, frier Tuck.] Frier Tuck is introduced into *Munday's Play of Robert of Huntington*, part II. as the Chorus.

⁸⁰ wit] So the first edition. All the rest read *wet*.

Nay, let's shake hands with you too.

Pray open : here's a fine hand.

Ho, frier, ho ; God be here !

So he had need ; you'll keep good cheer.

Here's a free table, but a frozen breast ;

For you'll starve those that love you best :

Yet you have good fortune ; for, if I am no lier,

Then you are no frier ; nor you, nor you, no frier.

Ha, ha, ha, ha !

[*Discovers them.*]

Duke. Are holy habits cloaks for villainy ?

Draw all your weapons.

Hipolito. Do, draw all your weapons.

Duke. Where are your weapons ? draw.

Omnes. The frier has gull'd us of 'em.

Matheo. O rare trick !

You ha' learnt one mad point of arithmetick.

Hipolito. Why swells your spleen so high ? against
what bosom

Would you your weapons draw ? her's ! 'tis your
daughter's :

Mine ! 'tis your son's.

Duke. Son ?

Matheo. Son, by yonder sun.

Hipolito. You cannot shed blood here, but 'tis your
own :

To spill your own blood, were damnation.

Lay smooth that wrinkled brow, and I will throw

Myself beneath your feet.

Let it be rugged still and flinted o'er ;

What can come forth but sparkles, that will burn

Yourself and us ? she's mine ; my claim's most good ;

She's mine by marriage, tho' she's your's by blood.

*Anselmo.** (*Kneeling.*) I have a hand, dear lord, deep
in this act :

For I foresaw this storm ; yet willingly

Put forth to meet it. Oft have I seen a father

Washing the wounds of his dear son in tears ;

A son to curse the sword, that struck his father ;

* In every old copy this speech is given as a continuation of that
of Hipolito. Mr. Reed very properly made the alteration. C.

Both slain i'th' quarrel of your families.
 Those scars are now ta'en off; and I beseech you
 To seal our pardon. All was to this end;
 To turn the antient hates of your two houses
 To fresh green friendship, that your loves might look
 Like the spring's forehead, comfortably sweet;
 And your vext souls in peaceful union meet.
 Their blood will now be your's, your's will be their's;
 And happiness shall crown your silver hairs.

Fluello. You see, my lord, there's now no remedy,
Omnes. Beseech your lordship.

Duke. You beseech fair; you have me in place fit
 To bridle me. Rise, frier; you may be glad
 You can make mad men tame, and tame men mad.
 Since fate hath conquer'd, I must rest content;
 To strive now would but add new punishment:
 I yield unto your happiness. Be blest;
 Our families shall henceforth breathe in rest.

Omnes. O happy change!

Duke. Your's now is my content;
 I throw upon your joys my full consent.

Bellafront. Am not I a good girl, for finding the frier
 in the well? God's-so, you are a brave man! will not
 you buy me some sugar-plumbs, because I am so good
 a fortune-teller?

Duke. Would'st thou had'st wit, thou pretty soul, to
 ask,
 As I have will to give.

Bellafront. Pretty soul! a pretty soul is better than
 a pretty body. Do not you know my pretty soul? I
 know you: is not your name Matheo?

Matheo. Yes, lamb.

Bellafront. Baa! lamb, there you lie; for ⁸⁰I am
 mutton. Look, fine man! he was mad for me once;
 and I was mad for him once; and he was mad for her
 once: and were you never mad? yes, I warrant. I
 had a fine jewel once, a very fine jewel! and that
 naughty man stole it away from me: a very fine jewel!

⁸⁰ I am mutton.] See Note 68.

Duke. What jewel, pretty maid?

Bellafront. Maid! nay, that's a lye. O, 'twas a very rich jewel, call'd a maidenhead: and had not you it, leerer.

Matheo. Out, you mad ass, away.

Duke. Had he thy maidenhead? he shall make thee amends, and marry thee.

Bellafront. Shall he? ⁸¹ O brave Arthur of Bradley then!

Duke. And if he bear the mind of a gentleman, I know he will.

Matheo. I think I rifled her of some such paltry jewel.

Duke. Did you? then marry her; you see the wrong
Has led her spirits into a lunacy.

Matheo. How, marry her, my lord? 'sfoot, marry a mad woman! let a man get the tamest wife he can come by, she'll be mad enough afterwards, do what he can.

Duke. Nay, then, father Anselmo here shall do his best,
To bring her to her wits. And will you, then?

Matheo. I cannot tell: I may chuse.

Duke. Nay, then law shall compel: I tell you, sir,
So much her hard fate moves me, you should not breathe

Under this air, unless you married her.

Matheo. Well, then, when her wits stand in their right place, I'll marry her.

Bellafront. I thank your grace. Matheo, thou art mine.

I am not mad; but put on this disguise
Only for you, my lord; for you can tell
Much wonder of me: but you are gone!—farewel!—

⁸¹ *O brave Arthur of Bradley.*] An allusion to the old Ballad of that name, which is printed in "An antidote against melancholy, made up in pills," 1661. It is alluded to in B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 2. S. 2. "*Brave master; old Arthur of Bradley, how do you?*"

Matheo, thou did'st first turn my soul black;
Now make it white again. I do protest,
I'm pure as fire now, chaste as Cynthia's breast.

Hipolito. I durst be sworn, Matheo, she's indeed.

Matheo. Coney-catcht! gull'd! must I sail in your
fly-boat,

Because I help'd to rear your main-mast first?

Plague found you for't! 'tis well—

The cuckold's stamp goes current in all nations:

Some men have horns given them at their creations.

If I be one of those—why, so! it's better

To take a common wench, and make her good,

Than one that simpers, and, at first, will scarce

Be tempted forth over the threshold door;

Yet, in one se'nnight, zounds, turns arrant whore.

Come wench, thou shalt be mine; ⁸² give me thy golls,

We'll talk of legs hereafter. See, my lord!

God give us joy!

Omnes. God give you joy!

Enter CANDIDO'S WIFE and GEORGE.

George. Come, mistress, we are in Bedlam now;
mas, and see, we come in pudding-time; for here's
the duke.

Wife. My husband, good my lord!—

Duke. Have I thy husband?

Castruchio. It's Candido, my lord; he's here among
the lunatics. Father Anselmo, pray fetch him forth.
[*Exit Anselmo.*] This mad woman is his wife; and,
tho' she were not with child, yet did she long, most
spitefully, to have her husband mad; and, because she
would be sure he should turn Jew, she placed him here
in Bethlem.—Yonder he comes!

Enter CANDIDO with ANSELMO.

Duke. Come hither, signior.—Are you mad?

Candido. You are not mad.

Duke. Why, I know that.

Candido. Then you may know I am not mad, that
know

⁸² —give me thy golls,] See Note to *The Mayor of Quinborough*.

You are not mad, and that you are the duke.
None is mad here, but one.—How do you, wife?
What do you long for, now?—pardon my lord;
She had lost her child's nose else. I did cut out
Pennyworth's of lawn; the lawn was yet mine own:
A carpet was my gown; yet 'twas mine own:
I wore my man's coat; yet the cloth mine own:
Had a crack'd crown, the crown was yet mine own:
She says for this I'm mad; were her words true,
I should be mad indeed.—O, foolish skill,
Is patience madness? I'll be a mad-man still.

Wife. Forgive me, and I'll vex your spirit no more.

Duke. Come, come, we'll have you friends. Join
hearts, join hands.

Candido. See, my lord, we are even.

Nay, rise; for ill deeds kneel unto none but heaven.

Duke. Signior, methinks patience has laid on you
such heavy weight, that you should loath it.

Candido. Loath it!—

Duke. For he, whose breast is tender, blood so cool,
That no wrongs heat it, is a patient fool:
What comfort do you find in being so calm?

Candido. That which green wounds receive from
sovereign balm;

Patience, my lord! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like Gods.—The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first true gentleman, that ever breath'd;
The stock of patience, then, cannot be poor;
All it desires it has; what monarch more?
It is the greatest enemy to law
That can be; for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And so chains up lawyers' and womens' tongues.
'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
His walks and orchards: 'tis the bond-slave's freedom:
And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
As tho' he wore it more for state than pain:
It is the beggar's musick; and thus sings,

Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.
O, my dread liege! it is the sap of bliss,
Rears us aloft; makes men and angels kiss:
And (last of all) to end a household strife,
It is the honey, 'gainst a waspish wife.

Duke. Thou giv'st it lively colours: who dare say
He's mad, whose words march in so good array?
'Twere sin all women should such husbands have;
For every man must then be his wife's slave;
Come, therefore, you shall teach our court to shine:
So calm a spirit is worth a golden mine.
Wives, with meek husbands, that to vex them long,
In Bedlam must they dwell: else dwell they wrong.

[*Exeunt.*]

EDITIONS.

(1.) The Honest Whore, with The Humours of the Patient Man, and the Longing Wife. Thomas Dekkar. London. Printed by V. S. for John Hodgets, and are to be solde at his Shop in Paule's Churchyard, 1604, 4to.

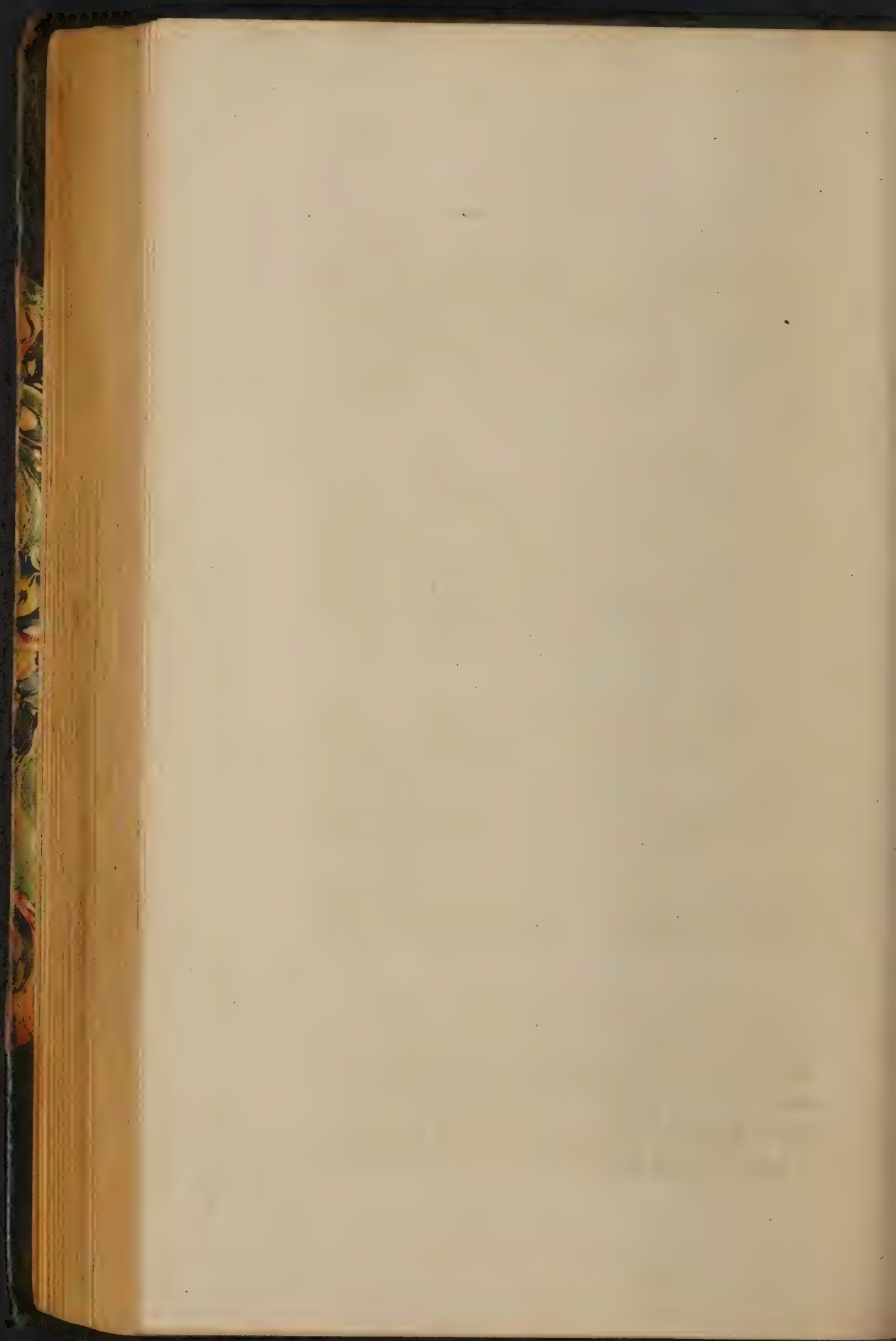
(2.) The Honest Whore, with The Humours of the Patient Man, and the Longing Wife. Thomas Dekker. London. Printed by Nicholas Okes for Robert Basse, and are to be sold at his Shop under St. Butolphes Church, 1615, 4to.

(3.) The Honest Whore, with The Humours of the Patient Man, and the Longing Wife. Thomas Dekker. London. Printed by Nicholas Okes for Robert Basse, and are to be sold at his Shop under St. Butolphes Church, 1616, 4to.

(4.) The Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man, and the Longing Wife. Written by Thomas Dekker. As it hath beene acted by her Majesties Servants with great applause. London. Printed by N. Okes, and are to be sold by Richard Collins, at his Shop under St. Martin's Church, neere Ludgate, 1635, 4to.

THE
HONEST WHORE.

PART THE SECOND.



THE only edition of this play yet discovered was printed in 1630 (see the title at length at the end), but that it was written shortly after the first part of the *Honest Whore*, is evident from the following licence granted by Sir G. Buc, then Master of the Revels, and to be found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company.

"29 April, 1608. The 2nd. P^{te}. of the converted Courtisan, or Honest Whore." *

It is not mentioned on the title page that it was ever acted, and hence has arisen a notion that it was not represented at any of the theatres at that time: but considering the excellence of the play, its variety of character and incident, and the intimate connection of the author with the stage, merely this omission does not seem to warrant such a conclusion. It is not unlikely that some earlier edition than that of 1630 may yet be discovered.

The incident where Candido takes up the cudgels with his new wife, is given in Sir J. Harrington's Epigrams. Although these were not printed in an entire state until 1618,—(See Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* 236) yet many of them were written when their author (who died in 1612) was a very young man. It seems probable that the incident was founded upon the epigram, for though Sir John Harrington borrowed from the Latin and Italian, he most likely would not steal from an English play, especially when it appears that his originality had been attacked. The following is his Epigram.

OF A HOUSEHOLD FRAY FRIENDLY ENDED.

A man and wife strove erst who should be masters,
And having chang'd between the household speeches,
The man in wrath brought forth a pair of wasters,
And swore those two should prove who wore the breeches.

* Mr. G. Chalmers, quoting this entry, in his *Supplemental Apology*, p. 202, calls the play "*The convicted Courtesan, or Honest Whore*," but this is an error.

She that could break his head, yet give him plasters,
Accepts the challenge, yet withall beseeches;
That she as weakest then might strike the first,
And let him ward, and after do his worst.

He swore that should be so, as God should bless him,
And close he laid him to his surest locks.
She flourishing as though she should not miss him,
Laid down her cudgel, and with witty mock
She told him for his kindness she would kiss him
That now was sworne to give her never knock:
You sware, said she, I should the first blow give,
And I swear I'll ne'er strike you while I live.

Ah flattering slut, said he, thou dar'st not fight!
I am no lark, quoth she, man do not dare me,
Let me 'point time and place, as 'tis my right
By law of challenge, and then never spare me.
Agreed, said he,—Then rest, quoth she, to night;
To-morrow, at Cuckolds haven. I'll prepare me.
Peace wife, said he, we'll cease all rage and rancor,
Ere in that harbour I will ride at anchor.

Dekkar dedicated to Sir J. Harrington, his tract, called, "The Dead Terme, or Westminster's complaint for long Vacations and short Terms," 1608, and in it bestowed a high eulogium upon the translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. Sir J. Harrington, (in Book 4. Epigr. 11) mentions Dekkar's "Gentle Craft," (meaning his play named "The Shoemakers Holiday, or the Gentle Craft,") in these terms.

OF A BOOK CALLED THE GENTLE CRAFT.

I pass'd the other day through Pauls Church yard,
I heard some read a book, and reading laugh'd:
The title of the book was Gentle Craft;
But when I mark'd the matter with regard,
A new-sprung branch that in my mind did graft,
And thus I said—Sirs, scorn not him that writ it:
A gilded blade hath oft a dudgeon half,
And well I see this writer roves a shaft
Near fairest mark, yet happily not hit it:
For never was the like book sold in Poules
If so, with gentle craft it could persuade
Great Princes midst their pomp to learn a trade;
Once in their lives to work to mend their souls.

The following entry is contained in Sir Henry Herbert's Register, kept while he held the office of Master of the Revels.

30 July 1623—For the Prince's Players, A French Tragedy of *The Bellman of Paris*, written by Thomas Dekkirs and John Day, for the Company of the Red Bull.

The following is the earliest notice of *Fortunatus*, in Henslowe's Accounts :

" R. (i. e. received) 3 Febreary, 1595, at the 1 p of Forteunatus, £iii o o."

If " 1 p of Fortunatus," mean the *first part* of the play, it may be a performance earlier than that by Dekkar; or if the entry be correct, and the play Dekkar's, the second part has yet to be recovered. The earliest notice of Dekkar, by Henslowe, is in connection with *Troilus and Cressida*, under date of 1592.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE.

HIPOLITO, *Husband to Infelice.*

ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO, *Father to Bellafront.*

MATHEO, *Husband to Bellafront.*

CANDIDO, *the Patient Man.*

LODOVICO, *also called Sforza.*

BERALDO.

CAROLO.

FONTINELL.

ASTOLFO.

ANTONIO GEORGIO, *a poor Scholar.*

BELCALDO.

BRYAN, *the Irish Footman.*

BOTS.

WOMEN.

BELLAFRONT, *the honest Whore.*

INFELICE.

CANDIDO'S *Bride.*

Mistress HORSELEACH, *a Bawd.*

DOROTHEA TARGET,

PENELOPE WHOREHOUND,

CATHERINA BOUNTINALL,

} *Whores.*

*Vintners, Constable, Masters of Bridewell, Beadles,
Prentices, Pages, and Servants.*

Scene Milan.

THE SECOND PART OF
THE HONEST WHORE.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter at one door BERALDO, CAROLO, FONTINELL, ASTOLFO, with Serving-men, or Pages attending on them; at another door enter LODOVICO, meeting them.

Lodovico. Good day, Gallants.

Omnes. Good morrow, sweet Lodovico.

Lodovico. How doest thou, Carolo?

Carolo. Faith, as physicians do in a plague, see the world sick, and am well myself.

Fontinell. Here's a sweet morning, gentlemen.

Lodovico. Oh, a morning to tempt Jove from his Ningle Ganimed, which is but to give dairy wenches green gowns as they are going a milking; what, is thy lord stirring yet?

Astolfo. Yes, he will not be hors'd this hour, sure.

Beraldo. My lady swears he shall, for she longs to be at court.

Carolo. Oh, we shall ride switch and spur; would we were there once!

Enter BRYAN the Footman.

Lodovico. How now, is thy lord ready?

Bryan. No so crees sa me, my lady will have some little ting in her pelly first.

Carolo. Oh, then they'le to breakfast.

Lodovico. Footman, does my lord ride i'th' coach with my lady, or on horseback?

Bryan. No foot la, my lady will have me lord sheet wid her, my lord will sheet in de one side, and my lady sheet in de teder side: [Exit.]

Lodovico. My lady sheet in de toder side! did you ever hear a rascal talk so like a Pagan? Is't not strange that a fellow of his star, should be seen here so long in Italy, yet speak so¹ from a Christian?

Enter ANTONIO GEORGIO, a poor Scholar.

Astolfo. An Irishman in Italy! that so strange! why, the nation have running heads. [Exchange-walk.]

Lodovico. Nay, Carolo, this is more strange, I have been in France, there's few of them: marry, England they count a warm chimney-corner, and there they swarm like crickets to the crevice of a brew-house; but, sir, in England I have noted one thing.

Omnes. What's that, what's that of England?

Lodovico. Marry this, sir;—what's he yonder?

Beraldo. A poor fellow would speak with my lord.

Lodovico. In England, sir, troth I ever laugh when I think on't: to see a whole nation should be mark't i'th' forehead, as a man may say, with one iron: why, sir, there all² coster-mongers are Irishmen.*

Carolo. Oh, that's to shew their antiquity, as coming from Eve, who was an apple-wife, and they take after the mother.

Omnes. Good, good, ha, ha.

Lodovico. Why, then, should all your chimney-sweepers likewise be Irishmen? answer that now, come; your wit.

Carolo. Faith, that's soon answered; for St. Patrick³ you know keeps purgatory, he makes the fire, and his countrymen could do nothing, if they cannot sweep the chimnies.

Omnes. Good again.

¹ Perhaps it ought to run "yet speak so far from a Christian," but the old copy omits the adverb. C.

² coster-mongers] Sellers of apples.

* Dekkar in his "Old Fortunatus," 1600, introduces Andelocia and Shadow "like Irish Costermongers," and they imitate the dialect given in this play to Bryan. C.

³ St. Patrick's purgatory] See Note to *The Four P's*, vol. I.

Lodovico. Then, sir, have you many of them (like this fellow) especially those of his hair, footmen to noblemen and others, and the knaves are very faithful where they love; by my faith very proper men many of them, and as active as the clouds, whirr, hah.

Omnes. Are they so?

Lodovico. And stout! exceeding stout; why, I warrant, this precious wild villain, if he were put to't, would fight more desperately then sixteen Dunkerks.

Astolfo. The women they say are very fair.

Lodovico. No, no, our country bona robas; oh! are the sugrest delicious rogues!

Astolfo. Oh, look, he has a feeling of them.

Lodovico. Not I, I protest, there's a saying when they commend nations: it goes, the Irishman for his hand, Welshman for a leg, the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for beard.

Fontinell. I faith, they may make swabbers of them.

Lodovico. The Spaniard, let me see, for a little foot (I take it); the Frenchman, what a pox hath he? and so of the rest. Are they at breakfast yet? come walk.

Astolfo. This, Lodovico, is a notable-tongued fellow.

Fontinell. Discourses well.

Beraldo. And a very honest gentleman.

Astolfo. Oh! he's well valued by my lord.

Enter BELLAFRONT with a Petition.

Fontinell. How now, how now, what's she?

Beraldo. Let's make towards her.

Bellafront. Will it be long, sir, ere my lord come forth

Astolfo. Would you speak with my lord?

Lodovico. How now, what's this, a nurse's bill? hath any here got thee with child, and now will not keep it?

Bellafront. No, sir, my business is unto my lord.

Lodovico. He's about his own wife now, he'll hardly dispatch two causes in a morning.

Astolfo. No matter what he says, fair lady, he's a knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words.

Fontinell. My lord will pass this way presently.

Beraldo. A pretty plump rogue.

Astolfo. A good lusty bouncing baggage.

Beraldo. Do you know her?

Lodovico. A pox on her, I was sure her name was in my table-book⁴ once, I know not of what cut her die is now, but she has been more common than tobacco: this is she that had the name of the Honest Whore.

Omnes. Is this she?

Lodovico. This is the Blackamore that by washing was turned white: this is the birding-piece new scoured: this is she that (if any of her religion can be saved) was saved by my Lord Hipolito.

Astolfo. She has been a goodly creature.

Lodovico. She has been! that's the epitaph of all whores. I'm well acquainted with the poor gentleman her husband; lord! what fortunes that man has overreached! She knows not me, yet I have been in her company: I scarce know her, for the beauty of her cheek hath (like the moon) suffered strange eclipses since I beheld it: but women are like medlars no sooner ripe but rotten.

A woman last was made, but is spent first,
Yet man is oft proved, in performance worst.

Omnes. My lord is come.

Enter HIPOLITO, INFELICE, and two WAITING WOMEN.

Hipolito. We have wasted half this morning: morrow, Lodovico.

Lodovico. Morrow, madam.

Hipolito. Let's away to horse.

Omnes. I, I, to horse, to horse.

Bellafront. I do beseech your lordship, let your eye Read o'er this wretched paper.

Hipolito. I'm in haste;

Pray thee, good woman, take some apter time.

Infelice. Good woman, do.

⁴ table-book] See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. I. S. 1.

Bellafront. Oh las! it does concern
A poor man's life.

Hipolito. Life! sweet heart? Seat yourself,
I'll but read this and come.

Lodovico. What stockings have you put on this
morning, madam? if they be not yellow⁵, change them;
that paper is a letter from some wench to your husband.

Infelice. Oh, sir, that cannot make me jealous.

[*Exeunt.*]

Hipolito. Your business, sir, to me?

Antonio. Yes, my good lord.

Hipolito. Presently, sir; are you Matheo's wife?

Bellafront. That most unfortunate woman.

Hipolito. I'm sorry

These storms are fallen on him; I love Matheo,
And any good shall do him; he and I
Have sealed two bonds of friendship, which are strong
In me, however Fortune does him wrong;
He speaks here he's condemned. Is't so?

Bellafront. Too true.

Hipolito. What was he whom he killed? oh, his
name's here;

Old Jacomo, son to the Florentine
Jacomo, a dog, that to meet profit
Would to the very eyelids wade in blood
Of his own children. Tell Matheo,
The Duke my father hardly shall deny
His signed pardon, 'twas fair fight, yes, yes,
If rumour's tongue go true, so writes he here.
To-morrow morning I return from Court,
Pray be you here then. I'll have done, sir, straight:
But in troth say, are you Matheo's wife?
You have forgot me.

Bellafront. No, my lord.

Hipolito. Your turner,

⁵ if they be not yellow] See Note to *The Wits*, A. 4. Vol. VIII.

Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* cites a line from a song
on this subject:

"Give me my yellow hose again."

p. 569. edit. 1632. fol. O. G.

That made you smooth to run an even bias,
You know I loved you when your very soul
Was full of discord: art not a good wench still?

Bellafront. Umph, when I had lost my way to heaven,
you shewed it: I was new born that day.

Enter LODOVICO.

Lodovico. S'foot, my lord, your lady asks if you have
not left your wench yet? When you get in once, you
never have done: come, come, come, pay your old
score, and send her packing, come.

Hipolito. Ride softly on before, I'll o'ertake you.

Lodovico. Your lady swears she'll have no riding on
before, without ye.

Hipolito. Pr'ythee, good Lodovico.

Lodovico. My lord, pray hasten.

Hipolito. I come:

To-morrow let me see you, fare you well:
Commend me to Matheo: pray one word more:
Does not your father live about the Court?

Bellafront. I think he does, but such rude spots of
shame

Stick on my cheek, that he scarce knows my name.

Hipolito. Orlando Friscobaldo, is't not?

Bellafront. Yes, my lord.

Hipolito. What does he for you?

Bellafront. All he should: when children
From duty start, parents from love may swerve:
He nothing does; for nothing I deserve.

Hipolito. Shall I join him unto you, and restore you
To wanted grace?

Bellafront. It is impossible. *[Exit Bellafront.]*

Hipolito. It shall be put to trial: fare you well:
The face I would not look on! sure then 'twas rare,
When in despite of grief, 'tis still thus fair.
Now, sir, your business with me.

Antonio. I am bold
To express my love and duty to your lordship
In these few leaves.

Hipolito. A book!

Antonio. Yes, my good lord.

Hipolito. Are you a scholar?

Antonio. Yes, my lord, a poor one.

Hipolito. Sir, you honour me.

Kings may be scholars' patrons; but faith tell me,
To how many hands besides hath this bird flown,
How many partners share with me?

Antonio. Not one

In troth, not one: your name I held more dear,
I'm not (my lord) of that low character.

Hipolito. Your name, I pray?

Antonio. Antonio Georgio.

Hipolito. Of Milan?

Antonio. Yes, my lord.

Hipolito. I'll borrow leave

To read you o'er, and then we'll talk: till then
Drink up this gold, good wits should love good wine,
This of your loves, the earnest that of mine.
How now, sir, where's your lady, not gone yet?

Enter BRYAN.

Bryan. I fart di lady is run away from dee, a mighty
deal of ground, she sent me back for dine own sweet
face, I pray dee come, my lord, away, wut tow go now?

Hipolito. Is the coach gone? Saddle my horse, the
sorel.

Bryan. A pox a de horse's nose, he is a lousy rascally
fellow, when I came to gird his belly, his scurvy guts
rumbled, di horse farted in my face, and dow knowest
an Irishman cannot abide a fart; but I have saddled
de hobby-horse, di fine hobby is ready, I pray dee, my
good sweet lord, wit tow go now, and I will run to de
devil before dee?

Hipolito. Well, sir, I pray lets see you master scholar.

Bryan. Come I pray dee, wut come sweet face? Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter LODOVICO, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO.

Lodovico. Godso, gentlemen, what do we forget?

Omnes. What?

Lodovico. Are not we all enjoined as this day, Thurs-

day is't not? Aye, as that day to be at the linen-draper's house at dinner?

Carolo. Signior Candido, the patient man.

Astolfo. Afore Jove, true, upon this day he's married.

Beraldo. I wonder, that being so stung with a wasp before, he dares venture again to come about the eaves amongst bees.

Lodovico. Oh 'tis rare sucking a sweet honey-comb; pray heaven his old wife be buried deep enough, that she rise not up to call for her dance, the poor fiddlers instruments would crack for it, she'd tickle them: at any hand lets try what mettle is in his new bride, if there be none, we'll put in some; troth it's a very noble citizen, I pity he should marry again; I'll walk along, for it is a good old fellow.

Carolo. I warrant, the wives of Milan would give any fellow twenty thousand duckets, that could but have the face to beg of the Duke, that all the citizens in Milan might be bound to the peace of patience, as the linen-draper is.

Lodovico. Oh fie upon't, 'twould undo all us that are courtiers, we should have no hoe⁶ with the wenches then.

Enter HIPOLITO.

Omnes. My lord's come.

Hipolito. How now, what news?

Omnes. None.

Lodovico. Your lady is with the duke her father.

Hipolito. And we'll to them both presently, who's that?

Enter ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO.

Omnes. Signior Friscobaldo.

Hipolito. Friscobaldo, oh! pray call him, and leave me; we two have business.

Carolo. Ho Signior! Signior Friscobaldo.

The lord *Hipolito*.

[*Exeunt.*

Orlando. My noble lord: my lord *Hipolito*! the

⁶ hoe] See Note 70 to the First Part of this Play.

duke's son! his brave daughter's brave husband! how does your honor'd lordship! does your nobility remember so poor a gentleman as Signior Orlando Friscobaldo! old mad Orlando!

Hipolito. Oh, sir, our friends! they ought to be unto us as our jewels, as dearly valued, being locked up, and unseen, as when we wear them in our hands. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your blood, for all time's sickle has gone over you, you are Orlando still.

Orlando. Why, my lord, are not the fields mown and cut down, and stript bare, and yet wear they not pied coats again? tho' my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green?

Hipolito. Scarce can I read the stories on your brow, Which age hath writ there, you look youthful still.

Orlando. I eat snakes, my lord, I eat snakes. My heart shall never have a wrinkle in it, so long as I can cry hem with a clear voice.

Hipolito. You are the happier man, sir.

Orlando. Happy man! I'll give you (my lord) the true picture of a happy man; I was turning leaves over this morning, and found it; an excellent Italian painter drew it, if I have it in the right colours, I'll bestow it on your lordship.

Hipolito. I stay for it.

Orlando. He that makes gold his wife, but not his
whore,

He that at noon-day walks by a prison door,
He that 'ith' sun is neither beam nor moat,
He that's not mad after a petticoat,
He for whom poor mens' curses dig no grave,
He that is neither lord's nor lawyer's slave,
He that makes This his sea, and That his shore,
He that in's coffin is richer than before,
He that counts youth his sword, and age his staff,
He whose right hand carves his own Epitaph,
He that upon his death-bed is a swan,
And dead, no crow, he is a happy man.

Hipolito. It's very well, I thank you for this picture.

Orlando. After this picture (my lord) do I strive to have my face drawn : for I am not covetous, am not in debt, sit neither at the duke's side, nor lie at his feet. Wenching and I have done, no man I wrong, no man I fear, no man I fee; I take heed how far I walk, because I know yonders my home. I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing away save a winding sheet : but like a good man, to leave Orlando behind me. I sowed leaves in my youth, and I reap now books in my age. I fill this hand, and empty this, and when the bell shall toll for me, if I prove a swan, and go singing to my nest, why so. If a crow! throw me out for carrion, and pick out mine eyes. May not old Friscobaldo (my lord) be merry now! ha?

Hipolito. You may; would I were partner in your mirth!

Orlando. I have a little, have all things; I have nothing; I have no wife, I have no child, have no chick, and why should not I be in my jocundare?

Hipolito. Is your wife then departed?

Orlando. She's an old dweller in those high Countries, yet not from me; here, she's here: but before me, when a knave and a quean are married, they commonly walk like Serjeants together: but a good couple are seldom parted.

Hipolito. You had a daughter too, sir, had you not?

Orlando. Oh, my lord! this old tree had one branch (and but one branch growing out of it:) it was young, it was fair, it was straight; I prun'd it daily, drest it carefully, kept it from the wind, help'd it to the sun; yet for all my skill in planting, it grew crooked, it bore crabs; I hewed it down, what's become of it, I neither know, nor care.

Hipolito. Then can I tell you what's become of it; That branch is wither'd.

Orlando. So 'twas long ago.

Hipolito. Her name I think was Bellafront; she's dead.

Orlando. Ha ? dead ?

Hipolito. Yes, what of her was left, not worth the keeping,

Even in my sight was thrown into a grave.

Orlando. Dead ! my last and best peace go with her ! I see Death's a good trencherman, he can eat coarse homely meat, as well as the daintiest.

Hipolito. Why, Friscobaldo, was she homely ?

Orlando. O, my lord ! a strumpet is one of the Devil's vines ; all the sins like so many poles are stuck upright out of hell, to be her props, that she may spread upon them. And when she's ripe, every slave has a pull at her : then must she be prest. The young beautiful grape sets the teeth of lust on edge : yet to taste that lickrish wine, is to drink a man's own damnation. Is she dead ?

Hipolito. She's turned to earth.

Orlando. Would she were turn'd to heaven ; umh, is she dead ! I am glad the world has lost one of his idols ; no whoremonger will at midnight beat at the doors ; in her grave sleep all my shame, and her own ; and all my sorrows, and all her sins.

Hipolito. I'm glad you are wax, not marble ; you are made

Of man's best temper, there are now good hopes
That all these heaps of ice about your heart,
By which a father's love was frozen up,
Are thawed in these sweet showers fetcht from your eyes :

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies ;
She is not dead, but lives under worse fate,
I think she's poor ; and, more to clip her wings,
Her husband at this hour lies in the jail,
For killing of a man ; to save his blood,
Join all your force with mine : mine shall be shown,
The getting of his life preserves your own.

Orlando. In my daughter, you will say ! does she live then ? I am sorry I wasted tears upon a harlot ! but the best is, I have a handkercher to drink them up, soap can wash them all out again. Is she poor ?

Hipolito. Trust me, I think she is.

Orlando. Then she's a right strumpet; I never knew any of their trade rich two years together; sieves can hold no water, nor harlots hoard up money; they have many vents, too many sluices to let it out; taverns, taylors, bawds, panders, fiddlers, swaggerers, fools, and knaves, do all wait upon a common harlot's trencher: she is the gallypot to which these drones fly: not for love to the pot, but for the sweet sucket within it, her money, her money.

Hipolito. I almost dare pawn my word, her bosom Gives warmth to no such snakes; when did you see her?

Orlando. Not seventeen summers.

Hipolito. Is your hate so old?

Orlando. Older; it has a white head,
And shall never die till she be buried,
Her wrongs shall be my bed-fellow.

Hipolito. Work yet his life, since in it lives her fame.

Orlando. No, let him hang, and half her infamy departs out of the world; I hate him for her; he taught her first to taste poison; I hate her for herself, because she refused my physick.

Hipolito. Nay, but Friscobaldo.

Orlando. I detest her, I defy both, she's not mine,
she's——

Hipolito. Hear her but speak.

Orlando. I love no mermaids, I'll not be caught with
a quail-pipe.

Hipolito. Y'are now beyond all reason.

Orlando. I am then a beast. Sir, I had rather be a
beast, and not dishonour my creation, than be a doting
father, and, like time, be the destruction of mine own
brood.

Hipolito. Is't dotage to relieve your child, being poor?

Orlando. Is't fit for an old man to keep a whore?

Hipolito. 'Tis charity too.

Orlando. 'Tis foolery; relieve her!
Were her cold limbs stretcht out upon a bier,
I would not sell this dirt under my nails,
To buy her an hour's breath, nor give this hair,

Unless it were to choke her.

Hipolito. Fare you well, for I'll trouble you no more.

[*Exit.*

Orlando. And fare you well, sir, go thy ways, we have few lords of thy making, that love wenches for their honesty; 'las, my girl! art thou poor? poverty dwells next door to despair, there's but a wall between them; despair is one of hell's catch-poles; and lest that Devil arrest her, I'll to her, yet she shall not know me; she shall drink of my wealth, as beggars do of running water, freely, yet never know from what fountain's head it flows. Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish her young ones, and can a father see his child starve? That were hard; the pelican⁷ does it, and shall not I? Yes, I will victual the camp for her, but it shall be by some stratagem; that knave there her husband will be hanged I fear, I'll keep his neck out of the nooze if I can, he shall not know how.

Enter two SERVING-MEN.

Orlando. How now, knaves, whither wander you?

1 Serving-man. To seek your worship.

Orlando. Stay, which of you has my purse? what money have you about you?

2 Serving-man. Some fifteen or sixteen pounds, sir.

Orlando. Give it me, I think I have some gold about me; yes, it's well; leave my lodging at Court, and get you home. Come sir, tho' I never turn'd any man out of doors, yet I'll be so bold as to pull your coat over your ears.

1 Serving-man. What do you mean to do, sir?

Orlando. Hold thy tongue, knave, take thou my cloak; I hope I play not the paltry merchant in this bartering; bid the steward of my house sleep with

⁷ *the pelican does it,*] *The young pelican* is fabled to suck the mother's blood. For that reason, King Lear call's his daughter's *pelican daughters*.

Again, Shirley's *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"The pelican loves not her young so well,

"That digs upon her breast a hundred springs."

See Shakspeare, vol. IX. p. 466. edit. 1778.

open eyes in my absence, and to look to all things; whatsoever I cammand by letters to be done by you, see it done. So, does it sit well?

2 *Serving-man*. As if it were made for your worship.

Orlando. You proud varlets, you need not be ashamed to wear blue⁸, when your master is one of your fellows; away, do not see me.

Both. This is excellent. [Exeunt.]

Orlando. I should put on a worse suit too; perhaps I will. My vizard is on; now to this mask. Say I should shave off this honour of an old man, or tie it up shorter; well, I will spoil a good face for once. My beard being off, how should I look? even like A winter cuckoo, or unfeather'd owl;

Yet better lose this hair, then lose her soul. [Exit.]

Enter CANDIDO, LODOVICO, and CAROLO. ASTOLFO, other Guests, and BRIDE with PRENTICES.

Candido. O gentlemen, so late, y'are very welcome, pray sit down.

Lodovico. Carolo, did'st ere see such a nest of caps?

Astolfo. Me thinks

It's a most civil and most comely sight.

Lodovico. What does he i'th' middle look like?

Astolfo. Troth like a spire-steeple in a country village over peering so many thatch't houses.

Lodovico. It's rather a long pike staff against so many⁹ bucklers without pikes; they sit for all the

⁸ to wear blue] The habit of servants at the time.

Dekkar's *Bel-man of London*, Sign. H: "But the guest being departed from his Inne to the towne, or into the faire, backe comes this counterfeit blew coate, running in all hast for his maister's cloke bag, or pormanteau, &c."

Dekkar's *Bel-man's Night walkes*, Sign. E 3: "—the other act their parts in blew coates, as they were their serving-men, though indeed they be all fellowes."

The Curtain Drawer of the World, 1612. p. 2. "Not a serving-man dare appeare in a blew coat, not because it is the livery of charity, but lest he should be thought a retainer to their enemy."

⁹ ---bucklers without pikes;] The antient bucklers had a prominent spike, and sometimes a pistol in the centre of them. If my memory does not fail me, specimens of both kinds may be seen in the Tower of London. S.

world like a pair of organs, and he's the tall great roaring pipe i'th' midst.

Astolfo. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Candido. What's that you laugh at, signiors?

*Astolfo.** Troth, shall I tell you, and aloud I'll tell it, We laugh to see (yet laugh we not in scorn) Amongst so many caps that long hat worn.

Lodovico. Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in Milan, and therefore I love it, for the block was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a hair.

Candido. Indeed you are good observers, it shews strange.

But, gentlemen, I pray neither contemn,
Nor yet deride a civil ornament;
I could build so much in the round cap's praise,
That love this high roof, I this flat would raise.

Lodovico. Pr'ythee, sweet bridegroom, do't.

Candido. So all these guests will pardon me, I'll do't.

Omnes. With all our hearts.

Candido. Thus then in the cap's honour:
To every sex and state, both nature, time,
The countries' laws, yea, and the very clime,
Do allot distinct habits: the spruce courtier
¹⁰ Jets up and down in silk: the warrior
Marches in buff, the clown plods on in gray:
But for these upper garments thus I say,
The seaman has his cap, par'd without brim,
The gallant's head is feather'd, that fits him;
The soldier has his murrion ¹¹, women ha' tires;
Beasts have their head-pieces, and men ha' theirs.

Lodovico. Proceed.

Candido. Each degree has his fashion, it's fit then,
O should be laid by for the citizen,
And that's the cap which you see swells not high,

* In the edition of 1630 this reply is given to Lodovico. C.

¹⁰ Jets up and down] See note 23 to *Edward II.* vol. II.

¹¹ murrion] A head-piece, or cap of steel. So, in *Philaster*, vol. I. p. 183. edit. 1778:

“ Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,

“ And trace the streets in terror.”

For caps are emblems of humility:
 It is a citizen's badge, and first was worn
 By th' Romans; ¹² for when any bondman's turn
 Came to be made a freeman: thus 'twas said,
 He to the cap was call'd: that is, was made
 Of Rome a freeman, but was first close shorn;
 And so a citizen's hair is still short worn.

Lodovico. That close shaving made barbers a company,

And now every citizen uses it.

Candido. Of Geometrick figures the most rare,
 And perfect'st, are the circle and the square:
 The city and the school much build upon
 These figures, for both love proportion.
 The city-cap is round, the scholar's square,
 To shew that government and learning are
 The perfect'st limbs i'th' body of a state:
 For without them, all's disproportionate.
 If the cap had no honour, this might rear it,
 The reverend Fathers of the law do wear it.
 It's light for summer, and in cold it sits
 Close to the scull, a warm house for the wits;
 It shews the whole face boldly, 'tis not made
 As if a man to look on't were afraid;
 Nor like a draper's shop with broad dark shed,
 For he's no citizen that hides his head.

¹² for when a bondman's turn, &c.] "The ceremony of manumission was thus performed; the slave was brought before the Consul, and in after times before the Prætor, by his master, who, laying his hand upon his servant's head, said to the Prætor, *Hunc hominem liberum esse volo*, and with that, let him go out of his hand, which they term'd *e manu emittere*. Then the Prætor, laying a rod upon his head, call'd *Vindicta*, said, *Dico eum liberum esse more Quiritum*. Hence *Persius*,

"*Vindicta postquam meus a Prætoce recessi.*

"After this, the Lictor, taking the rod out of the Prætor's hand, struck the servant several blows on the head, face and back; and nothing now remain'd but *pileo donari*, to receive a cap in token of liberty, and to have his name enter'd in the common Roll of Freemen, with the reason of his obtaining that favour." *Kennet's Roman Antiquities*, p. 100. See also Addison's *Dialogues on Antient Medals*, p. 67. edit. 1765.

Flat caps as proper are to city gowns,
 As to armours helmets, or to kings their crowns.
 Let then the city-cap by none be scorn'd,
 Since with it princes' heads have been adorn'd.
 If more the round cap's honour you would know,
 How would this long gown with this steeple show?*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha; most vile, most ugly.

Candido. Pray, signior, pardon me, 'twas done in jest.

Bride. A cup of claret wine there.

1 *Prentice.* Wine: yes forsooth, wine for the Bride.

Carolo. You have well set out the cap, sir,

Lodovico. Nay, that's flat.

Carolo. A health.

Lodovico. Since his cap's round, that shall go round. Be bare,

For in the cap's praise all of you have share.

[*The Bride hits the Prentice on the lips.*†

Lodovico. The Bride's at cuffs.

Candido. Oh, peace I pray thee, thus far off I stand,
 I spied the error of my servants:
 She call'd for claret, and you fill'd out sack;
 That cup give me, 'tis for an old man's back,
 And not for hers. Indeed 'twas but mistaken,
 Ask all these else.

Omnes. No faith, 'twas but mistaken.

1 *Prentice.* Nay, she took it right enough.

* Taking or touching Lodovico's tall hat, for which Candido just afterwards apologises.

Of such hats P. Stubbes speaks in his celebrated work, the *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1585. "Sometimes they use them sharp on the crowne, pearking up like the spere or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the crowne of their heads, some more, some less, as please the phantasies of their unconstant mindes."

This fashion seems to have long prevailed in England, for old John Heywood, in his *Spider and Fly*, 1556, mentions what he calls the Turkey hat, in these terms,

"To weare Powle's steeple for a Turkey hat." C.

† And, from what follows it appears, breaks the glass he offered her. C.

Candido. Good Luke, reach her that glass of claret.
Here, Mistress Bride, pledge me there.

Bride. Now I'll none.

[*Exit Bride.*]

Candido. How now?

Lodovico. Look what your mistress ails.

I Prentice. Nothing, sir, but about filling a wrong glass, a scurvy trick.

Candido. I pray you hold your tongue, my servant there

Tells me she is not well.

Omnes. Step to her, step to her.

Lodovico. A word with you; do ye hear? This wench (your new wife) will take you down in your wedding-shoes, unless you hang her up in her wedding-garters.

Candido. How, hang her in her garters?

Lodovico. Will you be a tame pigeon still? shall your back be like a tortoise-shell, to let carts go over it, yet not to break? This she-cat will have more lives than your last puss had, and will scratch worse, and mouze you worse: look to't.

Candido. What would you have me do, sir?

Lodovico. What would I have you do? Swear, swagger, brawl, fling; for fighting it's no matter, we have had knocking pusses enow already; you know, that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The moral of which is, that a man must from his beginning be crooked to his wife; be you like an orange to her, let her cut you never so fair, be you sour as vinegar. Will you be ruled by me?

Candido. In any thing that's civil, honest, and just.

Lodovico. Have you ever a prentice's suit will fit me?

Candido. I have the very same which myself wore.

Lodovico. I'll send my man for't within this half hour, and within this two hours I'll be your prentice: the hen shall not overcrow the cock, I'll sharpen your spurs.

Candido. It will be but some jest, sir.

Lodovico. Only a jest: farewell, come, Carolo. [*Exeunt.*]

Omnes. We'll take our leaves, sir, too.

Candido. Pray conceit not ill of my wife's sudden rising. This young knight, sir Lodovico, is deep seen

in physick, and he tells me, the disease call'd the Mother hangs on my wife; it is a vehement heaving and beating of the stomach, and that swelling did with the pain thereof cramp up her arm, that hit his lips, and brake the glass: no harm, it was no harm.

Omnes. No, signior, none at all.

Candido. The streightest arrow may fly wide by chance.

But come, we'll close this brawl up in some dance.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BELLAFRONT and MATHEO.

Bellafront. Oh my sweet husband, wert thou in thy grave,

And art alive again? O welcome, welcome.

Matheo. Doest know me? my cloak pr'ythee lay't up. Yes faith, my winding sheet was taken out of lavender, to be stuck with rosemary; I lackt but the knot here, or here; yet, if I had had it, I should have made a wry mouth at the world like a playse¹³: but, sweetest villain, I am here now, and I will talk with thee soon.

Bellafront. And glad am I th'art here.

Matheo. Did these heels caper in shackles? Ah! my little plump rogue, I'll bear up for all this, and fly high. Catzo, Catzo.

Bellafront. Matheo?

Matheo. What sayest, what sayest? Oh brave fresh air, a pox on these grates and gingling of keys, and rattling of iron. I'll bear up, I'll fly high, wench, hang tosse.

Bellafront. Matheo, pr'ythe make thy prison thy glass, And in it view the wrinkles, and the scars, By which thou wert disfigured; viewing them, mend them.

¹³ I should have made a wry mouth at the world like a playse;] So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "None won the days in this, but the herring whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with Vive le Roy, God save the King, God save the King save only the playse and the butt, that made wry mouths at him, and for their mocking have wry mouths ever since."

Dekkar's *Satiromatrix*: "bate one at that stake my place 'mouth yelpers."

Matheo. I'll go visit all the mad rogues now, and the good roaring boys.

Bellafront. Thou doest not hear me?

Matheo. Yes faith do I.

Bellafront. Thou hast been in the hands of misery, And ta'en strong physick, pr'ythee now be sound.

Matheo. Yes. S'foot, I wonder how the inside of a tavern looks now. Oh! when shall I ¹⁴ bizle, bizle?

Bellafront. Nay, see, th'art thirsty still for poison; come,

I will not have thee swagger.

Matheo. Honest ape's face.

Bellafront. 'Tis that sharpen'd an axe to cut thy throat.

Good love, I would not have thee sell thy substance
And time (worth all) in those damned shops of hell;
Those dicing-houses, that stand never well,
But when they stand most ill, that four-squared sin
Has almost lodg'd us in the beggar's Inn.

Besides (to speak which even my soul does grieve)

¹⁵ A sort of ravens have hung upon thy sleeve,

¹⁴ bizle, bizle] Or as it is sometimes spelt *bezzle*. He means to say, When shall I have an opportunity to drink to excess. Nash, in *Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Devill*, 1592. describing a Dane, says, "Thus walkes hee up and downe in his Majestie, taking a yard of ground at every step, and stampes on the earth so terrible, as if he ment to knock up a spirite, when (*foule drunken bezzle*) if an Englishman set his little finger to him, he falls like a hog's-trough that is set on one end."

Every Woman in her Humour, 1609, Sign. B 2: "— yonders the most hard-favour'd news-walkes the streetes, seaven men goeing to their graves that dyed with drinking and bisseling."

Jack Drum's *Entertainment*, 1616, Sign. A 3:

"—— tis now become

"The shoeing horne of *Bezelers* discourse."

So, in Taylor's *Travels*, p. 80: "His post-like legges were answerable to the rest of the great frame which they supported, and to conclude, Sir Bavis, Ascapart, Gogmagog, or our English Sir John Falstaff, were but shrimps to this *bezzeling* Bombard's longitude, latitude," &c. I. R.

¹⁵ A sort of ravens] *A company, a number.* See Note 4 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Vol. II.

This word, in the same sense, is used in Waller's *Poems*, 4to, 1729, p. 3:

And fed upon thee: good Matheo (if you please)
 So base as scorn to spread wing amongst these;*
 By them thy fame is speckled, yet it shows
 Clear amongst them; so crows are fair with crows.
 Custom in sin, gives sin a lovely dye.
 Blackness in Moors is no deformity.

Matheo. Bellafront, Bellafront, I protest to thee, I swear, as I hope my soul, I will turn over a new leaf; the prison I confess has bit me, the best man that sails in such a ship may be lousy.

Bellafront. One knocks at door.

Matheo. I'll be the porter: they shall see, a jail cannot hold a brave spirit, I'll fly high. [Exit.

Bellafront. How wild is his behaviour! oh, I fear He's spoiled by prison, he's half damned comes there; But I must sit all storms: when a full sail His fortune's spread, he lov'd me: being now poor, I'll beg for him, and no wife can do more.

"As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
 "Their force at football care of victory,
 "Makes them, &c."

On which Mr. Fenton observes, that "Mr. Waller useth the word *sort* in the same sense which it often bears in Spenser, to signify a crowd: and so we find it employ'd in that old Version of the Psalms, which is retain'd in our Liturgy: *Ye shall be slain all the sort of you*, Ps. lxii. 3.

"So afterwards we read in our Author:

"As when a sort of wolves, &c."

"And in another Poem:

"So when a sort of lusty shepherds, &c."

"But I do not remember to have met with it in any writer since the Restoration, except once in Sir George Etherege's *Sir Fopling Flutter*."

*. These two lines are obviously wrong both here and in the old edition, which thus gives the passage,

"And fed upon thee: good Mat. (if you please) so base as

"Scorn to spread wing amongst these."

No doubt the correct reading is this, allowing that Bellafront calls her husband *Mat* and not *Matheo*, as he afterwards calls her *Front*.

"And fed upon thee: good Mat (if you please)

"Scorn to spread wing amongst so base as these." C.

Enter MATHEO, and ORLANDO like a Serving-man.

Matheo. Come in pray, would you speak with me, sir?

Orlando. Is your name Signior Matheo?

Matheo. My name is Signior Matheo.

Orlando. Is this gentlewoman your wife, sir?

Matheo. This gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

Orlando. The destinies spin a strong and even thread of both your loves! The mother's own face, I ha' not forgot that [*Aside*]. I'm an old man, sir, and am troubled with a whoreson salt rheum, that I cannot hold my water. Gentlewoman, the last man I served was your father.

Bellafront. My father? any tongue that sounds his name,

Speaks musick to me: welcome, good old man,
How does my father? lives he? has he health?
How does my father? I so much do shame him,
So much do wound him, that I scarce dare name him.

Orlando. I can speak no more. [*Aside.*]

Matheo. How now, old lad, what dost cry?

Orlando. The rheum still, sir, nothing else; I should be well seasoned, for mine eyes lie in brine: look you, sir, I have a suit to you.

Matheo. What is't, my little white pate?

Orlando. Troth, sir, I have a mind to serve your worship.

Matheo. To serve me? Troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as a man may say—

Orlando. Nay, look you, sir, I know when all sins are old in us, and go upon crutches, that covetousness does but then lie in her cradle; 'tis not so with me. Letchery loves to dwell in the fairest lodging, and covetousness in the oldest buildings, that are ready to fall: but my white head, sir, is no Inn for such a gossip. If a serving-man at my years be not stored with biscuit enough, that has sailed about the world to serve him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him East-home; Ill pity but all his days should be fasting days: I care

not so much for wages, for I have scraped a handful of gold together; I have a little money, sir, which I would put into your worship's hands, not so much to make it more.

Matheo. No, no, you say well, thou sayest well: but I must tell you: how much is the money, sayest thou?

Orlando. About twenty pounds, sir.

Matheo. Twenty pounds? Let me see; that shall bring thee in, after ten *per centum, per annum*.

Orlando. No, no, no, sir, no; I cannot abide to have money ingender: fie upon this silver litchery, fie; if I may have meat to my mouth, and rags to my back, and a flock-bed to snort upon, when I die, the longer liver take all.

Matheo. A good old boy, yfaith, if thou servest me, thou shalt eat as I eat, drink as I drink, lie as I lie, and ride as I ride.

Orlando. That's if you have money to hire horses.

Matheo. Front: what dost thou think on't? This good old lad here shall serve me.

Bellafront. Alas, Matheo, wilt thou load a back That is already broke?

Matheo. Peace, pox on you, peace! there's a trick in't, I fly high, it shall be so, Front, as I tell you: give me thy hand, thou shalt serve me yfaith: welcome: as for your money—

Orlando. Nay, look you, sir, I have it here.

Matheo. Pish, keep it thyself, man, and then th'art sure 'tis safe.

Orlando. Safe! and 'twere ten thousand duckets, your worship should be my cash-keeper; I have heard what your worship is, an excellent dunghill cock, to scatter all abroad: but I'll venture twenty pounds on's head.

Matheo. And did'st thou serve my worshipful father-in-law, Signior Orlando Friscobaldo, that mad-man once?

Orlando. I served him so long, till he turned me out of doors.

Matheo. It's a notable chuff, I ha' not seen him many a day.

Orlando. No matter and you ne'er see him : its an arrant grandee, a churl, and as damn'd a cut-throat—

Bellafront. Thou villain, curb thy tongue, thou art a Judas,

To sell thy master's name to slander thus.

Matheo. Away ass, he speaks but truth, thy father is a—

Bellafront. Gentleman.

Matheo. And an old knave, there's more deceit in him than in sixteen poticaries : it's a Devil, thou maist beg, starve, hang, damn ; does he send thee so much as a cheese ?

Orlando. Or so much as a gammon of bacon, He'll give it his dogs first.

Matheo. A jail, a jail.

Orlando. A Jew, a Jew, sir.

Matheo. A dog.

Orlando. An English mastiff, sir.

Matheo. Pox rot out his old stinking garbage !

Bellafront. Art not ashamed to strike an absent man thus ?

Art not ashamed to let this vile dog bark,
And bite my father thus ? I'll not indure it ;
Out of my doors, base slave.

Matheo. Your doors ! a vengeance ! I shall live to cut that old rogue's throat, for all you take his part thus.

Orlando. He shall live to see thee hang'd first.

[*Aside.*

Enter HIPOLITO.

Matheo. God's-so, my lord, your lordship is most welcome,
I'm proud of this, my lord.

Hipolito. Was bold to see you. Is that your wife ?

Matheo. Yes, sir.

Hipolito. I'll borrow her lip.

Matheo. With all my heart, my lord.

Orlando. Who's this, I pray, sir ?

Matheo. My lord Hipolito ; what's thy name ?

Orlando. Pacheco.

Matheo. Pacheco ! fine name ; Thou seest, Pacheco, I keep company with no scoundrels, nor base fellows.

Hipolito. Came not my footman to you ?

Bellafront. Yes, my lord.

Hipolito. I sent by him a diamond and a letter, Did you receive them ?

Bellafront. Yes, my lord, I did.

Hipolito. Read you the letter ?

Bellafront. O'er and o'er 'tis read.

Hipolito. And faith your answer ?

Bellafront. Now the time's not fit ;

You see, my husband's here.

Hipolito. I'll now then leave you, And choose mine hour : but ere I part away, Hark you, remember I must have no nay.

Matheo. I will leave you.

Matheo. A glass of wine.

Hipolito. Not now ; I'll visit you at other times. Y'are come off well then ?

Matheo. Excellent well, I thank your lordship I owe you my life, my lord ; and will pay my best blood in any service of yours.

Hipolito. I'll take no such dear payment ; hark you, *Matheo*, I know, the prison is a gulf ; if money run low with you, my purse is yours : call for it.

Matheo. Faith, my lord, I thank my stars, they send me down some ; I cannot sink, so long as these bladders hold.

Hipolito. I will not see your fortune's ebb, pray try. To starve in full barns were ¹⁶ fond modesty.

¹⁶ *fond*] i e. *foolish*. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 74.

" O countrey sweete, perswade obedience heere,

" Reforme the *fond*, and still preserve the wise."

Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, A. 1. S. 6 :

" — in me makes that proffer,

" Which never fair one was so *fond* to lose."

Euphues and his England, p. 9 : " he that is young thinketh the " olde man *fond*, and the olde knoweth the young man to be a " foole."

Matheo. Open the door, sirrah.

Hipolito. Drink this, and anon I pray thee give thy mistress this. [Exit.]

Orlando. O noble spirit, if no worse guests here dwell, My blue coat sits on my old shoulders well. [Aside.]

Matheo. The only royal fellow; he's bounteous as the Indies; what's that he said to thee, Bellafront?

Bellafront. Nothing.

Matheo. I pr'ythee, good girl?

Bellafront. Why, I tell you nothing.

Matheo. Nothing! it's well: tricks? that I must be beholden to a scald hot-livered goatish gallant, to stand with my cap in my hand, and vail bonnet, when I have spread as lofty sails as himself; wo'd I had been hanged. Nothing! Pacheco, brush my cloak.

Orlando. Where is't, sir?

Matheo. Come, we'll fly high.

Nothing! there is a whore still in thine eye. [Exit.]

Orlando. My twenty pounds flies high, O wretched woman!

This varlet's able to make Lucrece common.
How now, mistress? has my master died you
Into this sad colour?

Bellafront. Fellow, be gone, I pray thee; if thy tongue
Itch after talk so much, seek out thy master,
Th'art a fit instrument for him.

Orlando. Zounds, I hope he will not play upon me!

Bellafront. Play on thee! no, you two will fly
together,

Because you are roving arrows of one feather.
Would thou wouldst leave my house, thou ne'er shalt
Please me; weave thy nets ne'er so high,
Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.
Th'art rank with poison, poison temper'd well
Is food for health; but thy black tongue doth swell
With venom, to hurt him that gave thee bread;

Ibid. p. 10: "that were as *fond* as not to cut one's meat with
"that knife that another hath cut his finger."

The word in the same sense is still in use in the Northern parts
of this kingdom.

To wrong men absent, is to spurn the dead ;
And so did'st thou thy master, and my father.

Orlando. You have small reason to take his part ; for I have heard him say five hundred times, you were as arrant a whore as ever stiffened tiffany neckcloaths in water-starch upon a Saturday i'th' afternoon.

Bellafront. Let him say worse ; when for the earth's offence

Hot vengeance through the marble clouds is driven,
Is't fit earth shoot again those darts at heaven ?

Orlando. And so if your father call you whore, you'll not call him old knave ; Friscobaldo, she carries thy mind up and down ; she's thine own flesh, blood, and bone (*aside* :) troth, mistress, to tell you true, the fire-works that ran from me upon lines against my good old master, your father, were but to try how my young master, your husband, loved such squibs : but it's well known, I love your father as myself ; I'll ride for him at mid-night, run for you by owl-light ; I'll die for him, drudge for you ; I'll fly low, and I'll fly high (as my master says) to do you good, if you'll forgive me.

Bellafront. I am not made of marble : I forgive thee.

Orlando. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good stone-cutter might cut you : I hope the twenty pounds I delivered to my master is in a sure hand.

Bellafront. In a sure hand I warrant thee for spending.

Orlando. I see my young master is a madcap, and a *bonus socius*. I love him well, mistress : yet as well as I love him, I'll not play the knave with you ; look you, I could cheat you of this purse full of money ; but I am an old lad, and I scorn to coney-catch : yet I have been dog at a coney in my time.

Bellafront. A purse, where hadst it ?

Orlando. The gentleman that went away, whisper'd in mine ear, and charged me to give it you.

Bellafront. The lord *Hipolito*.

Orlando. Yes, if he be a lord, he gave it me.

Bellafront. 'Tis all gold.

Orlando. 'Tis like so : it may be, he thinks you want

money, and therefore bestows his alms bravely, like a lord.

Bellafront. He thinks a silver net can catch the poor,

Here's bait to choak a nun, and turn her whore.

Wilt thou be honest to me?

Orlando. As your nails to your fingers, which I think never deceived you.

Bellafront. Thou to this lord shalt go, commend me to him,

And tell him this; the town has held out long,

Because (within) 'twas rather true, than strong.

To sell it now were base; say 'tis no hold

Built of weak stuff, to be blown up with gold.

He shall believe thee by this token, or this; if not, by this. [*Giving him purse, ring, and letters.**]

Orlando. Is this all?

Bellafront. This is all.

Orlando. Mine own girl still.

Bellafront. A star may shoot, not fall.

[*Exit Bellafront.*]

Orlando. A star! nay, thou art more than the moon, for thou hast neither changing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thorns. I 'st possible the lord Hipolito, whose face is as civil as the outside of a dedicatory book, should be a mutton-munger⁶⁷? A poor man has but one ewe, and this grandee sheep-biter leaves whole flocks of fat weathers (whom he may knock down) to devour this. I'll trust neither lord nor butcher with quick flesh for this trick; the cuckoo I see now sings all the year, though every man cannot hear him, but I'll spoil his notes; can

* This stage-direction may be necessary to the clear understanding of the play, and it is therefore inserted. Orlando afterwards enumerates what he had received from her. C.

⁶⁷ mutton-monger] See Note 68 to the First Part of *The Honest Whore*. In Peele's "Edward the First," 1593, Lluellin says to the Friar with his wench,

"I would gladly know

If mutton be your first dish what shall be your last service?" C

neither love-letters, nor the Devil's common pick-locks (gold), nor precious stones, make my girl draw up her percollis? hold out still, wench.

All are not bawds (I see now) that keep doors,
Nor all good wenches that are mark'd for whores.

[*Exit.*

Enter CANDIDO, LODOVICO, like a Prentice.

Lodovico. Come, come, come, what do ye lack, sir? what do ye lack, sir? what is't ye lack, sir? is not my worship well suited? did you ever see a gentleman better disguised?

Candido. Never, believe me, signior.

Lodovico. Yes, but when he has been drunk:* there be prentices would make mad gallants, for they would spend all, and drink, and whore, and so forth; and I see we gallants could make mad prentices. How does thy wife like me? Nay, I must not be so saucy, then I spoil all: pray you, how does my mistress like me?

Candido. Well: for she takes you for a very simple fellow.

Lodovico. And they that are taken for such, are commonly the arrantest knaves: but to our Comedy, come.

Candido. I shall not act it, chide you say, and fret, And grow impatient: I shall never do't.

Lodovico. S'blood! cannot you do as all the world does? counterfeit.

Candido. Were I a painter, that should live by drawing nothing but pictures of an angry man, I should not earn my colours; I cannot do't.

Lodovico. Remember y'are a linen-draper, and that if you give your wife a yard, she'll take an ell: give her not therefore a quarter of your yard, not a nail.

Candido. Say I should turn to ice, and nip her love now 'tis but in the blood.†

* That is, *disguised* in liquor: this point was before lost from mispunctuation. C.

† So it stands in the Edit. of 1630, and therefore it remains, but surely the proper reading is, "and nip her love now 'tis but in the bud." C.

Lodovico. Well, say she's nipt.

Candido. It will so overcharge her heart with grief,
That like a cannon, when her sighs go off,
She in her duty either will recoil,
Or break in pieces, and so die: her death,
By my unkindness might be counted murther.

Lodovico. Die! never, never! I do not bid you beat
her, nor give her black eyes, nor pinch her sides: but
cross her humours. Are not bakers' arms the scales
of justice? yet is not their bread light? and may not
you I pray bridle her with a sharp bit, yet ride her
gently?

Candido. Well, I will try your pills, do you your
faithful service, and be ready still at a pinch to help
me in this part, or else I shall be out clean.

Lodovico. Come, come, I'll prompt you.

Candido. I'll call her forth now, shall I?

Lodovico. Do, do, bravely.

Candido. Luke, I pray bid your mistress to come
hither.

Lodovico. Luke, I pray bid your mistress to come
hither.

Candido. Sirrah, bid my wife come to me? why,
when?

Luke. Presently, sir, she comes.———*within*——

Lodovico. La you, there's the echo, she comes.

Enter BRIDE.

Bride. What is your pleasure with me?

Candido. Marry, wife,
I have intent, and (you see) this stripling here,
He bears good will and liking to my trade,
And means to deal in linen.

Lodovico. Yes, indeed, sir, I would deal in linen, if
my mistress like me so well as I like her?

Candido. I hope to find him honest, pray good wife
Look that his bed and chamber be made ready.

Bride. Y'are best to let him hire me for his maid.
I look to his bed! look to't yourself.

Candido. Even so
I swear to you a great oath.

Lodovico. Swear, cry Zounds!

Candido. I will not, go to wife, I will not.

Lodovico. That your great oath?

Candido. Swallow these gudgeons.

Lodovico. Well said.

Candido. Then fast, then you may choose.
You know at table what tricks you played,
Swaggered, broke glasses! Fie, fie, fie, fie;
And now, before my prentice here you make
An ass of me; thou—what shall I call thee?

Bride. Even what you will.

Lodovico. Call her arrant whore.

Candido. Oh fie, by no means, then she'll call me
cuckold, sirrah, go look to th' shop. How does this
show? [To Lod.]

Lodovico. Excellent well, I'll go look to the shop,
sir. Fine cambricks, lawns, what do you lack?

[Exit Lodovico.]

Candido. A curst cow's milk I have drunk once before,
And 'twas so rank in taste, I'll drink no more.
Wife, I'll tame you.

Bride. You may, sir, if you can,
But at a wrestling I have seen a fellow,
Limb'd like an ox, thrown by a little man.

Candido. And so you'll throw me. Reach me knaves
a yard.

*Lodovico.** A yard for my master.

1 Prentice. My master is grown valiant.

Candido. I'll teach you fencing tricks.

Omnes. Rare! rare! a prize!

Lodovico. What will you do, sir?

Candido. Marry, my good Prentice, nothing but
breathe my wife.

Bride. Breathe me with your yard?

Lodovico. No, he'll but measure you out, forsooth.

Bride. Since you'll needs fence, handle your weapon
well,

* Either Lodovico did not make his exit as above marked, or he returns here from the shop. C.

For if you take a yard, I'll take an ell.
Reach me an ell.

Lodovico. An ell for my mistress.
Keep the laws of the Noble Science, sir, and measure
weapons with her; your yard is a plain heathenish
weapon; 'tis too short: she may give you a handful,
and yet you'll not reach her.

Candido. Yet I have the longer arm; come, fall to't
roundly

And spare not me wife for I'll lay't on soundly.
If o'er husbands their wives will needs be masters,
We men will have a law to win't at wasters¹⁸

Lodovico. 'Tis for the breeches, is't not?

Candido. For the breeches.

Bride. Husband I am for you, I'll not strike in jest.

Candido. Nor I.

Bride. But will you sign to one request?

Candido. What's that?

Bride. Let me give the first blow.

Candido. The first blow, wife? shall I?*

Lodovico. Let her ha't.

If she strike hard, in to her, and break her pate.

Candido. A bargain. Strike.

¹⁸ *wasters*] *Wasters* are *cudgels*; as in Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 84: "—and sodainely a stout, taule cobber will lay down the "*waster*, and yeelede to him that hath more practise and skill in the "*weapon* than himselfe."

Philaster, A. 4: "Thou wouldst be loth to play half a dozen "*of venies* at *wasters*."

Minshew, in his *Dictionary*, as Mr. Theobald observes, has given a most ridiculous reason for the etymology of this word: That cudgels were called *Wasters*, because in playing and beating bouts with them, *they waste and fitter*. In opposition to this conjecture, Mr. Theobald offers the following: "We find in our old Law-books, that the Statute of Westm. (5th Edward tertii, Cap. 14.) was "made against night-walkers and suspected persons, called Ro-
"berdesmer *Wastours* and draw latches. These *wastours*, or plun-
"derers, derived their name from the Latin term *vastatores*; and
"the mischievous weapons, or bludgeons, with which they went
"armed, were called *wasters*, i. e. destroyers."

* After "shall I" in the old copy, is inserted "*Prompt?*" meaning that Lodovico is to prompt him. "Shall I?" is addressed Lodo-
vico, who replies aside, "Let her ha' it," &c. C.

Bride. Then guard you from this blow,
For I play all at legs, but 'tis thus low. [*She kneels.*
Behold, I am such a cunning fencer grown,
I keep my ground, yet down I will be thrown
With the least blow you give me, I disdain
The wife that is her husband's sovereign.
She that upon your pillow first did rest,
They say, the breeches wore which I detest:
The tax which she imposed upon you, I abate you,
If me you make your master, I shall hate you.
The world shall judge who offers fairest play;
You win the breeches, but I win the day.

Candido. Thou win'st the day indeed. Give me thy
hand,
I'll challenge thee no more: my patient breast
Plaid thus the rebel, only for a jest:
Here's the rank rider that breaks colts, 'tis he
Can tame the mad folks, and curst wives.

Bride. Who, your man?

Candido. My man, my master, tho' his head be bare,
But he's so courteous, he'll put off his hair.

Lodovico. Nay, if your service be so hot, a man cannot
keep his hair on, I'll serve you no longer.

Bride. Is this your school-master?

Lodovico. Yes faith, wench, I taught him to take thee
down: I hope thou canst take him down without
teaching; you have got the conquest, and you both
are friends.

Candido. Bear witness else.

Lodovico. My Prenticeship then ends.

Candido. For the good service you to me have done,
I give you all your years.

Lodovico. I thank you master.

I'll kiss my mistress now, that she may say,
My man was bound and free all in one day, [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORLANDO, and INFELICE.

Infelice. From whom sayst thou?

Orlando. From a poor gentlewoman, madam, whom
I serve.

Infelice. And what's your business?

Orlando. This, madam: my poor mistress has a waste piece of ground, which is her own by inheritance, and left to her by her mother; there's a lord now that goes about, not to take it clean from her, but to inclose it to himself, and to join it to a piece of his lordship's.

Infelice. What would she have me do in this?

Orlando. No more, madam, but what one woman should do for another in such a case. My honourable lord, your husband would do any thing in her behalf, but she had rather put herself into your hands, because you (a woman) may do more with the duke your father.

Infelice. Where lies this land?

Orlando. Within a stone's cast of this place; my mistress, I think, would be content to let him enjoy it after her decease, if that would serve his turn, so my master would yield too: but she cannot abide to hear that the lord should meddle with it in her life time.

Infelice. Is she then married: why stirs not her husband in it?

Orlando. Her husband stirs in it under hand: but because the other is a great rich man, my master is loth to be seen in it too much.

Infelice. Let her in writing draw the cause at large: And I will move the duke.

Orlando. 'Tis set down, madam, here in black and white already: work it so, madam, that she may keep her own without disturbance, grievance, molestation, or meddling of any other, and she bestows this purse of gold on your ladyship.

Infelice. Old man, I'll plead for her, but take no fees:

Give lawyers them, I swim not in that flood,
I'll touch no gold, till I have done her good.

Orlando. I would all proctors' clerks were of your mind, I should law more amongst them then I do then; here, madam, is the survey, not only of the manor itself, but of the grange-house, with every meadow, pasture, plough-land, cony-borough, fish-pond, hedge, ditch, and bush, that stands in it. [gives her a letter.

Infelice. My husband's name, and hand and seal at arms,

To a love-letter? where hadst thou this writing?

Orlando. From the foresaid party, madam, that would keep the foresaid land out of the foresaid lord's fingers.

Infelice. My lord turn'd ranger now?

Orlando. Y'are a good huntress, lady; you have found your game already; your lord would fain be a ranger, but my mistress requests you to let him run a course in your own park, if you'll not do't for love, then do't for money; she has no white money, but there's gold, or else she prays you to ¹⁹ ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other men's pastures. [Gives her a ring and purse.

Infelice. This very purse was woven with mine own hands,

This diamond on that very night, when he
Untied my virgin girdle, gave I him:

And must a common harlot share in mine?

Old man, to quit thy pains, take thou the gold.

Orlando. Not I, madam, old servingmen want no money.

Infelice. Cupid himself was sure his secretary,
These lines are even the arrows Love let flies,
The very ink dropt out of *Venus* eyes*.

Orlando. I do not think, madam, but he fetcht off some poet or other for those lines, for they are parlous hawkes to flie at wenches.

Infelice. Here's honied poison, to me he ne'er thus writ,

But lust can set a double edge on wit.

Orlando. Nay, that's true, madam, a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.

Infelice. Oaths, promises, preferments, jewels, gold,

¹⁹ ring him] To prevent swine from doing mischief, it is usual to put rings through their nostrils.

* Probably to amend the grammar we ought to read

"These lines are ev'n the arrows Love lets fly,

"The very ink dropt out of *Venus* eye." C.

What snares should break, if all these cannot hold ?

What creature is thy mistress ?

Orlando. One of those creatures that are contrary to man, a woman.

Infelice. What manner of woman ?

Orlando. A little tiny woman, lower than your ladyship by head and shoulders, but as mad a wench as ever unlaced a petticoat : these things should I indeed have delivered to my lord your husband.

Infelice. They are delivered better : Why should she Send back these things ?

Orlando. Ware, ware, there's knavery.

Infelice. Strumpets like cheating gamesters will not win At first : these are but baits to draw him in.

How might I learn his hunting hours ?

Orlando. The Irish footman can tell you all his hunting hours, the park he hunts in, the doe he would strike, that ²⁰ Irish shackatory beats the bush for him, and knows all ; he brought that letter, and that ring : he is the carrier.

Infelice. Knowst thou what other gifts have past between them ?

Orlando. Little S. Patrick knows all.

Infelice. Him I'll examine presently.

Orlando. Not whilst I am here, sweet madam.

Infelice. Be gone then, and what lies in me command. [Exit Orlando.]

Enter BRYAN.

Infelice. Come hither, sirrah ; how much cost those satins, and cloth of silver, which my husband sent by you to a low gentlewoman yonder ?

Bryan. Faat sattins ? faat silvers, faat low gentlefolkes ? dow pratest dow knowest not what, yfaat la.

Infelice. She there, to whom you carried letters.

Bryan. By dis hand and bod dow saist true, if I did so, oh how ? I know not a letter a de book yfaat la.

²⁰ *Irish shackatory*] Irish hound. So, in the *The Wandring Jew*, Sign. F : " — for Time, though he be an old man, is an excellent "footman : no shackatory comes neere him, if hee once get the "start, hee's gone, and you gone too."

Infelice. Did your lord never send you with such a ring with a diamond?

Bryan. Never, sa crees sa me, never; he may run at a towsand rings yfaat, and I never hold his stirrup, till he leap into de saddle. By S. Patrick, madam, I never touch my lords diamond, nor ever had to do, yfaat la, with any of his precious stones.

Enter HIPOLITO.

Infelice. Are you so close, you Bawd, you pandring slave?

[*Strikes him.*

Hipolito. How now? why *Infelice*? what's your quarrel?

Infelice. Out of my sight! base varlet! get thee gone.

Hipolito. Away, you rogue.

Bryan. Slawne loot, fare de well, fare de well. *Ah marragh frofat boddah breen.*

[*Exit.*

Hipolito. What, grown a fighter? pr'ythee what's the matter?

Infelice. If you'll needs know, it was about the clock: How works the day, my lord, (pray) by your watch?

Hipolito. Lest you cuff me, I'll tell you presently: I am near two.

Infelice. How, two? I am scarce at one.

Hipolito. One of us then goes false.

Infelice. Then sure 'tis you, Mine goes by heaven's dial,* (the sun) and it goes true.

Hipolito. I think indeed mine runs somewhat too fast.

Infelice. Set it to mine at one then.

Hipolito. One? 'tis past:

'Tis past one by the Sun.

Infelice. Faith then belike,
Neither your clock nor mine does truly strike,
And since it is uncertain which goes true,
Better be false at one, than false at two.

Hipolito. Y'are very pleasant, madam.

Infelice. Yet not merry.

Hipolito. Why, *Infelice*, what should make you sad?

* Qu. If a marginal note of information has not here been foisted in by the players, as the parenthesis spoils the line. O. G.

Infelice. Nothing, my lord, but my false watch;
pray tell me,

You see, my clock, or yours, is out of frame,
Must we upon the workman lay the blame,
Or on ourselves * that keep them?

Hipolito. Faith, on both.

He may by knavery spoil them, we by sloth.
But why talk you all riddle thus? I read
Strange comments in those margins of your looks:
Your cheeks of late are (like bad printed books)
So dimly charactred, I scarce can spell
One line of love in them. Sure all's not well.

Infelice. All is not well indeed, my dearest lord;
Lock up thy gates of hearing, that no sound
Of what I speak may enter.

Hipolito. What means this?

Infelice. Or if my own tongue must myself betray,
Count it a dream, or turn thine eyes away,
And think me not thy wife. [She kneels.]

Hipolito. Why do you kneel?

Infelice. Earth is sin's cushion: when the sick soul
feels

Herself growing poor, then she turns beggar, cries
And kneels for help. *Hipolito* (for husband
I dare not call thee) I have stol'n that jewel
Of my chaste honour (which was only thine)
And give it to a slave†.

Hipolito. Hah?

Infelice. On thy pillow
Adultery and lust have slept, the groom
Hath climb'd the unlawful tree, and pluckt the sweets,
A villain hath usurped a husband's sheets.

Hipolito. S'death! who, (a cuckold!) who?

Infelice. This Irish footman.

Hipolito. Worse than damnation, a wild kerne, a
frog,

* "Yourselves," 1630. C.

† This speech and others in this scene, though obviously verse,
have hitherto been printed as prose. C.

A dog whom I'll scarce spurn. Longed you for
shamrock? ²¹

Were it my father's father (heart) I'll kill him,
Although I take him on his death-bed gasping
'Twixt heaven and hell; ²² a shag-haired cur! Bold
strumpet,

Why hang'st thou on me? think'st I'll be a bawd
To a whore, because she's noble?

Infelice. I beg but this,

Set not my shame out to the world's broad eye,
Yet let thy vengeance (like my fault) soar high,
So it be in darkened clouds.

Hipolito. Darkened! my horns
Cannot be darkened, nor shall my revenge.
A harlot to my slave? the act is base,
Common, but foul, so shall not thy disgrace: †
Could not I feed your appetite? Oh women,
You were created angels, pure and fair;
But since the first fell, tempting devils you are:
You should be men's bliss, but you prove their rods:
Were there no women, men might live like gods:
You have been too much down already: rise,
Get from my sight, and henceforth shun my bed,
I'll with no strumpet's breath be poisoned.
As for your Irish Lubrican, that spirit
Whom by prepostrous charms thy lust hath raised
In a wrong circle, him I'll damn more black
Than any tyrant's soul.

Infelice. Hipolito?

²¹ *shamrock?*] The quarto reads *shamock*, a weed which the Irish wear in their hats on some particular festival. A collection of Hibernian Poetry, published not many years ago, is entitled, *The Shamrock*. S.

In the Dedication to Dericke's *Image of Irelande*, 1581: "my harte
"abhorreth their dealynges, and my soule dooth detest their wilde
"shamrocke manners."

²² *a shag-hair'd cur?*] Shakspeare bestows the same Epithet on
a Kerne of Ireland, in the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* edit.
1778, p 357.

† This line was formerly defective but the negative has been inserted, because warranted by a subsequent representation by *Infelice*. C.

Hipolito. Tell me, didst thou bait hawks to draw him to thee,
Or did he bewitch thee?

Infelice. The slave did woo me.

Hipolito. Two wooes in that skreech-owl's language!
Oh, who would trust
Your cork-heel'd sex? I think to sate your lust!
You would love a horse, a bear, a croaking toad;
So your hot itching veins might have their bound:
Then the wild Irish dart was thrown. Come, how?
The manner of this fight.

Infelice. 'Twas thus he gave me this battery first.
Oh, I

Mistake, believe me, all this in beaten gold:
Yet I held out, but at length this was charm'd.

[*She gives him the letter, ring, and purse.*]

What! change your diamond? wench! the act is base
Common, but foul so shall not your disgrace:
Could not I feed your appetite? Oh, men,
You were created angels, pure and fair,
But since the first fell, worse than devils you are.
You should our shields be, but you prove our rods.
Were there no men, women might live like gods.
Guilty, my lord*?

Hipolito. Yes, guilty, my lady.

Infelice. Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun
my bed,
With no whore's leavings I'll be poisoned. [*Exit.*]

Hipolito. O're reach'd so finely! 'Tis the very dia-
mond

And letter which I sent: this villainy
Some spider closely weaves, whose poisoned bulk²³

* Mr. Reed introduced strange confusion here by splitting this speech into three, and giving part of it to Hipolito. The repetition by Infelice perhaps led to the error, but at least the variation from the Edit. of 1630 ought to have been noticed. Infelice merely retorts upon Hipolito his own words. C.

²³ *bulk*] i. e. *body*. So, in *David and Bethsabe*, by G. Peele:

"Bury his *bulk* beneath a heap of stones."

Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, A. 5:

"Their *bulks* and souls are bound on fortune's wheel."

I must let forth. Who's there without?

Servant. My lord calls.

[*within.*

Hipolito. Send me the footman.

Servant. Call the footman to my lord. Bryan!
Bryan!

Enter BRYAN.

Hipolito. It can be no man else. That Irish Judas,
Bred ²⁴ in a country where no venom prospers,
But in the nation's blood hath thus betraid me.
Slave, get you from your service.

Volpone, A. 2. S. 3:

"Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave

"Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your *bulks* will
have."

²⁴ *Bred in a country where no venom prospers,*] That Ireland si
free from all venomous or poisonous creatures, is a fact which it
asserted by almost every one who hath written concerning thas
country.

Dericke, in *The Image of Irelande*, 1581, Sign. C 2, says :

"Within the compasse of this land,

"no poysonyng beast doeth live :

"To adder, snake, nor crocadile,

"no respitte doeth it give.

"Whereby the same repast maie take

"to feede his appetite :

"But with a deadly Percyng blowe,

"eche vermine it doeth smite.

"As sone as they doe touche the grounde,

"even by and by they dye :

"And hope of longer life to live,

"from every one doeth flye.

"For where tyme past it did possesse

"eche hurtfull wicked beast :

"The hissing serpent with her mate,

"and worrne of poyson least.

"Yet now no such it will retaine,

"it voucheth not to see :

"The frogge, the tode, nor viper vile

"within her bounds to bee."

The same Author says, that the country was exempted from
these poisonous creatures by the means of St. Partrick : he like-
wise adds,

"No beast that noyeth mortall man,

"is procreated theare :

"It brynges forthe no Lion feare

"nor yet the ravnyng beare.

Bryan. Faat meanest thou by this now?

Hipolito. Question me not, nor tempt my fury, villain,

Could'st thou turn all the mountains in the land
To hills of gold, and to give me; here thou stayest not.

Bryan. I faat, I care not.

Hipolito. Prate not, but get thee gone, I shall send else.

Bryan. I, do predy, I had rather have thee make a
scabbard of my guts, and let out all de Irish puddings
in my poor belly, den to be a false knave to dee I faat,
I will never see dyne own sweet face more. *A mawhid*
deer a gra, fare dee well, fare dee well, I will go steal
cows again in Ireland. [Exit.]

Hipolito. He's damn'd that rais'd this whirlwind,
which hath blown

Into her eyes this jealousy: yet I'll on,
I'll on, stood armed devils staring in my face:
To be pursued in flight, quickens the race:
Shall my blood streams by a wife's lust be bard?
Fond woman, no: iron grows by strokes more hard,
Lawless desires are seas scorning all bounds,
Or sulphur which, being ram'd up, more confounds,
Struggling with mad men madness nothing tames,
Winds wrestling with great fires incense the flames.

[Exit.]

"No beast (I saie) which do possesse

"one jot of crewell kinde:

"Excepte the wolfe that nosome is,

"in Irishe soile I finde."

Barnaby Rych, in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 44. says: "I will
"not contend whether it were Saint Patricke, who by his praiers
"hath thus purged Ireland from toads, from snakes, from adders,
"and from other like venomous wormes: but there are other, as
"well Beasts, as Birds, as the Roebuck, the Moule, the Pianet,
"the Nytingale, that are meer strangers in Ireland, as the other,
"and I cannot thinke but that it was one man's worke to expell
"all these together, and all at one time. But if it were Saint
"Patrick, or whosoever otherwise, that was so severe against the
"Nytingale, the sweete Querrister of the wood, whose delectable
"harmony is pleasing to every eare, I would he had been as strict
"in justice against that foul-mouthed bird the Cuckow, whose
"notes were never yet pleasing to any man's eare, that was
"jealous of his wife."

*Enter BELLAFRONT and ORLANDO.**

Bellafront. How now, what ails your master?

Orlando. Ha's taken a younger brother's purge, forsooth, and that works with him.

Bellafront. Where is his cloak and rapier?

Orlando. He has given up his cloak, and his rapier is bound to the peace: if you look a little higher, you may see that another hath entered into hatband for him too. Six and four have put him into this sweat.

Bellafront. Where's all his money?

Orlando. 'Tis put over by exchange: his doublet was going to be translated, but for me: if any man would have lent but half a ducket on his beard, the hair of it had stuf a pair of breeches by this time; I had but one poor penny, and that I was glad to niggle out, and buy a holly-wand to grace him through the street. As hap was, his boots were on; and then I dusted, to make people think he had been riding, and I had run by him.

Bellafront. Oh me, how does my sweet Matheo?

Enter MATHEO.

Matheo. Oh, rogue, of what devilish stuff are these dice made off? of the parings of the devil's corns of his toes, that they run thus damnably?

Bellafront. I pr'ythee vex not.

Matheo. If any handicraft's man was ever suffered to keep shop in hell, it will be a dice-maker: he's able to undo more souls than the devil; I plaid with mine own dice, yet lost. Have you any money?

Bellafront. 'Las I have none.

Matheo. 'Must have money, must have some, must have a cloak, and rapier, and things: will you go set your lime-twigs, and get me some birds, some money?

Bellafront. What lime-twigs should I set?

Matheo. You will not then? Must have cash and pictures: do ye hear, (frailty) shall I walk in a ²⁵ Ply-

* The old copy has it, "Enter Matheo, Bellafront, and Orlando," but the first of these does not enter 'till afterwards.

²⁵ Plymouth cloak] "That is," says Ray, in his *Proverbs*, 1742, p. 238. "a cane, a staff; whereof this is the occasion. Many a man

mouth cloak, (that's to say) like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a crab-tree cudgel in my hand, and you swim in your sattins? must have money, come.

Orlando. Is't bed-time, master, that you undo my mistress?

Bellafront. Undo me? Yes, yes, at these riflings I have been too often.

Matheo. Help to flay, Pacheco.

Orlando. Flaying call you it?

Matheo. I'll pawn you by th' Lord, to your very eyebrows.

Bellafront. With all my heart, since heaven will have me poor,
As good be drown'd at sea, as drown'd at shore.

Orlando. Why hear you, sir? yfaith, do not make away her gown.

Matheo. Oh it's summer, it's summer; your only fashion for a woman now, is to be light, to be light.

Orlando. Why, pray, sir, employ some of that money you have of mine.

Matheo. Thine? I'll starve first, I'll beg first; when I touch a penny of that, let these fingers' ends rot.

Orlando. So they may, for that's past touching. I saw my twenty pounds fly high. [*Aside.*]

Matheo. Knowest thou never a damn'd broker about the city?

Orlando. Damn'd broker? yes, five hundred.

The gown stood me in above twenty duckets,
I cannot live without silver.

Make what I can of it, sir, I'll be your
[*Aside.*]

1, coming home from far voyages, may chance being out of sorts, is unable for the present time to furnish himself with clothes. Here (if not friendly to the next wood their draper's shop, where a man may buy them for a covering. For we use when we have a staff in our hands, but none when in a

mentioned in *The Wandering Jew*, Sign. D: her wheel from you, a poor ale-house is a Jerkin in summer your Sunday suit, and a star.

But not your damn'd broker : oh, thou scurvy knave,
What makes a wife turn whore, but such a slave ?

[Exit.

Matheo. How now little chick, what ailest, weeping
for a handful of taylors' shreds ? pox on them, are there
not silks enow at mercers ?

Bellafront. I care not for gay feathers, I.

Matheo. What doest care for then ? why doest grieve ?

Bellafront. Why do I grieve ? a thousand sorrows
strike

At one poor heart, and yet it lives. *Matheo,*
Thou art a gamster, pr'ythee throw at all.
Set all upon one cast ; we kneel and pray,
And struggle for life, yet must be cast away.
Meet misery quickly then, split all, sell all,
And when thou hast sold all, spend it, but I beseech
thee

Build not thy mind on me to coin thee more,
To get it would'st thou have me play the whore ?

Matheo. 'Twas your profession before I married you.

Bellafront. Umh ? it was indeed : if all men should
be branded

For sins long since laid up, who could be saved ?
The quarter-day's at hand, how will you do
To pay the rent, *Matheo ?*

Matheo. Why, do as all of our occupation do against
quarter-days ; break up house, remove, shift your lodg-
ings : pox a your quarters.

Enter LODOVICO.

Lodovico. Where's this gallant ?

Matheo. Signior Lodovico ? how does my little mir-
ror of knighthood ? this is kindly done yfaith : welcome
by my troth.

Lodovico. And how dost, frolick ? save you, fair lady.
Thou lookest smug and bravely, noble Mat.

Matheo. Drink and feed, laugh and lie warm.

Lodovico. Is this thy wife ?

Matheo. A poor gentlewoman, sir, whom I make use
of a nights.

Lodovico. Pay custom to your lips, sweet lady.

Matheo. Borrow some shells of him, some wine, sweetheart.

Lodovico. I'll send for't then yfaith.

Matheo. You send for't? Some wine, I pr'ythee.

Bellafront. I have no money.

Matheo. S'blood, nor I: What wine love you, Signior?

Lodovico. Here, or I'll not stay, I protest: trouble the gentlewoman too much? And what news flies abroad, *Matheo*? [Exit *Bellafront*.]

Matheo. Troth, none. Oh, signior, we have been merry in our days.

Lodovico. And no doubt shall again. The divine powers never shoot darts at men Mortal, to kill them.

Matheo. You say true.

Lodovico. Why should we grieve at want? Say the world made thee her minion, that Thy head lay in her lap, and that she danc't thee On her wanton knee, she could but give thee a whole World: that's all, and that all's nothing; the world's Greatest part cannot fill up one corner of thy heart. Say, the three corners were all fill'd, alas! Of what art thou possest, a thin blown glass: Such as by boys is puft into the air. Were twenty kingdoms thine, thou'dst live in care: Thou could'st not sleep the better, nor live longer, Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger. If then thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure, No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

Matheo. I am the most wretched fellow: sure some left handed priest christened me, I am so unlucky: I am never out of one puddle or another; still falling.

Enter *BELLAFRONT*, and *ORLANDO*.

Matheo. Fill out wine to my little finger. With my heart i'faith.

Lodovico. Thanks, good *Matheo*. To your own sweet self.

Orlando. All the brokers hearts, sir, are made of flint. I can with all my knocking, strike but six sparks

of fire out of them; here's six duckets, if you'll take them.

Matheo. Give me them: an evil conscience gnaw them all, moths and plagues hang upon their lowsie wardrobes.

Lodovico. Is this your man, Matheo? an old serving-man.

Orlando. You may give me t'other half too, sir: That's the beggar.

Lodovico. What hast there, gold?

Matheo. A sort of rascals are in my debt, (God knows what) and they feed me with bits, with crums, a pox choke them.

Lodovico. A word, Matheo: be not angry with me; Believe it that I know the touch of time,
And can part copper (tho it be gilded o'er)
From the true gold: the sails which thou dost spread,
Would shew well, if they were not borrowed.
The sound of thy low fortunes drew me hither,
I give myself unto thee, pr'ythee use me,
I will bestow on you a suit of sattin,
And all things else to fit a gentleman,
Because I love you.

Matheo. Thanks, good noble knight.

Lodovico. Call on me, when you please;
Till then farewell.

[*Exit.*

Matheo. Hast angled? hast cut up this fresh salmon?

Bellafront. Would'st have me so base?

Matheo. It's base to steal, it's base to be a whore:
Thoul't be more base, I'll make thee keep a door. [*Exit.*

Orlando. I hope he will not sneak away with all the money, will he?

Bellafront. Thou seest he does.

Orlando. Nay then it's well. I set my brains upon an upright last; though my wits be old, yet they are like a withered pippin, wholesome. Look you, mistress, I told him I had but six duckets of the knave broker, but I had eight, and kept these two for you.

Bellafront. Thou should'st have given him all.

Orlando. What, to fly high?

Bellafront. Like waves, my misery drives on misery.

[*Exit.*]

Orlando. Sell his wife's cloaths from her back? does any poulterer's wife pull chickens alive? he riots all abroad, wants all at home; he dices, whores, swaggers, swears, cheats, borrows, pawns: I'll give him hook and line, a little more for all this.

Yet sure i'th' end he'll delude all my hopes;
And shew me a French trick danc'd on the ropes. [*Exit.*]

Enter at one door LODOVICO *and* CAROLO; *at another* BOTS, *and* mistress HORSELEACH; *CANDIDO and his wife appear in the shop.*

Lodovico. Hist, hist, lieutenant Bots, how do'st man?

Carolo. Whither are you ambling, madam Horseleach?

Borseleach. About worldly profit, sir: how do your worships?

Bots. We want tools, gentlemen, to furnish the trade: they wear out day and night, they wear out till no mettle be left in their back. We hear of two or three new wenches are come up with a carrier, and your old goshawk here is flying at them.

Lodovico. And faith, what flesh have you at home?

Borseleach. Ordinary dishes, by my troth, sweet men, there's few good i'th' city; I am as well furnish't as any, and though I say it, as well custom'd.

Bots. We have meats of all sorts of dressing; we have stew'd meat for your Frenchman, pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and that which is rotten roasted, for Don Spaniardo.

Lodovico. A pox on't.

Bots. We have poulterers ware for your sweet bloods, as dove, chicken, duck, teal, woodcock, and so forth: and butcher's meat for the citizen: yet muttons fall very bad this year.

Lodovico. Stay, is not that my patient linen-draper yonder, and my fine young smug mistress, his wife?

Carolo. Sirrah Grannam, I'll give thee for thy fee twenty crowns, if thou canst but procure me the wearing of yon velvet cap.

Horseleach. You'd wear another thing beside the cap. Y'are a wag.

Bots. Twenty crowns? we'll share, and I'll be your pully to draw her on.

Lodovico. Do't presently; we'll have some sport.

Horseleach. Wheel you about, sweet men: do you see, I'll cheapen wares of the man, whilst Bots is doing with his wife.

Lodovico. To't: if we come into the shop, to do you grace we'll call you madam.

Bots. Pox a your old face! give it the badge of all scurvy faces, a masque.

Candido. What is't you lack, gentlewoman? cambrick or lawns, or fine hollands? pray draw near, I can sell you a penny-worth.

Bots. Some cambrick for my old lady.

Candido. Cambrick? you shall, the purest thread in Milan.

Lodovico and Carolo. Save you, Signior Candido.

Lodovico. How does my noble master? how my fair mistress?

Candido. My worshipful good servant. View it well, for 'tis both fine and even.

Carolo. Cry you mercy, madam, though mask'd, I thought it should be you by your man. Pray, Signior, shew her the best, for she commonly deals for good ware.

Candido. Then this shall fit her, this is for your ladyship.

*Bots.** A word, I pray, there is a waiting gentlewoman of my lady's: her name is Ruyna, says she's your kinswoman, and that you should be one of her aunts.

Wife. One of her aunts? troth, sir, I know her not.

Bots. If it please you to bestow the poor labour of your legs at any time, I will be your convoy thither.

Wife. I am a snail, sir, seldom leave my house, if't please her to visit me, she shall be welcome.

Bots. Do you hear? the naked troth is: my lady

* Bots here talks aside with Candido's wife. C.

hath a young knight, her son, who loves you; y'are made, if you lay hold upon't: this jewel he sends you.

Wife. Sir I return his love and jewel with scorn; let go my hand, or I shall call my husband. You are an arrant knave. -[Exit.]

Lodovico. What will she do?

Bots. Do? they shall all do if Bots sets upon them once: she was as if she had profest the trade, squeamish at first, at last I shewed her this jewel, said, a knight sent it her.

Lodovico. Is't gold, and right stones?

Bots. Copper, copper, I go a fishing with these baits.

Lodovico. She nibbled, but would not swallow the hook, because the cunger-head her husband was by: but she bids the gentleman name any afternoon, and she'll meet him at her garden-house, which I know.*

Bots. Is this no lye now?

Lodovico. Damn me if—

Bots. Oh pr'ythee stay there.

Lodovico. The twenty crowns, sir.

Bots. Before he has his work done? but on my knightly word, he shall pay't thee.

*Enter ASTOLFO, BERALDO, FONTINELL, and the
IRISH FOOTMAN.*

Astolfo. I thought thou had'st been gone into thine own country.

Bryan. No faat la, I cannot go dis four or tree dayes.

Beraldo. Look thee, yonder's the shop, and that's the man himself.

Fontinell. Thou shalt but cheapen, and do as we told thee, to put a jest upon him, to abuse his patience.

Bryan. I faat, I doubt my pate shall be knocked: but sa crees sa me, for your shakes, I will runne to any linen-draper in hell, come preddy.

Omnes. Save you, gallants.

Ludovico and Carolo. Oh, well met!

* It is doubtful if there be not some confusion here, what Bots says being given to Lodovico, and *vice versa*. It stands now as in the old copy. O. G.

Candido. You'll give no more you say? I cannot take it.

Horseleach. Truly I'll give no more.

Candido. It must not fetch it. What wo'd you have, sweet gentlemen?

Astolfo. Nay, here's the customer.

[*Ereunt Bots and Horseleach.*]

Lodovico. The garden-house you say? we'll bolt out your roguery.*

Candido. I will but lay these parcels by—My men are all at Custom-house unloading wares, if cambrick you wo'd deal in, there's the best, all Milan cannot sample it.

Lodovico. Do you hear? 1. 2. 3. S'foot, there came in 4. Gallants, sure your wife is slipt up, and the 4th man I hold my life is grafting your warden-tree²⁶.

Candido. Ha, ha, ha: you gentlemen are full of jest. If she be up, she's gone some wares to show, I have above as good wares as below.

Lodovico. Have you so? nay then—

Candido. Now, gentlemen, is't cambricks?

Bryan. I predee now let me have de best wares.

Candido. What's that he says, pray, gentlemen?

Lodovico. Marry, he says we are like to have the best wars.

Candido. The best wars! all are bad, yet wars do good,

And, like to surgeons, let sick kingdoms blood.†

Bryan. Faat a devil pratest tow so, a pox on dee, I preddee let me see some hollen, to make linen shirts, for fear my body be lousy.

Candido. Indeed I understand no word he speaks.

Carolo. Marry, he says, that at the siege in Holland

* i. e. sift out your roguery.

²⁶ warden-tree] A pear-tree. "*Volemum.* Plin. *Volema autem pyra sunt prægrandia, ita dicta, quod impleant volam.*" Barret's *Alvearie*. The French call this pear *poire de garde*. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *The Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 2.

† The Irishman pronounces *wares* like *wars*, which Lodovico uses to play upon the word: hitherto this point, such as it is, has been lost by misprinting. C.

there was much bawdry used among the soldiers, though they were lousy.

Candido. It may be so, that's likely, true indeed, In every garden, sir, does grow that weed.

Bryan. Pox on de gardens, and de weeds, and de fooles cap dere, and de cloutes; here, dost make a hobby-horse of me?

Omnes. Oh, fie, he has torn the cambrick.

Candido. 'Tis no matter.

Astolfo. It frets me to the soul.

Candido. So does't not me.

My customers do oft for remnants call,
These are two remnants now, no loss at all.
But let me tell you, were my servants here,
It would have cost more.—Thank you gentlemen,
I use you well, pray know my shop again. [Exit.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha; come, come, let's go, let's go.

[Exeunt

Enter MATHEO (*brave*²⁷) and BELLAFRONT.

Matheo. How, am I suited, Front? am I not gallant, ha?

Bellafront. Yes, sir, you are suited well.

Matheo. Exceeding passing well, and to the time.

Bellafront. The taylor has plaid his part with you.

Matheo. And I have plaid a gentleman's part with my taylor, for I owe him for the making of it.

Bellafront. And why did you so, sir?

Matheo. To keep the fashion: It's your only fashion now of your best rank of gallants, to make their taylors wait for their money; neither were it wisdom indeed to

²⁷ *brave*] i. e. *fine, gaudily dressed*. As, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, p. 67: "— another layeth all his living upon his backe" "judging that women are wedded to *braverie*."

The Picture, by Massinger, A. 3. S. 6:

"And to how many several women you are

"Beholding for your *bravery*."

The Emperor of the East, A. 2. S. 1:

"— her *bravery*

"So alters her, I had forgot her face."

Ibid. A. 4. S. 1:

"I've built no palaces to face the Court,

"Nor do my follower's *bravery* shame his train."

pay them upon the first edition of a new suit ; forcommonly the suit is owing for, when the linings are worn out, and there's no reason then, that the taylor should be paid before the mercer.

Bellafront. Is this the suit the knight bestowed upon you ?

Matheo. This is the suit, and I need not shame to wear it, for better men than I would be glad to have suits bestowed on them. It's a generous fellow,—but —pox on him—we whose pericranions are the very limbecks and stillitories of good wit, and fly high, must drive liquor out of stale gaping oysters. Shallow knight ! poor Squire Tinacheo : I'll make a wild Cataian²⁸ of forty such : hang him, he's an ass, he's always sober.

Bellafront. This is your fault to wound your friends still.

Matheo. No faith, Front, Lodovico is a noble Slavonian : it's more rare to see him in a woman's company, then for a Spaniard to go into England, and to challenge the English fencers there.—One knocks,—See—*La, fa, sol, la, fa, la*, rustle in silks and sattins : there's musick in this, and a taffety petticoat, it makes both fly high,—Catzo.

Enter BELLAFRONT, after her ORLANDO, like himself, with four Men after him.

Bellafront. Matheo ! 'tis my father.

Matheo. Ha, father ? it's no matter, he finds no tatter'd prodigals here.

Orlando. Is not the door good enough to hold your blue coats ? away, knaves. Wear not your cloaths thread-bare at knees for me ; beg heaven's blessing not mine. Oh, cry your worship mercy, sir ; was somewhat bold to talk to this gentlewoman, your wife here.

Matheo. A poor gentlewoman, sir.

Orlando. Stand not, sir, bare to me. I have read oft That serpents who creep low, belch ranker poison

²⁸ — a wild Captain of forty such :] i. e. forty such shallow knights, &c. would go to the composition of a dexterous thief. See a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, last Edition, p. 265.

Than winged dragons do, that fly aloft.

Matheo. If it offend you, sir, 'tis for my pleasure.

Orlando. Your pleasure be't, sir; umh, is this your palace?

Bellafront. Yes, and our kingdom, for 'tis our content.

Orlando. It's a very poor kingdom then; what, are all your subjects gone a sheep-shearing? not a maid? not a man? not so much as a cat? you keep a good house belike, just like one of your profession, every room with bare walls, and a half-headed bed to vault upon (as all your bawdy-houses are). Pray who are your upholsterers? Oh, the spiders, I see, they bestow hangings upon you.

Matheo. Bawdy-house! Zounds! sir—

Bellafront. Oh, sweet Matheo, peace. Upon my knees

I do beseech you, sir, not to arraign me
For sins, which heaven, I hope, long since hath pardoned.

Those flames (like lightning flashes) are so spent,
The heat no more remains, than where ships went,
Or where birds cut the air, the print remains.

Matheo. Pox on him, kneel to a dog?

Bellafront. She that's a whore
Lives gallant, fares well, is not (like me) poor,
I have now as small acquaintance with that sin,
As if I had never known it; that, never been.

Orlando. No acquaintance with it! what maintains thee then? how dost live then? has thy husband any lands? any rents coming in, any stock going, any ploughs jogging, any ships sailing? hast thou any wares to turn, so much as to get a single penny by? yes, thou hast ware to sell,
Knaves are thy chapmen; and thy shop is hell.

Matheo. Do you hear, sir?

Orlando. So, sir, I do hear, sir, more of you than you dream I do.

Matheo. You fly a little too high, sir.

Orlando. Why, sir, too high?

Matheo. I have suffered your tongue, like ¹⁹a bard cater tra, to run all this while, and have not stopt it.

Orlando. Well, sir, you talk like a gamester.

Matheo. If you come to bark at her, because she's a poor rogue; look you, here's a fine path, sir, and there, there the door.

Bellafront. Matheo!

Matheo. Your blue coats stay for you, sir.
I love a good honest roaring boy, and so—

Orlando. That's the devil.

Matheo. Sir, sir, I'll have no Joves in my house to thunder Avaunt! she shall live and be maintained, when you, like a keg of musty sturgeon, shall stink. Where? in your coffin. How? be a musty fellow, and lousy.

Orlando. I know she shall be maintained, but how? she like a quean, thou like a knave; she like a whore, thou like a thief.

Matheo. Thief! zounds, thief!

Bellafront. Good, dearest Mat.—Father.

Matheo. Pox on you both, I'll not be braved: new sattin scorns to be put down with bare bawdy velvet. Thief?

Orlando. Aye, thief; th'art a murtherer, a cheater, a whore-monger, a pot-hunter, a borrower, a beggar—

¹⁹ a bard cater tra] The following passage from *The Art of Juggling, or Legerdemaine*, by S. R. 4to. 1612, Sign. C 4, will sufficiently explain the terms above used: "First you must know a langret, which is a die that simple men have seldom heard of, but often seene to their cost; and this is a well-favoured die, and seemeth good and square, yet it is forged longer upon the cater and trea than any other way: and therefore it is called a langret. Such be also call'd bard cater treas, because commonly the longer end will of his owne sway drawe downewards, and turne up to the eie sice sincke deuce or ace. The principal use of them is at Novum for so longe a paire of bard cater treas be walking on the bourd, so long can ye not cast five nor nine, unless it be by great chance, that the roughnes of the table, or some other stoppe, force them to stay, and run against their kinde: for without cater or trea ye know that five or nine can never come."

In Monsieur D'Olive, 1606, the stop cater tre is mentioned; and again in *The London Prodigal*.

See also Dekkar's *Belman of London*, 1616. E. 4. I. R.

Bellafront. Dear father.

Matheo. An old ass, a dog, a churl, a chuff, an usurer, a villain, a moth, a mangy mule with an old velvet foot-cloth on his back, sir.

Bellafront. Oh me!

Orlando. Varlet, for this I'll hang thee.

Matheo. Ha, ha, alas.

Orlando. Thou keepest a man of mine here, under my nose.

Matheo. Under thy beard.

Orlando. As arrant a smell-smock, for an old mut-ton-munger, as thyself.

Matheo. No, as yourself.

Orlando. As arrant a purse-taker as ever cried, stand; yet a good fellow, I confess, and valiant; but he'll bring thee to'th' gallows; you both have robb'd of late two poor country pedlars.

Matheo. How's this? how's this? dost thou fly high? rob pedlars? bear witness, Front, rob pedlars? my man and I a thief?

Bellafront. Oh sir, no more.

Orlando. Aye, knave, two pedlers, hue and cry is up, warrants are out, and I shall see thee climb a ladder.

Matheo. And come down again as well as a bricklayer, or a tyler. How the vengeance knows he this? if I be hanged, I'll tell the people I married old Friscobaldo's daughter, I'll frisco you, and your old carcass.

Orlando. Tell what thou canst; if I stay here longer, I shall be hang'd too, for being in thy company; therefore, as I found you, I leave you.

Matheo. Kneel, and get money of him.

Orlando. A knave and a quean, a thief, and a strumpet, a couple of beggars, a brace of baggages.

Matheo. Hang upon him. Aye, aye, sir, fare you well; we are so: follow close—we are beggars—in sattin—to him.

Bellafront. Is this your comfort, when so many years You ha' left me frozen to death?

Orlando. Freeze still, starve still.

Bellafront. Yes, so I shall: I must, I must and will.

If as you say I'm poor, relieve me then,
 Let me not sell my body to base men.
 You call me strumpet, heaven knows I am none:
 Your cruelty may drive me to be one:
 Let not that sin be yours; let not the shame
 Of common whore live longer than my name.
 That cunning bawd (necessity) night and day
 Plots to undo me; drive that hag away,
 Lest being at lowest ebb, as now I am,
 I sink for ever.

Orlando. Lowest ebb, what ebb?

Bellafront. So poor, that (tho' to tell it be my shame)
 I am not worth a dish to hold my meat;
 I am yet poorer, I want bread to eat.

Orlando. It's not seen by your cheeks.

Matheo. I think she has read an homily to tickle too
 the old rogue.

Orlando. Want bread? there's sattin: bake that.

Matheo. S'blood, make pasties of my cloaths?

Orlando. A fair new cloak, stew that; an excellent
 gilt rapier.

Matheo. Will you eat that, sir?

Orlando. I could feast ten good fellows with those
 hangers.

Matheo. The pox you shall.

Orlando. I shall not till thou beggest think thou art
 poor;

And when thou beggest, I'll feed thee at my door,

As I feed dogs (with bones), till then beg,

Borrow, pawn, steal, and hang, turn bawd.

When th'art no whore, my heart-strings sure

Would crack, were they strained more. [Exit.

Matheo. This is your father, your damn'd—confusion
 light upon all the generation of you! he can come
 bragging hither with four white herrings (at's tail) in
 blue coats without roes in their bellies, but I may
 starve ere he give me so much as a cob³⁰.

³⁰ a cob.] A herring is called a cob. See Nash's *Lenten Stuff*.

Bellafront. What tell you me of this? alas.

Matheo. Go trot after your dad, do you capitulate, I'll pawn not for you, I'll not steal to be hanged for such an hypocritical close common harlot: away, you dog—Brave yfaith! Udsfoot! give me some meat.

Bellafront. Yes, sir. [Exit.]

Matheo. Goodman slave, my man too is gallop'd to the devil a'the t'other side: Pacheco, I'll checo you. Is this your dad's day? England (they say) is the only hell for horses, and only Paradise for women: pray get you to that Paradise, because y'are called an *Honest Whore*; there they live none but honest whores with a pox: marry, here in our city, all * our sex are but foot-cloth nags: the master no sooner lights, but the man leaps into the saddle.

Enter BELLAFRONT.

Bellafront. Will you sit down I pray, sir?

Matheo. I could tear (by'th' Lord!) his flesh, and eat his midriff in salt, as I eat this:—must I choak—my father Friscobaldo, I shall make a pitiful hog-louse of you Orlando, if you fall once into my fingers—Here's the savorest meat: I have got a stomach with chafing. What rogue should tell him of those two pedlers? A plague choak him, and gnaw him to the bare bones! come fill.

Bellafront. Thou sweatest with very anger, good sweet, vex not, 'las, 'tis no fault of mine.

Matheo. Where didst buy this mutton? I never felt better ribs.

Bellafront. A neighbour sent it me.

Enter ORLANDO.

Matheo. Hah, neighbour! foh, my mouth stinks!

This is, however, a quibble here, for I think a *cob* in Ireland signifies a coin, or piece of money.

"I am yours till Shrove-tuesday, for then I change my copy and looke like nothing but Red-Herring Cobbes, and Stock-fish." Englishman for my money, 1626. Sig B. 2.

A Cob, I believe, is a soft-roed herring. See Taylor's Jack-a-Lent. 117. O. G.

* Perhaps we ought to read "all your sex are but foot-cloth nags." &c. C.

you whore, do you beg victuals for me? Is this sattin doublet to be ³¹ bombasted with broken meat?

[Takes up the stool.

Orlando. What will you do, sir?

Matheo. Beat out the brains of a beggarly——

[Exit Bellafont.*

Orlando. Beat out an ass's head of your own; away, mistress! Zounds! do but touch one hair of her, and I'll so quilt your cap with old iron, that your coxcomb shall ake the worse these seven years for't: Does she look like a roasted rabbit, that you must have the head for the brains?

Matheo. Ha, ha: go out of my doors, you rogue: away, four marks trudge.

Orlando. Four marks? no, sir, my twenty pounds that you have made fly high, and I am gone.

Matheo. Must I be fed with chippings? y'are best get a ³² clapidish, and say y'are proctor to some Spittle-

³¹ bombasted] i. e. stuffed out. So, in Gascoigne's *Fable of Jeronimo*, p. 232:

"Thy bodies bolstred out

"With *bumbast* and with bagges,

"Thy roales, thy ruffes, thy caules, thy coifes,

"Thy jenkins, and thy jagges."

To *bumbast* was in general to stuff with cotton. See Mr. Steevens' Note on the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4.

* "And enter Orlando as Pacheco," ought to be added here to the stage-direction. C.

³² clapidish] "The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked to shew that the vessel was empty." See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Measure for Measure*, A. 3. S. 2.

Again, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 143:

"Where I was wont, the golden chaines to wear,

"A payre of beads; about my necke was wound,

"A linnen cloth was 'lapt about my heare,

"A ragged gowne, that trailed on the ground,

"A dish that clapt, and gave a heavy sound,

"A staying staffe, and wallet therewithall,

"I bear about as witnesse of my fall."

Every man in his *Humour*, A. 2. S. 1: "—an he think to be re-liev'd by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the counters, he has got the wrong sow by the ear i'faith; and claps his dish at the wrong man's door." See also note 25 to the Pinner of Wakefield.

house. Where hast thou been Pacheco? come hither my little turky-cock.

Orlando. I cannot abide, sir, to see a woman wrong'd, not I.

Matheo. Sirrah, here was my father-in-law to-day.

Orlando. Pish, then y'are full of crowns.

Matheo. Hang him, he would have thrust crowns upon me, to have fal'n in again, but I scorn cast-cloaths, or any man's gold.

Orlando. But mine: how did he brook that sir?

Matheo. Oh: swore like a dozen of drunken tinkers: at last growing foul in words, he and four of his men drew upon me, sir.

Orlando. In your house? would I had been by.

Matheo. I made no more ado, but fell to my old lock, and so thrashed my blue coats, and old crabtree-face my father-in-law, and then walkt like a lion in my grate.

Orlando. Oh, noble master!

Matheo. Sirrah, he could tell me of the robbing the two pedlers, and that warrants are out for us both.

Orlando. Good sir, I like not those crackers.

Matheo. Crackhalter, wo't set thy foot to mine?

Orlando. How, sir? at drinking.

Matheo. We'll pull that old crow my father: rob thy master. I know the house, thou the servants: ³³ the purchase is rich, the plot to get it easy, the dog will not part from a bone.

Orlando. Pluck't out of his throat then; I'll snarl for one, if this can bite.

³³ the purchase is rich, [*Purchase* was antiently a cant word for stolen goods. As, in *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 2. S. 4: "All the purses and *purchase* I give you to-day by conveyance, bring hither to Urs'la's presently."

The Alchemist, A. 4. S. 7:

"——— I' the mean time,

"Do you two pack up all the goods, and *purchase*

"That we can carry i' the two trunks."

See also Mr. Whalley's Note on the last passage; and Mr. Steevens' Note on the First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 1.

Matheo. Say no more, say no more, old cole, meet me anon at the sign of the Shipwreck.

Orlando. Yes, sir.

Matheo. And dost hear, man?—the Shipwreck.

[*Exit.*

Orlando. Th'art at the Shipwreck now, and like a swimmer

Bold but unexpert with those waves dost play,
Whose dalliance whorelike is to cast thee away.

Enter HIPOLITO and BELLAFRONT.

And here's another vessel (better fraught,
But as ill mann'd,) her sinking will be wrought,
If rescue come not: like a man of war
I'll therefore bravely out: somewhat I'll do,
And either save them both, or perish too.

[*Exit.*

Hipolito. It is my fate to be bewitched by those eyes.

Bellafront. Fate? your folly.

Why should my face thus mad you? 'las, those colours
Are wound up long ago, which beauty spread;
The flowers that once grew here, are withered.
You turn'd my black soul white, made it look new,
And should I sin, it ne'er should be with you.

Hipolito. Your hand, I'll offer you fair play: when first

We met i'th' lists together, you remember
You were a common rebel; with one parley
I won you to come in.

Bellafront. You did.

Hipolito. I'll try

If now I can beat down this chastity
With the same ordnance; will you yield this fort,
If with the power of argument now (as then)
I get of you the conquest: as before
I turn'd you honest, now to turn you whore,
By force of strong persuasion?

Bellafront. If you can,
I yield.

Hipolito. The alarm's struck up: I'm your man.

Bellafront. A woman gives defiance.

Hipolito. Sit.

Bellafront. Begin :

'Tis a brave battle to encounter sin.

Hipolito. You men that are to fight in the same war,
To which I'm prest, and plead at the same bar,
To win a woman, if you wo'd have me speed,
Send all your wishes.

Bellafront. No doubt y'are heard, proceed.

Hipolito. To be a harlot, that you stand upon,
The very name's a charm to make you one.
Harlot was a dame of so divine
And ravishing touch, that she was ³⁴ concubine
To an English king; her sweet bewitching eye
Did the king's heart-strings in such love-knots tie,
That even the coyest was proud when she could hear
Men say, Behold; another harlot there;
And after her all women that were fair
Were harlots call'd, as to this day some are :
Besides her dalliance, she so well does mix,
That she's in Latin call'd the *Meretrix*.
Thus for the name; for the profession, this,
Who lives in bondage, lives lac'd; the chief bliss
This world below can yield, is liberty :
And who (than whores) with looser wings dare fly ?
As Juno's proud bird spreads the fairest tail,
So does a strumpet hoist the loftiest sail.
She's no man's slave (men are her slaves); her eye
Moves not on wheels screw'd up with jealousy.
She (horsd, or coachd, does merry journies make,
Free as the sun in his gilt zodiak :
As bravely does she shine, as fast she's driven,
But stays not long in any house of heaven :
But shifts from sign to sign her amorous prizes,
More rich being when she's down, than when she rises.
In brief, gentlemen haunt them, soldiers fight for them,
Few men but know them, few or none abhor them :

³⁴ — concubine

To an English king:] *Arlotta* (from whence the word *harlot* is fancifully derived) was not the concubine of an English monarch, but mistress to Robert, one of the dukes of Normandy, and father to William the Conqueror. S.

Thus for sport sake speak I, as to a woman.
Whom (as the worst ground) I would turn to common :
But you I would enclose for mine own bed.

Bellafront. So should a husband be dishonoured.

Hipolito. Dishonoured ! not a whit : to fall to one
Besides your husband is to fall to none,
For one no number is.

Bellafront. Faith ! should you take
One in your bed, would you that reckoning make ?
'Tis time you sound retreat.

Hipolito. Say, have I won,
Is the day ours ?

Bellafront. The battle's but half done,
None but yourself have yet sounded alarms,
Let us strike too, else you dishonour arms.

Hipolito. If you can win the day,
The glory's yours.

Bellafront. To prove a woman should not be a whore,
When she was made, she had one man, and no more,
Yet she was tied to laws then, for even then
'Tis said, she was not made for men, but man.
Anon, t'increase earth's brood, the law was varied,
Men should take many wives : and tho' they married
According to that act, yet 'tis not known,
But that those wives were only tied to one.
New parliaments were since : for now one woman
Is shared between three hundred, nay she's common ;
Common as spotted leopards, whom for sport
Men hunt, to get the flesh, but care not for't.
So spread they nets of gold, and tune their calls,
To inchant silly women to take falls :
Swearing they are angels which that they may win
They'll hire the devil to come with false dice in.
Oh Sirens subtle tunes ! yourselves you flatter,
And our weak sex betray ; so men love water ;
It serves to wash their hands, but (being once foul)
The water down is pour'd, cast out of doors,
And even of such base use do men make whores.
A harlot (like a hen) more sweetness reaps,
To pick men one by one up, than in heaps :

Yet all feeds but confounding. Say you should taste me,

I serve but for the time, and when the day
Of war is done, am casheer'd out of pay :
If like lame soldiers I could beg, that's all,
And there's lust's rendezvous, an hospital.
Who then would be a man's slave, a man's woman ?
She's half-starv'd the first day that feeds in common.

Hipolito. You should not feed so, but with me alone.

Bellafront. If I drink poison by stealth, is't not all one ?

Is't not rank poison still with you alone !
Nay, say you spy'd a courtezan, whose soft side
To touch, you'd sell your birth-right for one kiss,
Be rack'd ; she's won, y'are sated : what follows this ?
Oh, then you curse that bawd that told you in,
(The night) you curse your lust, you loath the sin,
You loath her very sight, and ere the day
Arise, you rise glad when y'are stol'n away.
Even then when you are drunk with all her sweets,
There's no true pleasure in a strumpet's sheets.
Women, whom lust so prostitutes to sale,
Like dancers upon ropes, once seen, are stale.

Hipolito. If all the threads of harlots' lives are spun
So coarse as you would make them, tell me why
You so long loved the trade ?

Bellafront. If all the threads
Of harlots' lives be fine as you would make them,
Why do not you persuade your wife turn whore,
And all dames else to fall before that sin ?
Like an ill husband (tho' I knew the same
To be my undoing) followed I that game.
Oh when the work of lust had earn'd my bread,
To taste it, how I trembled, lest each bit,
Ere it went down, should choak me (chewing it !)
My bed seem'd like a cabin hung in hell,
The bawd hell's porter(and the liquorish wine
The pander fetch'd, was like an easy fine,
For which, methought I leas'd away my soul,
And oftentimes even in my quaffing bowl

Thus said I to myself, I am a whore,
And have drunk down thus much confusion more.

Hipolito. It is a common rule, and 'tis most true,
Two of one trade ne'er love: no more do you.
Why are you sharp 'gainst that you once profest?

Bellafront. Why doat you on that, which you did
once detest?

I cannot (seeing she's woven of such bad stuff)
Set colours on a harlot base enough.
Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
To loath them more than this: when in the street
A fair young modest damsel I did meet,
She seem'd to all a dove (when I pass'd by),
And I to all a raven: every eye
That followed her, went with a bashful glance
At me, each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn: to her (as if she had been
Some tower unvanquished) would they vail,
'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail.
She (crown'd with reverend praises) passed by them,
I (tho' with face maskt) could not scape the hem,
For (as if heaven had set strange marks on whores
Because they should be pointing stocks to man)
Drest up in civilest shape, a curtizan
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own.
Were harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold dear:
For men account them good but for one year;
And then like Almanacks (whose dates are gone)
They are thrown by, and no more lookt upon.
Who'll therefore backward fall, who will launch forth
In seas so foul, for ventures no more worth?
Lust's voyage hath (if not this course) this cross,
Buy ne'er so cheap, your ware comes home with loss.
What, shall I sound retreat? the battle's done:
Let the world judge which of us two have wen.

Hipolito. I!

Bellafront. You? nay, then, as cowards do in fight,
What by blows cannot, shall be saved by flight. [*Exit.*]

Hipolito. Fly to earth's fixed center : to the caves
Of everlasting horror, I'll pursue thee,
(Tho' loaden with sins) even to hell's brazen doors.
Thus wisest men turn fools, doting on whores. [*Exit.*
Enter the DUKE, LODOVICO, and ORLANDO: after
them INFELICE, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO,
FONTINELL.

Orlando. I beseech your grace, tho' your eye be so
piercing as under a poor blue coat to cull out an
honest father from an old serving-man; yet, good my
lord, discover not the plot to any, but only this gentle-
man that is now to be an actor in our ensuing Comedy.

Duke. Thou hast thy wish, Orlando, pass unknown,
Sforza* shall only go along with thee,
To see that warrant served upon thy son.

Lodovico. To attach him upon felony, for 2 Pedlars :
is't not so?

Orlando. Right, my noble knight: those pedlars were
two knaves of mine; he fleeced the men before, and
now he purposes to flay the master. He will rob me,
his teeth water to be nibbling at my gold, but this shall
hang him by th' gills, till I pull him on shore.

Duke. Away: ply you the business.

Orlando. Thanks to your grace: but, my good lord,
for my daughter—.

Duke. You know what I have said.

Orlando. And remember what I have sworn: she's
more honest, on my soul, than one of the Turk's wenches,
watcht by a hundred eunuchs.

Lodovico. So she had need, for the Turks make them
whores.

Orlando. He's a Turk that makes any woman a
whore, he's no true Christian I'm sure. I commit your
grace.

Duke. Infelice.

Infelice. Here, sir.

Lodovico. Signior Friscobaldo.

* A name taken by Lodovico perhaps for the occasion. C.

Orlando. Frisking again? Pacheco.

Lodovico. Uds so, Pacheco? we'll have some sport with this warrant: 'tis to apprehend all suspected persons in the house: besides, there's one Bots a pander, and one Madam Horseleach a bawd, that have abused my friend, those two conies will we ferret into the pursenet³⁵.

Orlando. Let me alone for dabbing them o'th' neck: come, come.

Lodovico. Do ye hear, gallants? meet me anon at Matheo's.

Omnes. Enough. [*Exeunt Lodovico and Orlando.*]

Duke. Th' old fellow sings that note thou didst before,

Only his tunes are, that she is no whore,
But that she sent his letters and his gifts,
Out of a noble triumph o'er his lust,
To shew she trampled his assaults in dust.

Infelice. 'Tis a good honest servant, that old man.

Duke. I doubt no less.

Infelice. And it may be my husband,
Because when once this woman was unmaskt,
He level'd all her thoughts, and made them fit:
Now he'd mar all again, to try his wit.

Duke. It may be so too, for to turn a harlot
Honest, it must be by strong antidotes,
'Tis rare, as to see panthers change their spots.
And when she's once a star fixed and shines bright,
Tho' 'twere impiety then to dim her light,
(Because we see such tapers seldom burn);
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,
To change her to a blazing star again,
And it may be, Hipolito does no more.
It cannot be, but y'are acquainted all
With that same madness of our son-in-law,
That dotes so on a curtizan.

³⁵ *pursenet.*] "A net of which the mouth is drawn together by a string."

"Conies are taken by pursenets in their burrows." *Mortimer Johnson's Dictionary.*

Omnes. Yes, my lord.

Carolo. All the city thinks he's a whoremonger.

Astolfo. Yet I warrant, he'll swear no man marks him.

Beraldo. 'Tis like so, for when a man goes a wenching, 'tis as if he had a strong stincking breath, every one smells him out, yet he feels it not, though it be ranker than the sweat of sixteen bearwarders.

Duke. I doubt then you have all those stinking breaths,
You might be all smelt out.

Carolo. Troth, my lord, I think we are all as you have been in your youth when you went a maying: we all love to hear the cuckoo sing upon other men's trees.

Duke. It's well yet you confess: but, girl, thy bed
Shall not be parted with a curtizan—'tis strange,
No frown of mine, no frown of the poor lady,
(My abused child, his wife) no care of fame,
Of honour, heaven or hell, no not that name
Of common strumpet, can affright, or woo him
To abandon her; the harlot does undo him,
She has bewitched him, robb'd him of his shape,
Turn'd him into a beast, his reason's lost;
You see he looks wild, does he not?

Carolo. I have noted new moons
In's face, my lord, all full of change.

Duke. He's no more like unto Hipolito,
Than dead men are to living—never sleeps,
Or if he do, it's dreams; and in those dreams
His arms work,—and then cries—sweet—what's her
name,

What's the drab's name?

Astolfo. In troth, my lord, I know not,
I know no drabs, not I.

Duke. Oh, Bellafront!
And catching her fast, cries, my Bellafront.

Carolo. A drench that's able to kill a horse cannot
kill this disease of smock-smelling, my lord, if it have
once eaten deep.

Duke. I'll try all physick, and this med'cine first:

I have directed warrants strong and peremptory
(To purge our city Milan, and to cure the outward
Parts, the suburbs) for the attaching
Of all those women, who like gold, want weight,
Cities, like ships, should have no idle freight.

Carolo. No my lord, and light wenches are no idle
freight,

But what's your grace's reach in this?

Duke. This, *Carolo*. If she whom my son doats on,
Be in that master-book enroll'd, he'll shame
Ever t'approach one of such noted name.

Carolo. But say she be not?

Duke. Yet on harlot's heads
New laws shall fall so heavy, and such blows shall
Give to those that haunt them, that *Hipolito*
(If not for fear of law) for love to her,
If he love truly, shall her bed forbear.

Carolo. Attach all the light heels i'th' city, and clap
'em up. Why, my lord, you dive into a well unsearch-
able: all the whores within the walls, and without the
walls. I would not be he should meddle with them
for ten such dukedoms; the army that you speak on
is able to fill all the prisons within this city, and to
leave not a drinking room in any tavern besides.

Duke. Those only shall be caught that are of note,
Harlots in each street flow:
The fish being thus i'th'net, ourselves will sit,
And with eye most severe dispose of it.—
Come girl.

Carolo. Arraign the poor whore.

Astolfo. I'll not miss that sessions.

Fontinell. Nor I.

Beraldo. Nor I,

Tho' I hold up my hand there myself. [Exeunt.

Enter MATHEO, ORLANDO, and LODOVICO.

Matheo. Let who will come, my noble chevalier, I
can but play the kind host, and bid 'em welcome.

Lodovico. We'll trouble your house, *Matheo*, but as
Dutchmen do in taverns, drink, be merry, and be
gone.

Orlando. Indeed, if you be right Dutchmen, if you fall to drinking you must be gone.

Matheo. The worst is, my wife is not at home; but we'll flie high, my generous knight, for all that: there's no musick when a women is in the concert.

Orlando. No, for she's ³⁶ like a pair of virginals, Always with jacks at her tail.

Enter ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, FONTINELL.

Lodovico. See, the covey is sprung.

Omnes. Save you gallants.

Matheo. Happily encountered, sweet bloods.

Lodovico. Gentlemen, you all know Signior Candido, the linen-draper, he that's more patient than a brown baker, upon the day when he heats the oven, and has forty scolds about him.

Omnes. Yes, we know him all, what of him?

Lodovico. Wo'd it not be a good fit of mirth, to make a piece of English cloth of him, and to ³⁷ stretch him on tentors, till the threads of his own natural humour crack, by making him ³⁸ drink healths, tobacco,

³⁶ — like a pair of virginals,

Always with jacks at her tail.] So in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Where be these rascals, that skip up and down

"Like virginal jacks?"

Again, Bacon: "In a virginal as soon as ever the jack falleth, and toucheth the string, the sound ceaseth." S.

See Note 74 to the First Part of this Play.

³⁷ stretch him on tentors] i. e. the tenter hooks, on which cloth after dying is hung dry. The quarto reads *tainters*. S.

By an Act of the 5 & 6 Edw. VI. cap. 6: it was enacted that after the feast of St. Michael, "no person shall keep, have, use, or occupy any tentor; nor use, have, nor occupy any wrinch, rope, or ring, with the same tentor, or shall use any other engine unlawfully, to strain or stretch any cloth or clothes, upon pain that every offender that shall use or occupy any tentor or other engine to the contrary shall forfeit twenty pounds." Statutes at Large, Vol. I. 681. Fol. O. G.

³⁸ drink healths, tobacco, &c] To drink tobacco was a common phrase for smoaking it.

The Miseries of enforced Marriage, A. 1. "I tell thee Wentloe, thou canst not live on this side of the world, feed well, drink tobacco, &c."

Again, A. 3:

dance, sing bawdy songs, or to run any bias according as we think good to cast him?

Carlo, 'Twere a morris-dance worth the seeing.

Astolfo. But the old fox is so crafty, we should hardly hunt him * out of his den.

Matheo. To that train I have given fire already; and the hook to draw him hither, is to see certain pieces of lawn, which I told him I have to sell, and indeed have such: fetch them down, *Pacheo*.

Orlando. Yes, sir, I'm your water-spaniel, and will fetch any thing: but I'll fetch one dish of meat anon, shall turn your stomach, and that's a constable. [*aside*.

Enter BOTS, ushering Mistress HORSELEACH.

Omnes. How now? how now?

Carlo. What ³⁹ gally-foist is this?

Lodovico. Peace, two dishes of ⁴⁰ stew'd prunes, a bawd, and a pander. My worthy lieutenant *Bots*; why, now I see th'art a man of thy word, welcome; welcome mistress *Horseleach*: pray gentlemen, salute this reverend matron.

"Do: and we'll stay here and drink tobacco."

Again, in the Interlude of *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, contending for superiority,

"Tobacco says, "what do ye stand at gaze?

"Tobacco is a drink too.

"Beer. A drink?

"Tobacco. Wine, you, and I, come both out of a pipe."

The Country Captaine, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 22:

"I doe not thinke but thou wilt leave thy law, and exercise thy taking in compassing some treatises against *longe hayre and drinkinge* that most unchristian weede yclept tobacco.

England seems to have been proverbial for the consumption of Tobacco. See *Burton's Anat. Mel.* 600. Edit. 1632. O. G.

Mr. Gilchrist adds the following Qy. to this Note: "Did not drinking Tobacco mean extracting the juice by chewing it?" The following quotation, however, is decisive to the contrary.

"*Roger*. Mistris, wil you drink a pipe of tobacco?

"*Wife*. O fie upon it *Roger*, perdy, these filthie Tobacco pipes are the most idle slaving bables that I ever felt."

Dekkar's "Shoe-makers Holiday," 1600. C.

* *Him*, omitted in the Edit. 1630.

³⁹ gally-foist] See Note 8 to *The Parson's Wedding*.

⁴⁰ stew'd prunes] See Notes of *Mr. Steeven's* and *Dr. Farmer* to the First Part of *Henry IV. A. 3. S. 3.*

Horseleach. Thanks to all your worships.

Lodovico. I bade a drawer send in wine too: did none come along with thee, Grannam, but the lieutenant?

Horseleach. None come along with me but Bots, if it like your worship.

Bots. Who the pox should come along with you but Bots?

Enter two Vintners.

Omnes. Oh brave! march fair.

Lodovico. Are you come? that's well.

Matheo. ⁴¹ Here's ordinance able to sack a city.

Lodovico. Come' repeat, read this inventory.

1 Vintner. *Imprimis*, a pottle of Greek wine, a pottle of ⁴² *Peter sa meene*, a pottle of *Charnico*, and a pottle of *Ziattica*.

Lodovico. Y'are paid?

⁴¹ *Here's ordinance able to sack a city.*] So Falstaff, on the same occasion in the First Part of *Henry IV.* says, "there's that will sack a city." S.

⁴² *Peter sa meene—Charnico*] These wines are mentioned likewise in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1615. *Aragoosa*, or *Peter see me*, or *Charnico*. S.

They appear to have been Spanish wines, being enumerated in the following manner in *Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 48. "From the Spaniard all kinds of Sacks, as Malligo, *Charnio*, Sherry, Canary, Leatica, Palerno, Frontiniack, *Peeter see mee*, *Vino deriba davia*, *Vino dita Frontina*, *Vino blanco*, *Moscattell perarsivina callis*, *Callongallo*, *paracomer*, &c."

The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate, 1612, Sign. A. 3: "I found English, Scottish, Welsh, Irish, Dutch and French, in several roomes, some drinking the neate wine or Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Burdeaux, there wanted neither Sherry sack, nor *Charnoco*, Maligo, nor *Peter Seemine*, Amber colour'd Candy, nor liquorish *Ipocras*, brown Bastard, fat Aligant, nor any quick spirited liquor that might draw their wits into a circle to see the Devill by imagination."

Dr. Warburton says, as *charneca* is, in Spanish, the name of turpentine-tree, he imagines the growth of *Charnico* was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it.

See Notes by Dr. Warburton, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Steevens, and Dr. Percy, on the Second Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 3.

2 *Vintner*. Yes, sir.

[*Exeunt Vintners.*

Matheo. So shall some of us be anon, I fear.

Bots. Here's a hot day towards: but, zounds! this is the life out of which a soldier sucks sweetness: when this artillery goes off roundly, some must drop to the ground: cannon, demy-cannon, saker, and basilisk.

Lodovico. Give fire, lieutenant.

Bots. So, so; must I venture first upon the breach? to you all, gallants: *Bots* sets upon you all.

Omnes. Its hard *Bots* if we pepper not you, as well as you pepper us.

Enter CANDIDO.

Lodovico. My noble linen-draper! some wine: welcome, old lad.

Matheo. Y'are welcome, Signior.

Candido. These lawns, sir?

Matheo. Presently, my man is gone for them: we have rigged a fleet, you see here, to sail about the world.

Candido. A dangerous voyage, sailing in such ships.

Bots. There's no casting overboard yet.

Lodovico. Because you are an old lady, I will have you be acquainted with this grave citizen, pray bestow your lips upon him, and bid him welcome.

Horseleach. Any citizen shall be most welcome to me:—I have used to buy ware at your shop.

Candido. It may be so, good madam.

Horseleach. Your prentices know my dealings well; I trust your good wife be in good case: if it please you, bear her a token from my lips, by word of mouth.

Candido. I pray no more forsooth, 'tis very well, indeed I love no sweet meats:—she's a breath stinks worse than fifty polecats. Sir, a word, is she a lady?

Lodovico. A woman of a good house, and an ancient, she's a bawd.

Candido. A bawd? Sir, I'll steal hence, and see your lawns some other time.

Matheo. Steal out of such company? Pacheco, my

man, is but gone for 'em: lieutenant Bots, drink to this worthy old fellow, and teach him to fly high.

Omnes. Swagger: and make him do't on his knees.

Candido. How, Bots? now bless me, what do I with Bots? no wine in sooth, no wine, good master Bots.

Bots. Grey-beard, goats-pizzle: 'tis a health, have this in your guts, or this, there: I will sing a bawdy song, sir, because your verjuice face is melancholy, to make liquor go down glib: will you fall on your marrow-bones, and pledge this health, 'tis to my mistress, a whore?

Candido. Here's ratsbane upon ratsbane: master Bots, I pray, sir, pardon me: you are a soldier, press me not to this service, I am old, and shoot not in such pot-guns.

Bots. Cap, I'll teach you.

Candido. To drink healths, is to drink sickness: gentlemen, pray rescue me.

Bots. Zounds! who dare?

Omnes. We shall have stabbing then?

Candido. I have reckonings to cast up, good master Bots.

Bots. This will make you cast 'em up better.

Lodovico. Why does your hand shake so?

Candido. The palsy, Signiors, danceth in my blood.

Bots. Pipe with a pox, sir, then, or I'll make your blood dance—

Candido. Hold, hold, good master Bots, I drink.*

* He kneels and drinks. This custom of "kneeling and drinking of healths," kindled the wrath of various puritanical writers. Stubbes, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," tells a story of a man in Almaine, who drinking a health to his Creator on his knees, was fixed for ever like a statue, which horses could not draw nor fire burn. R. Junius in his *Drunkard's Character*, 1638, speaks of "a Lincolnshire man, well known, that in his cups drank a health to the devil, who had no sooner drank it off, but he fell down dead." "To mend the matter (he says elsewhere) lest satan should want his due reverence, these wine-worshippers will be at it on their knees, especially if they drink a great man's health." p. 313.

Therefore in Nash's "Summer's Last Will and Testament," Bacchus makes the Clown go down on his knees to pledge him:—

Omnes. To whom?

Candido. To the old countess there.

Horseleach. To me, old boy? this is he that never drank wine: once again to't.

Candido. With much ado the poison is got down,
Tho' I can scarce get up; never before
Drank I whore's health, nor will never more.

Enter ORLANDO with lawns.

Matheo. Hast been at gallows?

Orlando. Yes, sir, for I make account to suffer to-day.

Matheo. Look, Signior: here's the commodity.

Candido. Your price?

Matheo. Thus.

Candido. No: too dear: thus.

Matheo. No: O fie, you must fly higher: yet take them home, trifles shall not make us quarrel, we'll agree, you shall have them, and a pennyworth; I'll fetch money at your shop.

Candido. Be it so, good Signior, send me going.

Matheo. Going? a deep bowl of wine for Signior
Candido.

Orlando. He would be going.

Candido. I'll rather stay, than go so: stop your bowl.

Enter CONSTABLE and BILLMEN.

Lodovico. How now?

Bots. ⁴³ Is't Shrove-Tuesday, that these ghosts walk?

"Crouch on your knees, foole, when you pledge God Bacchus." and when he has done so, Bacchus dubs him a Knight with the black jack. C.

⁴³ Is't Shrove-Tuesday, that these ghosts walk? From this passage, I apprehend, it was formerly a custom for the peace-officers to make search after women of ill fame on that day, and to confine them during the season of Lent. So *Sensuality* says, in *Microcosmus*, A. 5. Vol. IX. "But now welcome a cart, or a Shrove Tuesday's "tragedy."

The progress of the Constables on Shrove-Tuesday was for the purpose of checking the outrages of the apprentices. See Taylor's *Jack-a-Lent*, 115. O. G.

Matheo. What's your business, sir?

Constable. From the Duke: you are the man we look for, Signior; I have warrant here from the Duke, to apprehend you upon felony for robbing two pedlars: I charge you i'th' Duke's name go quickly.

Matheo. Is the wind turn'd? well: this is that old wolf, my father-in-law: seek out your mistress, sirrah.

Orlando. Yes, sir: as shafts by piecing are made strong,

So shall thy life be straightened by this wrong. [*Exit.*

Omnes. In troth we are sorry.

Matheo. Brave men must be crost; pish, it's but fortune's dice roving against me: come, sir, pray use me like a gentleman, let me not be carried through the streets like a pageant.

Constable. If these gentlemen please, you shall go along with them.

Omnes. Be't so: come.

Constable. What are you, sir?

Bots. I, sir? sometimes a figure, sometimes a cypher, as the state has occasion to cast up her accounts: I'm a soldier.

Constable. Your name is Bots, is't not?

Bots. Bots is my name; Bots is known to this company.

Constable. I know you are, sir: what's she?

Bots. A gentlewoman, my mother.

Constable. Take them both along.

Bots. Me, sir*?

Billmen. And, sir.

Constable. If he swagger, raise the street.

Bots. Gentlemen, gentlemen, whither will you drag us?

Lodovico. To the garden-house. Bots, are we even with you?

Constable. To Bridewell with them.

Bots. You will answer this. [*Exeunt.*

* This "Me, sir?" and the Billmen's echo of it in the old copy are printed "Me, Sirrr?" to indicate perhaps the manner in which Bots spoke it. C.

Constable. Better than a challenge; I have warrant for my work, sir.

Lodovico. We'll go before.

[*Exeunt.*

Constable. Pray do.

Who, Signior Candido? a citizen of your degree
Consorted thus, and revelling in such a house?

Candido. Why sir? what house I pray?

Constable. Lewd, and defamed.

Candido. Is't so? thanks, sir: I'm gone.

Constable. What have you there?

Candido. Lawns which I bought, sir, of the gentleman that keeps the house.

Constable. And I have warrant here, to search for such stol'n ware: these lawns are stol'n.

Candido. Indeed!

Constable. So he's the thief, you the receiver: I'm sorry for this chance, I must commit you.

Candido. Me, sir, for what?

Constable. These goods are found upon you, and you must answer't.

Candido. Must I so?

Constable. Most certain.

Candido. I'll send for bail.

Constable. I dare not: yet because you are a citizen of worth, you shall not be made a pointing stock, but without guard pass only with myself.

Candido. To Bridewell too?

Constable. No remedy.

Candido. Yes, patience: being not mad, they had me once to Bedlam. Now I'm drawn to Bridewell, loving no whores.

Constable. You will buy lawn?

[*Exeunt.*

Enter at one door HIPOLITO; at another, LODOVICO, ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, FONTINELL.

Lodovico. Yonder's the lord Hipolito, by any means leave him and me together: now will I turn him to a madman.

Omnes. Save you, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Lodovico. I have strange news to tell you.

Hipolito. What are they?

Lodovico. Your mare's i'th' pound.

Hipolito. How's this?

Lodovico. Your nightingale is in a lime bush.

Hipolito. Ha!

Lodovico. Your puritanical *Honest Whore*⁴⁴ sits in a blue gown.

Hipolito. Blue gown!

Lodovico. She'll chalk out your way to her now: she beats chalk.

Hipolito. Where, who dares?

Lodovico. Do you know the brick house of castigation, by the river side that runs by Milan: the school where they⁴⁵ pronounce no letter well but O?

Hipolito. I know it not.

Lodovico. Any man that has born office of constable, or any woman that has fal'n from a horse-load to a cart-load, or like an old hen that has had none but rotten eggs in her nest, can direct you to her: there you shall see your punk amongst her back-friends, there you may have her at your will, for there she beats chalk, or grinds in the mill⁴⁶, with a whip deedle, deedle, deedle, deedle; ah, little monkey.

Hipolito. What rogue durst serve that warrant, knowing I loved her?

Lodovico. Some worshipful rascal, I lay my life.

⁴⁴ — sits in a blue gown.] It appears from a passage in *Promos and Cassandra*, that a *blue gown* was the habit in which a strumpet did penance. So too, in the *Northern Lass*, 1633: "— all the good " you intended me was a lockram coif, a *blue gown*, a wheel, &c." The *wheel*, as well as the *blue gown*, are mentioned in subsequent scenes of this Comedy. S.

⁴⁵ pronounce no letter well but O?] See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 5.

⁴⁶ beats chalk, or grinds in the mill,] To beat chalk, grind in mills, raise sand and gravel, and make lime, were among the employments, assigned for vagrants who were committed to Bridewell. See *Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting rogues and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore*. Printed by Hugh Singleton.

Hipolito. I'll beat the lodgings down about their ears
That are her keepers.

Lodovico. So you may bring an old house over her
head.

Hipolito. I'll to her——

I'll to her, stood arm'd fiends to guard the doors. [*Exit.*

Lodovico. Oh me! what monsters are men made by
whores!

If this false fire do kindle him, there's one faggot
More to the bonfire; now to my Bridewell-birds,
What song will they sing? [*Exit.*

Enter DUKE, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO, FONTI-
NELL, three or four Masters of Bridewell; INFELICE.

Duke. ⁴⁷ Your Bridewell? that the name? for
beauty, strength,

Capacity and form of ancient building,
(Besides the river's neighbourhood) few houses
Wherein we keep our Court can better it.

1 *Master.* Hither from foreign Courts have princes
come,

And with our Duke did acts of state commence,
Here that great Cardinal had first audience,

⁴⁷ *Your Bridewell? &c.]* We have here a curious specimen of the licence which ancient writers used to allow themselves of introducing facts and circumstances peculiar to one country into another. Every thing here said of Bridewell is applicable to the house of Correction which goes by that name in London. Changing the names of the Duke and his son to those of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, all the events mentioned will be found to have happened in the English Bridewell. The situation of the place is also the same. In the time of Henry the Eighth, princes were lodged there; part of it being built in the year 1522, for the reception of Charles the Fifth, whose nobles resided in it. In 1523, Cardinal Campeius had his first audience there; and after Henry's death Edward the Sixth, in the seventh year of his reign, 1552, gave to the Citizens of London this his palace for the purposes abovementioned. To complete the parallel, it was endowed with land, late belonging to the Savoy, to the amount of 700 marks a year, with all the bedding and furniture of that hospital. See Stowe's *Survey*, Strype's edit. 1721, vol. I. p. 264. There is also the like anachronism in the First Part of this Play concerning Bethlem Hospital. I cannot discover that there is any place for the reception of lunatics, in the city of Milan, distinguished by that name.

The grave Campayne : that Duke dead, his son
That famous Prince gave free possession
Of this his palace, to the citizens,
To be the poor man's ware-house ; and endowed it
With lands to th' value of seven hundred marks,
With all the bedding and the furniture, once proper
As the lands then were to an hospital
Belonging to a duke of Savoy. Thus
Fortune can toss the world ; a Prince's Court
Is thus a prison now.

Duke. 'Tis fortune's sport :

These changes common are : the wheel of fate
Turns kingdoms up, till they fall desolate.
But how are these seven hundred marks by th' year
Imploy'd in this your work-house ?

1 Master. War and peace

Feed both upon those lands : when the iron doors
Of wars burst open, from this house are sent
Men furnish'd in all martial complement.
The moon hath through her bow scarce drawn to th'
head,

(Like to twelve silver arrows) all the months,
Since 1600 soldiers went aboard :
Here providence and charity play such parts,
The house is like a very school of arts ;
For when our soldiers (like ships driven from sea,
With ribs all broken, and with tatter'd sides),
Cast anchor here again, their ragged backs
How often do we cover ? that (like men)
They may be sent to their own homes again.
All here are but one swarm of bees, and strive
To bring with wearied thighs honey to the hive.
The sturdy beggar, and the lazy lown,
Gets here hard hands, or lac'd correction.
The vagabond grows stay'd, and learns t'obey,
The drone is beaten well, and sent away ;
As other prisons are (some for the thief,
Some, by which undone credit gets relief
From bridled debtors ; others for the poor),
So this is for the bawd, the rogue, and whore.

Carolo. An excellent team of horse.

1 *Master.* Nor is it seen,
That the whip draws blood here, to cool the spleen
Of any rugged bencher : nor does offence
Feel smart on spiteful, or rash evidence ;*
But pregnant testimony forth must stand,
Ere justice leave them in the beadle's hand ;
As iron, on the anvil are they laid,
Not to take blows alone, but to be made
And fashioned to some charitable use.

Duke. Thus wholsom'st laws spring from the worst
abuse.

Enter ORLANDO before BELLAFRONT.

Bellafront. Let mercy touch your heart-strings,
gracious lord,
That it may sound like musick in the ear
Of a man desperate, being i'th' hands of law.

Duke. His name ?

Bellafront. Matheo.

Duke. For a robbery ? where } *Exeunt Bellafront and*
is she ? } *one of the Masters of*

Bellafront. In this house. } *Bridewell.*

Duke. Fetch you him hither—
Is this the party ?

Orlando. This is the hen, my lord, that the cock
(with the lordly comb) your son-in-law would crow
over, and tread.

Duke. Are your two servants ready ?

Orlando. My two pedlars are pack'd together, my
good lord.

Duke. 'Tis well : this day in judgment shall be spent,
Vice (like a wound launc'd) mends by punishment.

Infelice. Let me be gone, my lord, or stand unseen ;
'Tis rare when a judge strikes, and that none die,
And 'tis unfit then women should be by.

1 *Master.* We'll place you, lady, in some private room.

* Hitherto it has run :

“ Nor does offence

“ Feel smart or spiteful or rash evidence ;”
which is clearly wrong. C.

Infelice. Pray do so.

[*Exit.*

Orlando. Thus nice dames swear, it is unfit their eyes

Should view men carv'd up for anatomies,
Yet they'll see all, so they may stand unseen,
Many women sure will sin behind a skreen.

Enter LODOVICO.

Lodovico. Your son, the lord Hipolito, is entered.

Duke. Tell him we wish his presence. A word, Sforza :

On what wings flew he hither ?

Lodovico. These—I told him his lark whom he loved was a Bridewell-bird, he's mad that this cage should hold her, and is come to let her out.

Duke. 'Tis excellent : away, go call him hither.

[*Exit Lodovico.*

Enter one of the Governors of the House, BELLAFRONT after him with MATHEO, after him the CONSTABLE.

Enter at another door LODOVICO and HIPOLITO : ORLANDO steps forth, and brings in two PEDLARS.

Duke. You are to us a stranger, worthy lord, 'Tis strange to see you here.

Hipolito. It is most fit,

That where the sun goes, Attomyes follow it.

Duke. Attomyes neither shape nor honour bear : Be you yourself, a sun beam to shine clear.

Is this the gentleman ? stand forth and hear your accusation.

Matheo. I'll hear none : I fly high in that : rather than kites shall seize upon me, and pick out mine eyes to my face, I'll strike my talons through mine own heart first, and spit my blood in theirs : I am here for shriving those two fools of their sinful pack : when those jack-daws have caw'd over me, then must I cry guilty, or not guilty ; the law has work enough already, and therefore I'll put no work of mine into his hands, the hangman shall ha't first, I did pluck those ganders, did rob them.

Duke. 'Tis well done to confess.

Matheo. Confess and be hanged, and then I fly high,

is't not so? that for that; a gallows is the worst rub that a good bowler can meet with: I stumbled against such a post, else this night I had played the part of a true son in these days, undone my father-in-law, with him would I have run at leap-frog, and come over his gold, though I had broke his neck for't: but the poor salmon-trout is now in the net.

Hipolito. And now the law must teach you to fly high.

Matheo. Right, my lord, and then may you fly low; no more words; a mouse, mum, you are stopp'd.

Bellafront. Be good to my poor husband, dear my lords.

Matheo. Ass, why should thou pray them to be good to me, when no man here is good to one another?

Duke. Did any hand work in this theft but yours?

Matheo. O, yes, my lord, yes:—the hangman has never one son at a birth, his children always come by couples: though I cannot give the old dog, my father, a bone to gnaw, the daughter shall be sure of a choak-pear.—Yes, my lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine pedlars, and that was my wife.

Bellafront. Alas, I?

Orlando. O everlasting, supernatural superlative villain!

Omnes. Your wife, Matheo?

Hipolito. Sure it cannot be.

Matheo. Oh, sir, you love no quarters of mutton that hang up, you love none but whole mutton; she set the robbery, I performed it; she spur'd me on, I gallop'd away.

Orlando. My lords——

Bellafront. My lords, (fellow give me speech) if my poor life

May ransom thine, I yield it to the law.

Thou hurtst thy soul yet wipest off no offence

By casting blots upon my innocence:

Let not these spare me, but tell truth: no, see

Who slips his neck out of the misery,

Tho' not out of the mischief: let thy servant,

That shared in this base act, accuse me here,
Why should my husband perish, he go clear?

Orlando. A good child, hang thine own father.

Duke. Old fellow, was thy hand in too?

Orlando. My hand was in the pye, my lord, I confess it: my mistress, I see, will bring me to the gallows, and so leave me; but I'll not leave her so: I had rather hang in a woman's company, than in a man's; because if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be let in, for all the devils are afraid to have any women come amongst them; as I am true thief, she neither consented to this felony, nor knew of it.

Duke. What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife?

Matheo. It's my humour, sir, 'tis a foolish bag-pipe that I make myself merry with: why should I eat hemp-seed at the hangman's thirteen-pence half-penny ordinary, and have this whore laugh at me as I swing, as I totter?

Duke. Is she a whore?

Matheo. A six-penny mutton pasty for any to cut up.

Orlando. Ah, toad, toad, toad!

Matheo. ⁴⁸ A barber's cittern for every servingman to play upon: that lord, your son, knows it.

Hipolito. I, sir, am I her bawd then?

Matheo. No, sir, but she's your whore then.

Orlando. Yea spider, dost catch at great flies?

Hipolito. My whore?

Matheo. I cannot talk, 'sir, and tell of your rems, and your rees, and your whirligigs, and devices: but, my lord, I found them like sparrows in one nest, billing together, and bulling of me: I took them in bed, was ready to kill him, was up to stab her—

Hipolito. Close thy rank jaws: pardon me, I am vexed,
Thou art a villain, a malicious devil,
Deep as the place where thou art lost, thou lyeest;

⁴⁸ *A barber's cittern*] See Note 13 to *The Mayor of Quinborough*, A. 3. S. 3.

Again, in *More Fooles yet*, by Roger Sharpe, 4to. 1610:

"Here comes old Spunge the barber with his lute."

Since I am thus far got into this storm,
I'll through, and thou shalt see I'll through untouch'd,
When thou shalt perish in it.

Enter INFELICE.

Infelice. 'Tis my cue
To enter now: room, let my prize be play'd,
I have lurk'd in clouds, yet heard what all have said,
What jury more can prove, she has wrong'd my bed,
Than her own husband, she must be punished;
I challenge law, my lord, letters, and gold, and jewels,
From my lord that woman took.

Hipolito. Against that black-mouthed devil, against
letters, and gold,
And against a jealous wife I do uphold,
Thus far her reputation, I could sooner
Shake the Appenine, and crumble rocks to dust,
Than (though Jove's shower rained down) tempt her to
lust.

Bellafront. What shall I say?

Orlando. [*He discovers himself.*] Say thou art not a
whore, and that's more than fifteen women amongst five
hundred dare swear without lying: this shalt thou say,
no let me say't for thee; thy husband's a knave, this
lord's an honest man: thou art no punk, this lady's a
right lady. Pacheco is a thief as his master is, but
old Orlando is as true a man as thy father is: I have
seen you fly high, sir, and I have seen you fly low, sir;
and to keep you from the gallows, sir, a blue coat have
I worn, and a thief did I turn: mine own men are the
pedlars, my twenty pound did fly high, sir, your wife's
gown did fly low, sir: whither fly you now, sir? you
have scap'd the gallows, to the devil you fly next, sir.
Am I right, my liege?

Duke. Your father has the true physician played.

Matheo. And I am now his patient.

Hipolito. And be so still,
'Tis a good sign when our cheeks blush at ill.

Constable. The linen-draper (Signior Candido)
He whom the city terms the patient man,
Is likewise here for buying of those lawns

The pedlars lost.

Infelice. Alas, good Candido. [Exit Constable.

Duke. Fetch him : and when these payments up are cast,

Weigh out your light gold, but let's have them last.

Enter CANDIDO and CONSTABLE.

Duke. In Bridewell, Candido?

Candido. Yes, my good lord.

Duke. What make you here?

Candido. My lord, what make you here?

Duke. I'm here to save right, and to drive wrong hence.

Candido. And I to bear wrong here with patience.

Duke. You have bought stolen goods.

Candido. So they do say, my lord,
Yet bought I them upon a gentleman's word,
And I imagine now, as I thought then,
That there be thieves, but no thieves gentlemen.

Hipolito. Your credit's crack'd being here.

Candido. No more than gold
Being crack'd, which does his estimation hold.
I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad?
They made me pledge whores' healths, but am I bad,
Because I'm with bad people?

Duke. Well, stand by
If you take wrong, we'll cure the injury.

*Enter CONSTABLE, after them BOTS, after him two
BEADLES, one with hemp, the other with a beetle*⁴⁹.

Duke. Stay, stay, what's he? a prisoner?

Constable. Yes, my lord.

Hipolito. He seems a soldier?

Bots. I am what I seem, sir, one of fortune's bastards, a soldier, and a gentleman, and am brought in here with master Constable's band of Billmen, because they face me down that I live (like those that keep bowling-alleys) by the sins of the people, in being⁵⁰ a squire of the body.

⁴⁹ a beetle) A mallet. *Malleus ligneus.* Barret's *Alvearie.*

⁵⁰ a squire of the body.] A squire of the body, says Mr. Steevens
(Note on the First Part of *Henry IV.* vol. V. p. 260. edit. 1778.)

Hipolito. Oh, an apple-squire.*

Bots. Yes, sir, that degree of scurvy squires, and that I am maintained by the best part that is commonly in a woman, by the worst players of those parts, but I am known to all this company.

Lodovico. My lord, 'tis true, we all know him, 'tis lieutenant Bots.

Duke. Bots, and where have you served, Bots?

Bots. In most of your hottest services in the Low-countries; at the Groyne I was wounded in this thigh, and halted upon't, but 'tis now sound. In Cleveland I mist but little, having the bridge of my nose [broken down with two great stones, as I was scaling a fort: I have been tried, sir, too, in Gelderland, and scap'd hardly there from being blown up at a breach: I was fired, and lay i'th' surgeon's hands for't till the fall of the leaf following.

Hipolito. All this may be, and yet you no soldier.

Bots. No soldier, sir? I hope these are services that your proudest commanders do venture upon, and never come off sometimes.

Duke. Well, sir, because you say you are a soldier, I'll use you like a gentleman: make room there, Plant him amongst you, we shall have anon Strange hawks fly here before us: if none light on you, You shall with freedom take your flight: But if you prove a bird of baser wing, We'll use you like such birds, here you shall sing.

Bots. I wish to be tried at no other weapon.

signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield. It afterwards became a cant term for a *pimp*, and is so used here.

Again, in *The Witty fair one*, by Shirley, 1633: for a *procuress*: Here comes the *squire* of her mistress body.

* An *apple-squire* and a *pander* are synonymous in our old writers. Thus, in the Bawd's song in Rowley and Middleton's *Faire Quarrel*,

Then heere thou shalt resigne
Both Captaine and Commander;
That name was never thine
But *Apple-squire* and *pander*.

See also note 4 to the *City Night Cap.* C.

Duke. Why, is he furnish'd with those implements ?

1 Master. The pandar is more dangerous to a state,
Than is the common thief, and tho' our laws
Lie heavier on the thief, yet that the pandar
May know the hangman's ruff should fit him too,
Therefore he's set to beat hemp.

Duke. This does savour
Of justice, basest slaves to basest labour.
Now pray, set open hell, and let us see
The she-devils that are here.

Infelice. Methinks this place
Should make even Lais honest.

1 Master. Some it turns good,
But (as some men whose hands are once in blood,
Do in a pride spill more) so some going hence,
Are by being here lost in more impudence :
Let it not to them when they come appear,
That any one does as their judge sit here :
But that as gentlemen you come to see,
And then perhaps their tongues will walk more free.

Duke. Let them be marshal'd in ; be covered all,
Fellows, now to make the scene more comical.

Carolo. Will not you be smelt out, Bots ?

Bots. No, your bravest whores have the worst noses.

*Enter two of the MASTERS, a CONSTABLE after them,
then DOROTHEA TARGET, brave ; after her two
BEADLES, the one with a wheel⁵¹, the other with a
blue gown.*

Lodovico. Are not you a bride, forsooth ?

Dorothea. Say ye ?

Carolo. He would know if these be not your Bride-
men.

Dorothea. Vuh, yes, sir : and look ye, do you see the
bridelaces that I give at my wedding will serve to tie
rosemary to both your coffins when you come from
hanging—Scab !

Orlando. Fie, Punk, fie, fie, fie.

⁵¹ a wheel) See Note 44. p. 436.

Dorothea. Out you stale stinking head of garlick, foh, at my heels.

Orlando. My head's cloven.

Hipolito. O, let the gentlewoman alone, she's going to shrift.

Astolfo. Nay, to do penance.

Carolo. Ay, ay, go, Punk, go to the cross and be whipt.

Dorothea. Marry mew, marry muff, marry hang you goodman dog: whipt? do ye take me for a base spittle whore? in troth, gentlemen, you wear the cloaths of gentlemen, but you carry not the minds of gentlemen, to abuse a gentlewoman, of my fashion.

Lodovico. Fashion! pox a your fashions, art not a whore?

Dorothea. Goodman slave.

Duke. O fie, abuse her not, let us two talk; What mought I call your name, pray?

Dorothea. I'm not ashamed of my name, sir, my name is Mistress Doll Target, a western gentlewoman.

Lodovico. Her target against any pike in Milan.

Duke. Why is this wheel born after her?

I Master. She must spin.

Dorothea. A coarse thread it shall be, as all threads are.

Astolfo. If you spin, then you'll earn money here too?

Dorothea. I had rather get half a crown abroad, then ten crowns here.

Orlando. Abroad? I think so.

Infelice. Doest thou not weep now thou art here?

Dorothea. Say ye? weep? yes forsooth, as you did when you lost your maidenhead: do you not hear how I weep? [Sings.

Lodovico. Farewel, Doll.

Dorothea. Farewel, dog. [Exit.

Duke. Past shame: past penitence, why is that blue gown?

I Master. Being stript out of her wanton loose attire, That garment she puts on, base to the eye, Only to cloath her in humility.

Duke. Are all the rest like this?

1 Master. No, my good lord.

You see, this drab swells with a wanton rein,
The next that enters has a different strain.

Duke. Variety is good, let's see the rest.

[*Exit Master.*]

Bots. Your grace sees I'm sound yet, and no bullets
hit me.

Duke. Come off so, and 'tis well.

Omnes. Here's the second mess.

*Enter the two MASTERS, after them the CONSTABLE,
after him PENELOPE WHOREHOUND, like a Citizen's
wife: after her two BEADLES, one with a blue gown,
another with chalk and a mallet.*

Penelope. I have worn many a costly gown, but I
was never thus guarded with blue coats, and beadles,
and constables, and——

Carolo. Alas, fair mistress, spoil not thus your eyes.

Penelope. Oh, sweet sir, I fear the spoiling of other
places about me that are dearer than my eyes; if you
be gentlemen, if you be men, or ever came of a woman,
pity my case, stand to me, stick to me, good sir, you
are an old man.

Orlando. Hang not on me, I pr'ythee, old trees bear
no such fruit.

Penelope. Will you bail me, gentlemen?

Lodovico. Bail thee, art in for debt?

Penelope. No; God* is my judge, sir, I am in for

* In the old copy there is a blank left for this word, to avoid the
prophanationem nominis Dei, as T. Bastard terms it in his Epigrams.

God's name is void of honour in our hearing
And ev'n worn out with our blasphemous swearing.
Between the infant and the aged both
The first and last they utter is an oath.
Oh hellish manners of our prophane age,
Jehovah's fear is scoff'd upon the Stage:
The mimick jester names it every day—
Unless God be blasphem'd it is *no play*.

Chrestoleros, 1598.

This vice, as is well known, was not many years afterwards re-
formed in a great degree as far as the theatre was concerned. See
the Statute 3. James I. ch. xxi. C.

no debts; I paid my taylor for this gown, the last five shillings a week that was behind, yesterday.

Duke. What is your name, I pray?

Penelope. Penelope Whorehound, I come of the Whorehounds.

How does lieutenant Bots?

Omnes. A ha, Bots.

Bots. A very honest woman, as I'm a soldier, a pox Bots ye.

Penelope. I was never in this pickle before; and yet, if I go among citizen's wives, they jeer at me; if I go among the ⁵² loose-bodied gowns, they cry a pox on me, because I go civilly attired, and swear their trade was a good trade, till such as I am took it out of their hands: good lieutenant Bots, speak to these captains to bail me.

Master. Begging for bail still? you are a trim gossip, go give her the blue gown, ⁵³ set her to her chare, work huswife, for your bread, away.

Penelope. Out you dog, a pox on you all, women are born to curse thee, but I shall live to see twenty such flat-caps shaking dice for a pennyworth of pippins: out, you blue-eyed rogue. [Exit.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Even now she wept, and prayed, now does she curse?

⁵² loose-bodied gowns] From several passages in contemporary writers, a loose-bodied gown appears to have been the habit of a curtezan. So, in *More Ffoles yet*, by Roger Sharpe, 4to. 1610:

"Brisus will turne good husband, marry fye,

"What wench is't tush loose bodied Margery,

"Good husband now, that nere was good in's life,

"The better husband, sir; the worser wife."

⁵³ — set her to her chare,] i. e. her task-work. So, in Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*:

— commanded

By such poor passions as the maid that milks,

And does the meanest chares. S.

One tooke the shape of an old Lady's cooke once

And dispatch'd two chares on a Sunday Morning."

Middleton's *Game at Chesse*. H. 2. O. G.

1 *Master*. Seeing me; if still she had staid, this had been worse.

Hipolito. Was she ever here before?

1 *Master*. Five times at least,
And thus if men come to her, have her eyes
Wrung, and wept out her bail.

Omnes. Bots, you know her?

Bots. Is there any gentleman here, that knows not a whore, and is he a hair the worse for that?

Duke. Is she a city-dame, she's so attired?

1 *Master*. No, my good lord, that's only but the veil
To her loose body, I have seen her here
In gayer masking suits: as several sauces
Give one dish several tastes, so change of habits
In whores is a bewitching art, to-day she's all in
Colours to besot gallants, then in modest black,
To catch the citizen, and this from their examinations
Drawn. Now shall you see a monster both in shape
And nature quite from these, that sheds no tear,
Nor yet is nice, 'tis a plain ramping bear,
Many such whales are cast upon this shore.

Omnes. Let's see her.

1 *Master*. Then behold a swaggering whore. [*Exit*.

Orlando. Keep your ground, Bots.

Bots. I do but traverse to spy advantage how to arm myself.

Enter two MASTERS first, after them the CONSTABLE, after them a ⁵⁴ BEADLE beating a bason, then CATHERINA BOUNTINA LL, with Mistress HORSELEACH, after them another BEADLE with a blue head guarded with yellow.

Catherina. Sirrah, when I cry hold your hands, hold, you rogue-catcher, hold: Bawd, are the French chilblains in your heels, that you can come no faster? are

⁵⁴ a beadle beating a bason] In Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, A. 4. S. 3. Latimer says, "And let her footman beat the bason afore her." On which Mr. Whalley observes, that it alludes "to the custom of old, "when bawds and other infamous persons were carted. A mob of

not you bawd a whore's ancient ⁵⁵, and must not I follow my colours!

Horseleach. O, mistress Catherine, you do me wrong to accuse me here as you do, before the right worshipful: I am known for a motherly honest woman, and no bawd.

Catherina. Marry foh, honest! burnt at fourteen, seven times whipt, six times carted, nine times duck'd, search'd by some hundred and fifty constables, and yet you are honest! Honest mistress Horseleach! is this world a world to keep bawds and whores honest? How many times hast thou given gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? how many twelve-penny fees, nay, two shilling fees, nay, when any ambassadors have been here, how many half-crown fees hast thou taken? how many carriers has thou bribed for country wenches? how often have I rinsed your lungs in ⁵⁶ *aqua vitæ*? and yet you are honest!

Duke. And what were you the whilst?

Catherina. Marry hang you, master slave, who made you an examiner?

"people used to precede them *beating basons*, and other utensils of the same kind, to make the noise and tumult the bigger. Thus Stowe describes the punishment of a priest who was taken in criminal conversation with another man's wife: "The first day he rode in a carry; the second on a horse, his face to the horse-tail; the third, led betwixt twaine, and every day *rung with basons*." This explains a passage in *The Silent Woman*, where Morose, amongst other execrations on the barber Cut-beard, says, "Let there be no bawd carted that year to employ a bason of his." A. 3. S. 5.

On this point a very apposite quotation may be made from Rowley and Middleton's *Faire Quarrel*, Sig. I 2.

Chaugh. For thee, old Sindicus, may I see thee ride in a caroch with two wheelles and drawne by one horse.

Trimtram. Ten beadles running by instead of footmen.

Chaugh. With every one a whip 'steed of an Irish dart.

Trimtram. Fortie barber's basons sounding before instead of trumpets. C.

⁵⁵ *ancient*] An ensign.

This point will be better understood from the following:

Fleire. What, Signior! in love with my Ladie's *ancient*.

Sparke. Why her *ancient*?

Fleire. Because she carries her colours for her, but 'tis in a boxe.

⁵⁶ *aqua vitæ*] Formerly the general name for spirits.

Lodovico. Well said, belike this devil spares no man.

Catherina. What art thou, pr'ythee?

Bots. Nay, what art thou, pr'ythee?

Catherina. A whore; art thou a thief?

Bots. A thief, no; I defy the calling, I am a soldier, have borne arms in the field, been in many a hot skirmish, yet come off sound

Catherina. Sound with a pox to ye, ye abominable rogue! you a soldier! you in skirmishes! where? amongst pottle-pots in a bawdy-house? Look, look here, you madam Wormeaten, do not you know him?

Horseleach. Lieutenant Bots, where have ye been this many a day?

Bots. Old bawd, do not discredit me, seem not to know me.

Horseleach. Not to know ye, master Bots? as long as I have breath, I cannot forget thy sweet face.

Duke. Why, do you know him? he says he is a soldier.

Catherina. He a soldier? a pander, a dog that will lick up six-pence: do ye hear, you master Swinesnout, how long is't since you held the door for me, and cried to't again, nobody comes, ye rogue you?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, y'are smelt out again, Bots.

Bots. Pox ruin her nose for't; and I be not revenged for this—um ye bitch.

Lodovico. D'ye hear ye, madam? why does your ladyship swagger thus? y'are very brave, me thinks.

Catherina. Not at your cost, master Cods-head; Is any man here blear-eyed to see me brave?

Astolfo. Yes, I am,
Because good cloaths upon a whore's back
Is like fair painting upon a rotten wall.

Catherina. Marry muff, master Whoremaster, you come upon me with sentences.

Beraldo. By this light h'as small sense for't.

Lodovico. O fie, fie, do not vex her, and yet me thinks a creature of more scurvy conditions should not know what a good petticoat were.

Catherina. Marry come out, y'are so busy about my petticoat, you'll creep up to my placket, and ye co'd

but attain the honour: but and the outsides offend your rogueships, look o'the lining, 'tis silk.

Duke. Is't silk 'tis lined with then?

Catherina. Silk? aye silk, master Slave, you would be glad to wipe your nose with the skirt on't: this 'tis to come among a company of cods-heads that know not how to use a gentlewoman.

Duke. Tell her the Duke is here.

1 Master. Be modest, Kate, the Duke is here.

Catherina. If the devil were here, I care not: set forward, ye rogues, and give attendance according to your places: let bawds and whores be sad, for I'll sing and the devil were a dying. [Exeunt.]

Duke. Why before her does the bason ring?

1 Master. It is an emblem of their revelling.
The whips we use let forth their wanton blood,
Making them calm, and more to calm their pride,
Instead of coaches they in carts do ride.
Will your grace see more of this bad ware?

Duke. No, shut up shop, we'll now break up the fair,
Yet ere we part—you, sir, that take upon ye
The name of soldier, that true name of worth,
Which action, not vain boasting, best sets forth,
To let you know how far a soldier's name
Stands from your title, and to let you see,
Soldiers must not be wrong'd where princes be,
This be your sentence.

Omnes. Defend yourself, Bots.

Duke. First, all the private sufferance that the house
Inflicts upon offenders, you, as the basest,
Shall undergo it double, after which
You shall be whipt, sir, round about the city,
Then banish'd from the land.

Bots. Beseech your grace.

Duke. Away with him, see it done: panders and
whores
Are city-plagues, which being kept alive,
Nothing that looks like goodness ere can thrive.
Now, good Orlando, what say you to your bad son-in-law?

Orlando. Marry this, my lord, he is my son-in-law, and in law will I be his father; for if law can pepper him, he shall be so par-boiled, that he shall stink no more i'th' nose of the commonwealth.

Bellafront. Be yet more kind and merciful, good father.

Orlando. Dost thou beg for him, thou precious man's meat, thou? has he not beaten thee, kickt thee, trod on thee, and dost thou fawn on him like his spaniel? has he not pawn'd thee to thy petticoat, sold thee to thy smock, made ye leap at a crust, yet would'st have me save him?

Bellafront. Oh yes, good sir, woman shall learn of me,

To love their husbands in greatest misery;
Then shew him pity, or you wreck myself,

Orlando. Have ye eaten pigeons that y'are so kind-hearted to your mate? Nay, y'are a couple of wild bears, I'll have ye both baited at one stake: but as for this knave, the gallows is thy due, and the gallows thou shalt have; I'll have justice of the Duke, the law shall have thy life: what, dost thou hold him? let go his hand: if thou dost not forsake him, a father's everlasting blessing fall upon both your heads: away, go, kiss out of my sight, play thou the whore no more, nor thou the thief again, my house shall be thine, my meat shall be thine, and so shall my wine, but my money shall be mine, and yet when I die, so thou dost not fly high, take all; yet, good Matheo, mend. Thus for joy weeps Orlando, and doth end.

Duke. Then hear, Matheo: all your woes are stayed
By your good father-in-law: all your ills
Are clear purg'd from you by his working pills.
Come, Signior Candido, these green young wits,
We see by circumstance, this plot have laid,
Still to provoke thy patience, which they find
A wall of brass; no armour's like the mind:
Thou hast taught the city patience, now our court
Shall be thy sphere, where from thy good report,
Rumours this truth unto the world shall sing,
A patient man's a pattern for a king. [Exeunt.]

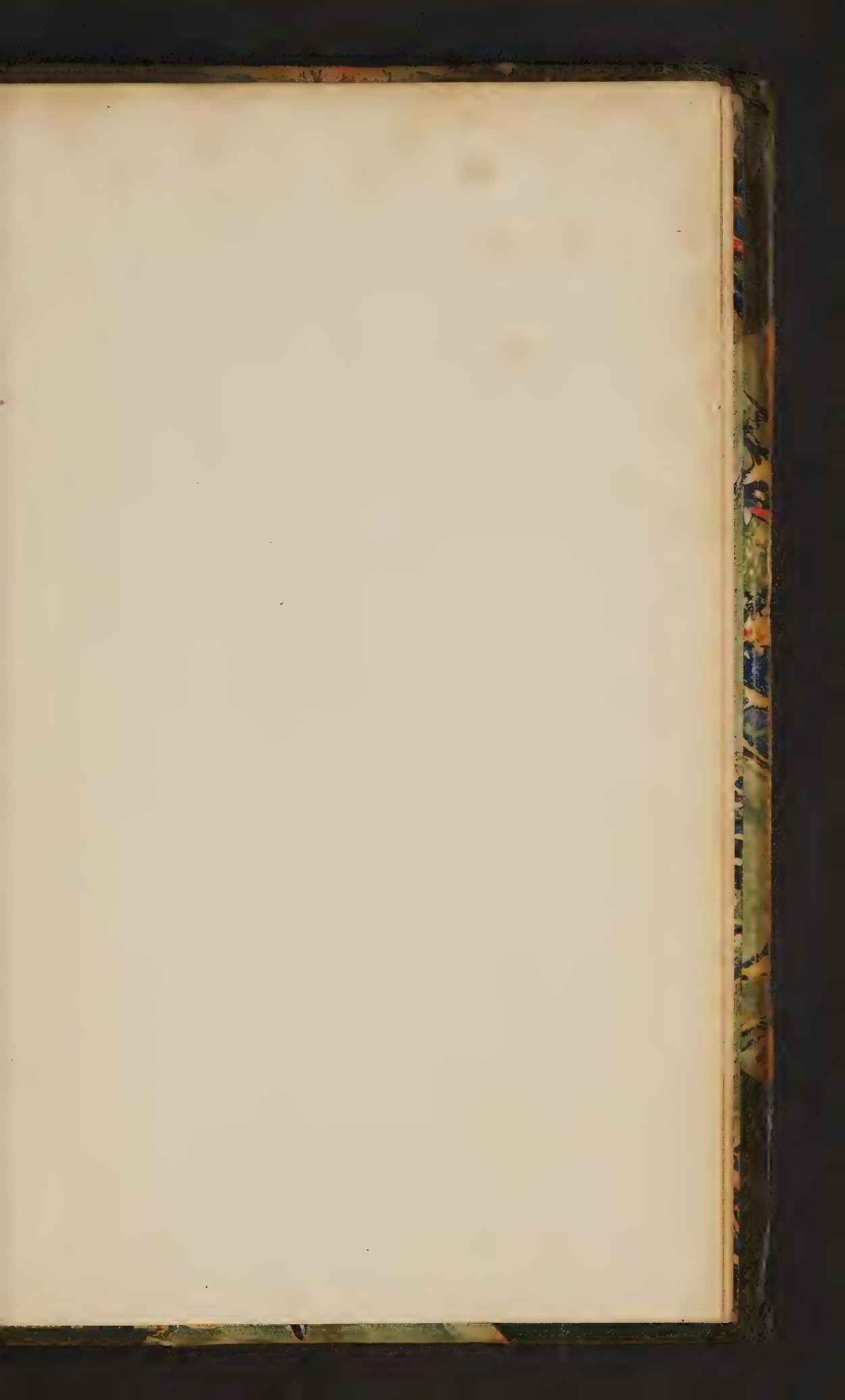
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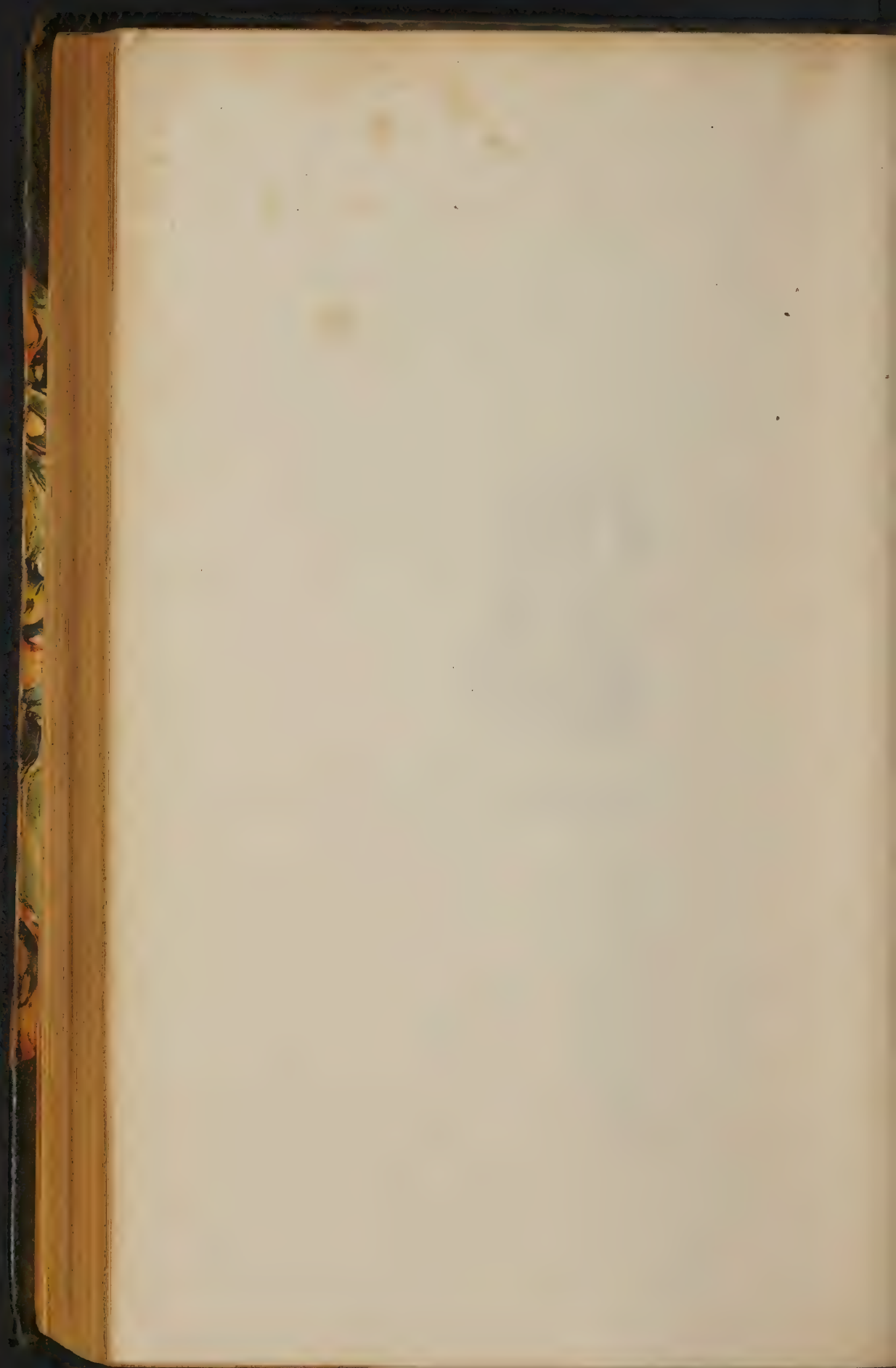
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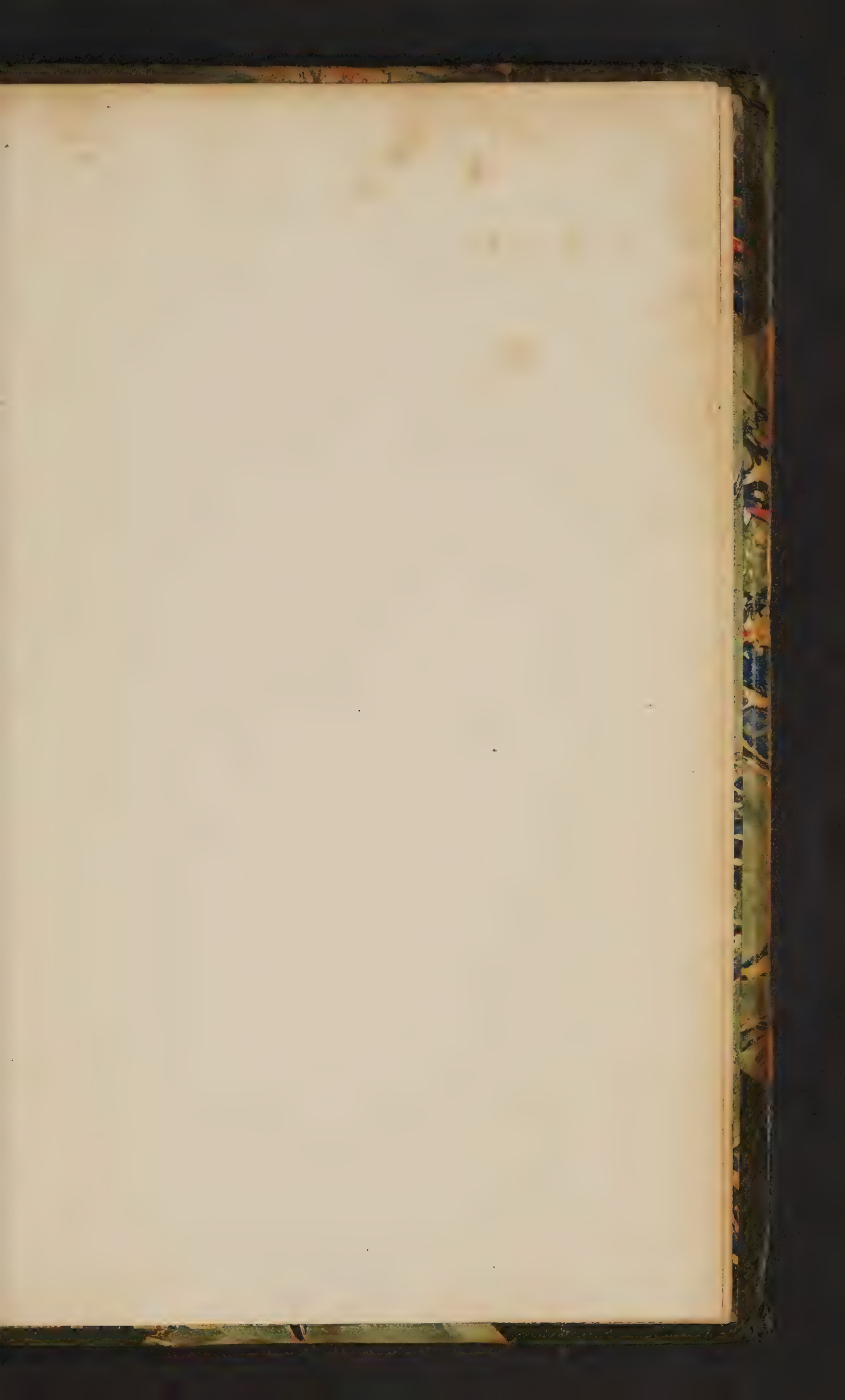
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